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THE

GOOD OLD TIMES

IN

McLEAN COUNTY, ILLINOIS,

CONTAINING

Two Hundred and Sixty-one Sketches of Old Settlers.

A COMPLETE

Historical Sketch of the Black Hawk War,

And descriptions of all matters of interest relating to McLean County.

Written by Dr. E. DUIS,

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BLOOMINGTON:

THE LEADER PUBLISHING AND PRINTING HOUSE.

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THIS VOLUME

is most respectfully dedicated to the

OLD SETTLERS OF McLEAN COUNTY,

Whose virtues as citizens, and as pioneers in the cause of civilization and progress,

will be remembered with gratitude by all the generations which

follow in their footsteps,

In the fulfillment of that proud destiny, so happily inaugurated by their

BRAVERY, INDUSTRY AND INTEGRITY.

PREFACE.

The author of this volume does not wish to impose on the public a narrative of his trials in collecting information and in writing the sketches contained herein, although the difficulties have been very great. Notwithstanding all of his troubles, it has, on the whole, been a pleasant task. It has brought him in contact with the pleasantest and most freehearted men with whom it has been his lot to be acquainted. They are men whose ideas were formed in the days when neighbors were few and friendships were more highly prized than silver and gold.

It is possible that some mistakes have been made in this work on account of the great variety of facts to be collected, but the author has taken extraordinary pains to verify the matters herein narrated, and he believes the mistakes are few.

He is under many obligations to old settlers for favors rendered, and had it not been for the exertions of Judge J. E. McClun and John Magoun, it is doubtful whether the author would have had sufficient courage to have brought the work to completion. He is also under many obligations to Mr. Jesse W. Fell, President Richard Edwards, W. H. Hodge, J. W. Billings and others.

It has been impossible to obtain the sketches of all of the settlers who came to McLean County before the year 1838. The greater number of them are dead; many have moved away; some could not be seen, and a few were unwilling to have the incidents of their lives put into print. Nevertheless the sketches of two hundred and sixty-one old settlers, and eight gentlemen of McLean County holding prominent positions are given. Various other short biographical sketches appear in different parts of the

work. This the reader will find sufficient to set forth McLean County in all its lights and shades. The "good old times" and the new are made plain in the stories of these men.

The author intended to have written for this work a complete history of the churches, but, strange to say, the information concerning them was quite as difficult to obtain as that of the old settlers, and would have made a large volume by itself.

BLOOMINGTON, Illinois, June 1st, 1874.

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THE OLD SETTLERS.

The old settlers of McLean County are one by one passing beyond the shores of the unknown river, and in a few years not one will be left of the noble band of pioneers who made their homes in what was then a wilderness, inhabited only by red men. Their descendants, and those who come after them, will live to enjoy the full measure of happiness and prosperity built upon the solid foundations laid by the old settlers; and may they ever hold in grateful remembrance those fathers and mothers whose daring and hardihood were the source of our present greatness. May the good actions, the intrepidity, and the daring of the old settlers, remain green in the memory of coming generations, forever!

Since this work has been in preparation, five old settlers have passed away. Their names are: James C. Harbord, of Bloomington township; Alexander P. Craig, of Downs township; Dr. John F. Henry, late of Burlington, Iowa; Patrick Hopkins, of Lexington; and Daniel Crumbaugh, of Empire township. Peace to their ashes!

The present generation of McLean County is so near, in point of time, to the old settlers, that, as a rule, sufficient importance is not attached to their early struggles, their fortitude, and self-sacrifice, which has resulted in the astonishing progress of the county. While the pioneers are deservedly held in high esteem by all who study the local history of Illinois, it will remain for future generations to bestow upon them the full degree of gratitude and veneration to which they are entitled. In the same manner we now look back to Revolutionary sires with a pride we do not care to conceal.

The old settlers were ardent believers in the future greatness of Illinois, where they had found a rich soil, a beautiful country, and everything that could promise a wonderful development. How well their anticipations have been fulfilled need not be told. Doubtless they did not believe that the very next generation after them would reap such golden returns from the original investments, but they knew too well that such returns could not be delayed many years after the first inhabitants should pass away.

In a few years the War of Rebellion will be the great dividing line between early and late times in McLean County. Even now it is thirteen years since that bloody storm commenced to sweep over the land, and many who were engaged in its sanguinary encounters have left the scene of action. How important, therefore, that the incidents connected with the first settlers should be preserved and kept fresh in the recollections of their descendants. The records in old times were few and imperfect, but that which they reveal should be cherished with all the wealth of affection owing to souvenirs and relics handed down from a sturdy ancestry.

M'LEAN COUNTY.

ILLINOIS was made a State in the Union in the year 1818, when it had a population of about forty-five thousand. At that time the settlements made were in the southern part, and the first legislature met at Kaskaskia. But a new State Capital was selected. The town of Vandalia was laid out for this purpose in the wilderness on the Kaskaskia River. The town received its name by means of a practical joke played upon the commissioners who made the location. In Ford's History of Illinois we find: "Tradition says that a wag, who was present, suggested to the commissioners that the Vandals were a powerful nation of Indians, who once inhabited the banks of the Kaskaskia River, and that Vandalia, formed from their name, would perpetuate the memory of that extinct but renowned people!" Vandalia was made the capital of the State and also the seat of justice of the county of Fayette. This county included a large territory, and the present county of McLean was within its boundaries. Before the spring of 1822 not a single white person had made a settlement within the boundaries of the present McLean County. For thousands of years the country had belonged to the Indians, the wolves, the deer and the rattle snakes. The rich soil had each year produced luxuriant crops of prairie grass, which, on the lowlands, grew from six to eight feet in height. In the fall of each year the prairie fires swept over it, leaving it black and bare and desolate. These fires prevented the growth of timber, except occasionally on the highlands or in broken country formed by streams of water.

In the fall of 1821 John Hendrix and John W. Dawson came with their families to Sangamon County from Ohio. In the spring of 1822 they came to what is now called Blooming Grove and made a settlement. At that time not a single house

was to be found between Blooming Grove and Chicago. A few men were then engaged in making salt at Danville and a few miners were at Galena.

After the first settler comes and the country is heard of, others soon follow. In about the year 1822 Gardner Randolph settled at Randolph's Grove. In the spring of 1823 John Benson, the old soldier of 1812, and his family came to Blooming Grove and made a settlement, living first in a linn bark camp. During the same year the Stringfield family, consisting of the widow Stringfield and her sons Severe and Alfred M., came to Randolph's Grove, where they lived at first in a half-faced camp. Absalom and Isaac Funk and Mr. Brook came during the same year and settled in Funk's Grove. On the second of May, 1823, the Orendorffs, William and Thomas, came to Blooming Grove. It was during this year, too, that William H. Hodge, the pioneer schoolmaster, came to Blooming Grove from Sangamon County. Blooming Grove was the favorite spot for the new settlers, and the most of them came there; but the other groves were not long neglected. In about the year 1824 the old Quaker, Ephraim Stout, and his son Ephraim Stout, Jr., made a settlement in Stout's Grove. During this year Robert Stubblefield and family came to Funk's Grove and Thomas O. Rutledge came with his mother and the Rutledge family to Randolph's Grove. The first sermon preached within the limits of the present McLean County was delivered by Rev. James Stringfield from Kentucky. He was an uncle of Squire Stringfield of Randolph's Grove. The little congregation was gathered at the cabin of John Hendrix and there the services were held. In June, 1824, Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes came with his family to Blooming Grove. He was a member of the Separate Baptist denomination, but afterwards joined the Christian Church. Wherever two or three families could be gathered together, Mr. Rhodes delivered to them a sermon. He was the first regular preacher in McLean County, and for a long while the only one. He often traveled with Rev. Mr. Latta, and they both preached at the same place.

When the first settlers came to the country, the Indians were plenty. The Kickapoos ruled the country. They had made a treaty sometime previous, by which the whites acquired

all their land; but when the whites came in to settle and occupy it the Kickapoos were angry, and some of them felt disposed to insult and annoy the settlers. When John Hendrix came to Blooming Grove the Indians ordered him to leave. Not long afterwards they frightened away a family which settled on the Mackinaw. Old Machina, the chief of the Kickapoos, ordered the Dawson family away, by throwing leaves in the air. This was to let the *bootanas* (white men) know that they must not be found in the country when the leaves of autumn should fall. In 1823, when the Orendorffs came, Old Machina had learned to speak a little English. He came to Thomas Orendorff, and with a majestic wave of his hand said, "Too much come back, white man, t'other side Sangamon." The Rhodes family was likewise ordered away. These things appeared a little threatening, but the settlers refused to leave and were not molested. It is the almost unanimous expression of the settlers that the Indians were the best of neighbors. They were polite and friendly, and Old Machina was quite popular among the whites, especially with the women. He was particularly fond of children, and this touched their motherly hearts.

The year 1825 was marked by some accessions to the little band of settlers. On the third of March, during that year, Rev. Peyton Mitchel came with his family to Stout's Grove. Mr. Mitchel was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian Church and was a zealous and earnest Christian. In the fall of this year Jonathan Cheney made a settlement with his family at Cheney's Grove. His stock lived during the winter on the twigs of trees and came out in good condition in the spring. This food was liked by the cattle, and the settlers often fed their stock in this way. During this same year the family of William Evans came to Blooming Grove and made a settlement. This year was marked by some few improvements. The settlers were obliged to go long distances to mill and took large loads. They went first to Attica on the Wabash, one hundred and twenty miles distant. Afterwards they went to Green's mill on Fox River, near where Ottawa now stands, about eighty miles distant. But during the year 1825 Ebenezer Rhodes built a mill at Blooming Grove. The stones for grinding were the "nigger heads" or boulders from the prairie. His mill was of the kind which be-

came afterwards quite common and was called a "corn cracker." The most curious of these mills was the one afterwards built by Major Baker. The stones were "nigger heads" cut in the shape of a coffee mill, and while in motion the lower stone was the one which revolved.

In August, 1826, the Trimmer family came to Smith's Grove. Here John Trimmer died and his widow settled with her family during the same year in Money Creek timber. Jacob Spawr came about the same time and lived with the Trimmer family. It is pretty hard to bring clearly before the mind the circumstances of the early settlers. Everything was different in their surroundings. In those days the green head flies became very numerous and were almost an Egyptian plague. They became so troublesome that, during about six weeks of the year in fly-time, travelers were obliged to go on their journeys at night: and even then their horses or oxen were troubled by the flies, if the moon was shining brightly. Their bite was so severe that a horse, if turned loose during that season of the year, was liable to be goaded to death with pain, loss of blood and incessant kicking to become rid of the flies. They were the most numerous and troublesome on the routes where travelers usually passed with their teams.

The devices used by the settlers were of every kind and description, and a particular account of them would fill a volume. On Greenberry Larison's place, at Brooks' Grove, was for many years a wooden grindstone, made by Josiah Harp. It was a large wooden wheel, and the outer edge or rim was pounded full of sand and fine gravel. This was done while the wood was fresh and green, and when it dried, the sand and gravel were tightly held. By the revolution of this wheel an ax could be sharpened or scratched, and something of an edge given to it. The settlers were obliged to go long distances to have their tools sharpened. Isaac Funk and Robert Stubblefield often carried their plough irons on horseback fifty or sixty miles for this purpose.

The prairie grass in the early days grew very high, and its roots were tough and fibrous. It was therefore very hard for the settlers to break their prairie. A good breaking team consisted of five or six yoke of oxen, and the plow was an old fashioned Barshear, which cut a furrow twenty-two inches in width. This

plow would now be really a curiosity. It had a shear of cold hammered steel and was attached to a wooden mouldboard. It went out of use many years ago. The prairie grass with its fibrous roots has also given way to civilization, and the pretty blue grass has taken its place. The settlers were so far from market, and the cost of transportation was so great that they could buy but few articles of every day use. They were obliged to make them or do without. They raised their own wool and flax and spun and wove their own cloth. They wore home-made jeans and linsey woolsey. Their shoes were of their own make, and sometimes their leather was of their own tanning. They raised their own sheep, of course. The earliest settlers say that it was easy to raise sheep at first; that the wolves would not molest them. But the wolves soon acquired a taste for mutton and became the most vicious and troublesome enemies with which the settlers had to contend. It became as much the duty of settlers to chase wolves as to plow, sow and reap. They caught the wolves in traps and in pens, killed them with clubs while chasing them on horseback, made ring hunts for the purpose of exterminating them, poisoned them, offered bounties for their scalps and made warfare on them in a thousand different ways. Sometimes when a wolf became very troublesome the settlers offered bounties for its particular scalp. More than a thousand bushels of corn were once offered for the scalp of a single wolf. It was killed by John Price of Downs, but he refused to accept the bounty. The legislature at last raised the bounty on wolf scalps. A grandiloquous speaker, named Hubbard, once expressed the feelings of the settlers, though in a laughable style, when he said:

"Mr. Speaker, from all sources of information I learn that the wolf is a very noxious animal; that he goes prowling about, seeking something to devour; that he rises up in the dead and secret hours of the night, when all nature reposes in silent oblivion, and then commits the most terrible devastations among the rising generation of hogs and sheep."

The stock, which the settlers raised, was collected by drovers and taken to market to Pekin, Peoria, Galena or Chicago. The Funks were the greatest drovers and did by far the largest business. They led a hard life, and the difficulties they encountered and overcame seem almost beyond belief.

In 1826 a man named Smith came to Dry Grove, made a claim and lived for a while in a tent. In October of that year Peter McCullough came from Tennessee, bought Smith's claim and put up the first house in Dry Grove.

By this time the settlers in this section of the country thought they ought to have a new county. Everyone was anxious; petitions were circulated, and the legislature of 1826 and '27 formed the county of Tazewell from a part of Fayette. This action of the legislature was ratified at an election held in April, 1827, at the house of William Orendorff of Blooming Grove. William Orendorff was elected justice of the peace; William H. Hodge was elected sheriff and Thomas Orendorff was elected coroner. The first court of Tazewell County was held at the house of Ephraim Stout of Stout's Grove. But Mackinawtown was made the seat of justice, and here the public buildings were to be erected. The jail was built of logs by Matthew Robb and others, and in order to test its strength this gentleman was placed inside and the door locked. But he succeeded in getting out of the little establishment.

The season of 1827 was remarkably early. By the middle of March the grass was ankle deep in the marshes, and the prairie had a greenish tinge. This season was remarkable, too, for the great storm, which passed through Blooming Grove and Old Town timber. It was the twenty-third of June when it came. Everything fell before it; the largest trees were uprooted and twisted and broken, and in some places the logs were piled up twenty feet in height. For many years afterwards the track of this terrible storm was plainly seen.

During the summer of 1827, which was very wet, Stephen Webb, William McCord and George and Jacob Hinshaw came to the county. Stephen Webb settled in Dry Grove and the Hinshaws settled in Blooming Grove, but afterwards moved to Dry Grove. In March of this year Matthew Robb and Robert McClure settled at Stout's Grove.

During the early days the West was thickly inhabited by snakes, and the settlers tell great stories of the number they killed. Nevertheless the settlers often went to the field and did their ploughing barefooted. Mr. Peasley of Down says that while ploughing around a patch of ground, the snakes continu-

ally crawled away from the furrow to the center of the unplowed patch, and when it became very small the grass was fairly alive with the wriggling, squirming reptiles, and they would at last break in every direction. The rattlesnakes frequently bit the oxen, but the latter seldom died on account of snake bite. The poison of the rattlesnake is most virulent and dangerous in August.

One of the greatest difficulties with which the settlers were obliged to contend was the fire on the prairie. In the fall of the year they protected their farms by ploughing furrows around them, and sometimes by ploughing furrows wide apart and burning out the grass between them. But in spite of all precautions the settlers often suffered. The fire sometimes came before preparation was made, and sometimes it leaped over the furrows and burned up fences, fields of corn, stacks of hay and stacks of wheat. It moved so rapidly that very little time was given to prepare for it. It drew currents of air in after it to feed the flames, and the wind drove it on faster and faster. A prairie fire moves with the central portion ahead, while the wings hang back on each side, in the shape of a flock of wild geese. Sometimes the settlers protected not only their farms from fire but a considerable prairie. The prairie so protected soon became covered with a growth of timber.

In March, 1828, the family of Francis Barnard came to Dry Grove. During the same year the Henline family came to Mackinaw timber and settled on the north of the Mackinaw on Henline Creek. In February, 1829, Levi Danley came to Stout's Grove, and in October of the same year entered the farm where he settled and which he still owns. The Conger family also settled at Stout's Grove during the same year. In March of this year the Messer family came to Mackinaw timber. During this year Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes organized the first church in McLean County at his house in Blooming Grove.

It may be a matter of curiosity to readers to know how Blooming Grove received its name. It was called Keg Grove and Hendrix Grove and sometimes Dawson's Grove. There is a story that the Indians found a keg of whiskey which had been *cached*, and that this gave the name which the grove bore for many years. But this story is not well authenticated. The

name was afterwards changed to Blooming, on account of the flowers and foliage of the maple trees in spring-time. This name was suggested by two different parties at about the same time. Mrs. William Orendorff suggested to some ladies, who were visiting her, that the grove should be called Blooming Grove. At nearly the same time John Rhodes and Thomas Orendorff were out in the woods writing letters, and Rhodes asked what name they should write at the head of their letters. Thomas Orendorff looked up at the maple trees and said: "It looks blooming here, I think we had better call it Blooming Grove."

At the opening of the year 1830 the country was sparsely settled, indeed it could hardly be said to be settled at all. There were only three houses between Blooming Grove and Mackinawtown; and between the latter place and the present village of Pleasant Hill were no houses at all. At that time the most hopeful of the old settlers only dared to think that the country would be settled in the edges of the timber, that a cordon of farms would be made around each grove.

In January, 1830, Jesse Havens and family settled in what has since been called Havens' Grove. In the fore part of the same year Benjamin Wheeler also settled there. In the spring of 1830 John Smith settled at Smith's Grove, and two years afterwards moved to Havens' Grove. During the previous spring of 1829 James Allin came to Blooming Grove from Vandalia for the purpose of merchandising. This was a great accession, for the influence which this man exerted was of the greatest importance to McLean County.

In the year 1830 the people of Blooming Grove and many surrounding settlements determined to have a county cut off from Tazewell. The idea was not favored by the people of Mackinawtown, the county seat of Tazewell County. But James Allin and many others were active in circulating petitions. These petitions were taken to Vandalia during that same year by Thomas Orendorff and James Latta. The speaker of the house, William Lee D. Ewing, interested himself in the matter, but Orendorff and Latta were obliged to wait several days before their petitions could be attended to. At last Mr. Ewing called the two gentlemen to his room and asked what the

name of the county should be. James Latta wished it called Hendricks County after Mr. Hendricks of Indiana. But Mr. Ewing remarked that it was dangerous to name it after any living man; for no one's reputation was safe until he had gone to his grave. The man whom they chose to honor might do something mean, and the people would wish the name of the county changed. Mr. Ewing then proposed to call it McLean County after John McLean, who had been speaker of the lower house of the Assembly, had been a representative in Congress and United States Senator. This proposition was agreed to, and the bill passed the lower house in the forenoon of that day and the Senate in the afternoon. Ford's History of Illinois says of John McLean: "He was very prominent in the politics of Illinois. He was several times elected to the legislature, once elected to the lower house of Congress, and twice to the United States Senate, and died a member of that body in 1830. He was naturally a great, magnanimous man and a leader of men. The county of McLean was named in honor of him." McLean County was at that time much larger than at present. It was bounded on the north by the Illinois River; on the east by Range six east of the Third Principal Meridian; on the south by the south line of Township Twenty-one north, and on the west by Range One west of the Third Principal Meridian.

The winter of 1830 and '31 was the celebrated winter of the deep snow. The weather during the fall had been very dry, and continued mild until late in the winter. But at last the snow came during the latter part of December; and such a snow has never since been known. The settlers were blockaded in their cabins and could do very little except pound their corn, cut their wood and keep their fires blazing. A great deal of stock was frozen to death during this terrible winter. The deer and wild turkeys, which had been very numerous, were almost exterminated. The wolves, on the other hand, had a pleasant time of it. They played around over the snow, caught all the deer they wished, and were bold and impudent. The stories of this deep snow would fill a large volume, and in the sketches of this work are found the experience of many pioneers, who lived during the cold winter in their snow-bound huts. It has been impossible to learn precisely the depth of the snow during

this winter. As the snow fell it drifted, and other snows fell and other drifts were made. Many measurements were taken in the timber, but even here great errors were likely to occur, for the snow after falling soon settled. The settlers vary in their statements, some of them placing the depth at a little less than three feet, and some at more than four feet. In the spring of 1831, when the snow melted, the face of the country was covered with water. The little creeks became great rivers, and all intercourse between the settlers was stopped; for people could have traveled better with steamboats than with ox teams. The spring was backward and the crops were sown late. Nevertheless a fair crop of wheat was harvested; but the corn, upon which the settlers depended most, was bitten by the early frosts in the fall.

In 1831 the seat of justice of McLean County was located at the north end of Blooming Grove, on land given by James Allin for the purpose of founding the town of Bloomington. The location was made by commissioners appointed by the legislature. These commissioners also appointed Thomas Orendorff the first assessor. His assessment was made roughly on what each person was worth, without specifying the property particularly, and it was completed in thirteen days.

The business of McLean County was transacted by a board of three commissioners. The first meeting of the Commissioners' Court was held May 16, 1831. The members present were Jonathan Cheney, Timothy B. Hoblit and Jesse Havens. Isaac Baker was appointed first clerk of Court and held this office for many years. The first tax levied by this Court was one-half of one per cent. But though this tax was small, it was severely felt by the settlers, much more so than heavy taxes at the present day. Thomas Orendorff was appointed the first treasurer of McLean County. It may perhaps interest the curious to know of the first marriage solemnized in McLean County after its organization. It was between Robert Rutledge and Charity Weedman, and the ceremony was performed on the ninth of June, 1831, by Nathan Brittin, Justice of the Peace.

The year 1831 was particularly celebrated for the fever and ague. A great deal of rich soil was turned over for the first time, and the vapors and exhalations made the climate un-

healthy. Mr. Esek Greenman says that out of twenty-four persons belonging to three families, twenty-three had the ague. It was as much to be expected as harvest or the changes of the seasons. It was a disease to be dreaded because of its effect upon the mind as well as upon the physical system. It induced a feeling of despondency, and took away that spirit of enterprise and that strong will, which bore up the settlers under misfortune. For many years the fever and ague was the scourge of the West, and was one of the severest hardships.

In September, 1831, the Methodists held their first camp-meeting at Randolph's Grove. Rev. Peter Cartwright, Rev. Mr. Latta and others preached there. Mr. Cartwright was very sensitive to the criticisms of Eastern men, and said: "They represent this country as a vast waste, and people as very ignorant; but if I was going to shoot a fool, I would not take aim at a Western man, but would go down by the sea-shore and cock my fusee at the imps who live on oysters." Mr. Latta preached directly at popular vices and was particularly severe on horse-racing. He said: "There is a class of people, who can not go to hell fast enough on foot, so they must get on their poor, mean pony and go to the horse-race. Even professors of religion are not guiltless in this respect, but go under the pretense that they want to see such a man or such a man, but they know in their own hearts that they want to see the horse-race."

The year 1832 was the one in which the Black Hawk War occurred, a full account of which is given in this volume.

Among the old settlers were to be found some soldiers of the Revolution. The following is taken from the records of the County Commissioners' Court for December, 1832:

"John Scott came into open Court and on his oath made a declaration purporting to prove himself a revolutionary soldier, for the purpose of obtaining the benefit of the act of Congress, passed June the 7th, A. D. 1832. The Court is of opinion, after the investigation of the matter and putting the interrogatories prescribed by the war department, that the said Scott's declaration is correct and that he is a revolutionary soldier." Eight other revolutionary soldiers were certified by the Court as being such. They were Ebenezer Barnes, William McGhee, Thomas Sloan, Edward F. Patrick, Charles Moore, William Vincent, Edward Day and John Toliday.

The records of the Court also show another peculiar law, which has been done away with. The following is taken from the record of the June Term, 1835:

"This day William T. Major presents a bond of one thousand dollars, payable to T. B. Hoblit, Seth Baker and Andrew McMillin, County Commissioners, and their successors in office, conditioned that a negro girl named Rosanna Johnson, late a slave in the state of Kentucky, shall not become a charge on any county in this state, &c. The Court accepts of the said bond and orders the same to be put on file for the benefit of the said counties and also for the said Rosanna."

James Miller also gave his bond for a mulatto boy, Henry Clay, whom Miller had brought from Kentucky.

In 1832 the accessions to McLean County, and especially to Bloomington, were so great that a second addition was made to the latter place by James Allin. In 1833 the first race track was laid out. Four horses were ridden in the first race. They were the Bald Hornet, owned by Henry Jacoby and ridden by Esek Greenman; the Gun Fannon, owned by Jake Heald: Tiger Whip, owned by Peter Hefner and ridden by James Paul, and Ethiopian, owned by a man near Waynesville. The race was won by Tiger Whip.

The prices of produce, of wheat, corn, &c., were in early days sometimes very high, and at other times correspondingly low. Corn was sometimes a dollar a bushel, and sometimes only ten cents. In 1833 prices were very low. Corn sold for ten cents a bushel, oats for eight cents, wheat for thirty-one cents, flour for $1.50 per hundred weight, pork for $1.25, and wood for one dollar per cord.

In 1834 the settlement of the country was such that people began to calculate where to lay out the villages, which, with the development of the country, would one day become towns and cities. The village of Clarksville was laid off in July, 1834, by Joseph and Marston C. Bartholomew. During this year the census of Bloomington was taken by Allen Withers, and the little town numbered one hundred and eighty inhabitants. In 1835 the influx of settlers continued. The state of Illinois had in 1818 a population of about 45,000; in 1830 it had a population of 157,447; but in 1835 the people of the state numbered

about 250,000. In November, 1835, the town of LeRoy was laid out by Covel and Gridley. The year 1836 was marked by a grand rush of settlers to Illinois. Many pamphlets had been circulated among the people of the Eastern States, and the great resources of the West became everywhere known. The settlers came in every possible way. They crowded the steamboats on the rivers; they came on horseback, with ox teams, or on foot; everywhere they were coming. Scarcely any accommodations could be prepared for them, and they lived in their wagons or tents, or crowded into the little log cabins, which were hastily built. They made settlements singly or by companies. It was during this year that the Hudson and Mt. Hope Companies were formed. The Hudson Company was formed at Jacksonville, and the articles of agreement were drawn up in February, 1836. Horatio N. Pettit, John Gregory and George F. Purkitt were chosen a committee to enter and locate the land. Twenty-one sections were entered in the name of Horatio N. Pettit, and through him the colonists trace their title. The land was located at Haven's Grove, and was surveyed by Major Dickason, the county surveyor, assisted by John Magoun and S. P. Cox. The town of Hudson was laid out, and the choice of lots was made on the fourth of July, 1836. During this year little towns were laid out everywhere. In January the town of Lexington was laid out by A. Gridley and J. Brown, and in December following an addition was made by Edgar Conkling. In February, 1836, Concord (now Danvers) was laid out by Isaac W. Hall and Matthew Robb. During the same month the town of Lytleville was laid out by John Baldwin, and an addition was made in the following March. Wilkesborough was laid out in June by James O. Barnard. The growth of Bloomington kept pace with the development of the country and its population increased to four hundred and fifty. During this year additions were laid out, known as White's, Miller and Foster's, Allin, Gridley and Prickett's and Evans'.

The Mt. Hope colony was formed by a company chartered by the state of Rhode Island, under the name of the Providence Farmers' & Mechanics' Emigrating Society. In December, 1836, the company entered eight thousand acres of land very nearly in the shape of a square, and as it had twenty-five shares, each

share-holder was entitled to three hundred and twenty acres of land. The land entered by the Mt. Hope colony comprises nearly all of the present township of Mt. Hope. In the summer of 1837 General William Peck, one of the originators of the scheme, came out and surveyed the land and laid out the village of Mt. Hope.

The month of December, 1836, was marked by a sudden change in the weather, more remarkable, perhaps, than the great winter of the deep snow. The weather had been mild for some time, and rain had been falling, changing the snow to slush, when suddenly a cold wind-storm came and lowered the temperature instantly from about forty degrees above zero to twenty degrees below. The face of the country was changed from water to ice immediately and, as Rev. Mr. Peasley said, appeared like a picture of the Polar regions. Squire Buck, of Empire township, took some notes of this wind-storm, and says that it came from the west to the Mississippi, which it reached at ten o'clock A. M., that it continued eastward and reached Leroy at three o'clock P. M., and Indianapolis at about eleven. It therefore moved from the Mississippi River to Leroy at the rate of thirty miles an hour, and from Leroy to Indianapolis at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

After the year 1836 the great rush of settlers to the West was over. In 1837 the United States' bank suspended, and the spirit of enterprise was checked. The rage for laying out towns was stopped, for the little villages, which were brought into being, refused to grow. In February, 1839, Conkling and Wood laid out an addition to Leroy, and in April, 1840, Pleasant Hill was laid out by Isaac Smalley.

The great coon-skin and hard cider campaign, when General Harrison was elected President, was in 1840. The Democratic party was represented by the cock, and the Whigs by the coon. During that campaign the Whigs took an enormous canoe to a mass-meeting at Springfield. The excitement rose to the highest point.

The failure of the United States' bank and the closeness of money did not affect the West as soon as the East; but the commercial distress slowly and surely worked westward. In 1842 the condition of things was frightful, worse than has ever since

been known. During that year Judge McClun took to the East some pork, which he had received in payment for goods, and he says: "If the West was prostrate, the East was in even a worse fix. Commercial distress was everywhere seen. Failures were an hourly occurrence, and the only reliable money, gold and silver, was locked up. Factories had stopped and their goods were thrown on the market at ruinous prices. My pork could not be sold to realize even the cost of transportation." During this year a number of the settlers concluded to collect their pigs in a "bunch" and drive them to Chicago themselves, for they could not believe that the price offered by drovers was really that of the Chicago market. But these misguided settlers received for their pork, after paying expenses, about twenty-five cents per hundred. They were much wiser after this experiment. The settlement of the country was for many years at a stand-still. A great deal of land, which had been entered for a dollar and a quarter per acre, was thrown upon the market and could be bought for seventy-five cents or a dollar per acre. It was not until about the year 1846 or '47 that the condition of things was very greatly improved. Nevertheless the country was still unsettled to a great extent, except around the groves. Prairie land could be entered until the land office closed to allow the company, which was to build the Illinois Central Railroad, to select its land. This was in 1850, when the charter was granted. It was then seen that prairie land would rise in value, and as soon as the land office was re-opened, all the prairie within many miles of the railroad was entered immediately. After the building of the Illinois Central and the Chicago & Alton Railroads the country became rapidly settled. Cars were running on both of these roads in 1852, and soon little towns sprang up and grew rapidly. The town of Towanda was laid off by Peter H. Badeau of St. Louis, and Jesse W. Fell, in December, 1854. The town of Heyworth was laid off in 1855. In June of the same year the town of McLean was laid off by Franklin Price. In March, 1856, the town of Saybrook was laid off by Isaac M. Polk. Some indication of the rapid development of the country is seen in the censuses of Bloomington. In 1850 the city contained sixteen hundred and eleven persons; but in 1855 it

contained five thousand. The growth of the county in numbers and wealth has been continuous and steady.

On the third of November, 1857, McLean County voted to adopt township organization by a large majority. The hard times of 1857 gave a temporary check to the growth of the country, but it was only temporary.

The presidential campaign of 1860 and the war which followed are so recent and fresh in the mind of the reader, that it is not necessary to dwell upon them here.

The building of the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western and the Lafayette, Bloomington and Mississippi Railroads assisted very greatly in developing the country by bringing the markets nearer to the people along their routes.

Since the organization of McLean County in 1830, it has been much reduced in size as other counties have been formed. It now contains about eleven hundred and forty-seven square miles of land. It is bounded on the north by Woodford and Livingston Counties, on the east by Livingston, Ford and Champaign Counties, on the south by DeWitt County and a small part of Logan, and on the west by Tazewell County and a little of Woodford. The Toledo, Peoria and Wabash Railroad cuts through the northern edge of the county, forming the enterprising villages of Gridley, Chenoa and Weston. The first mentioned was named in honor of General Gridley of Bloomington. The Gilman, Clinton and Springfield Railroad cuts through the south-eastern corner of McLean County, and the station of Bellefflower has sprung up on the line. The county is now well supplied with railroads, and if it could keep down the pace of transportation the people would indeed be blessed. The "railroad question" is the one upon which the people must exercise their wits for many years to come. The future prosperity of the people of McLean County is not doubted for a moment. All the opportunities for acquiring wealth are here, and the people are disposed to take advantage of them.

As a part of the history of McLean County, the following statistics of the schools are given as furnished by John Hull, County Superintendent:

SCHOOL STATISTICS OF McLEAN COUNTY, FOR THE YEAR ENDING SEPTEMBER 30th, 1873.

NAME OF TOWNSHIP.	Number of School Districts.	Number of Pupils in School.	Number of Children of School Age.	Total Expenditures for School Purposes.	Principal of Township Fund.	Received from the State.	Total number of Days' Attendance.
Mt. Hope	9	442	551	$ 6,165 96	$ 4,814 00	$ 643 85	45,890
Funk's Grove	6	250	133	2,515 60	6,042 06	359 45	9,415
Randolph	10	320	481	6,898 15	3,462 29	895 86	23,251
Downs	9	371	375	3,211 28	3,700 65	443 98	24,112
Empire	11	536	788	6,276 75	7,767 57	919 56	46,955
West	11	347	407	4,898 88	3,643 97	477 95	23,376
Bellflower	9	252	377	5,859 30	10,078 12	402 11	17,449
Allin	7	434	390	4,436 74	3,834 59	510 34	23,227
Dale	7	380	341	3,974 19	2,762 96	428 18	24,802
Bloomington	9	319	718	5,575 92	6,090 59	726 80	29,202
Old Town	7	206	395	2,483 63	2,683 51	381 57	16,263
Padua	9	380	486	5,152 13	3,685 39	546 68	25,177
Arrowsmith	9	427	459	3,714 17	6,281 48	410 01	18,225
Cheney's Grove	7	444	488	5,595 59	2,380 00	555 37	23,430
Danvers (24 N.)	10	416	542	3,960 40	2,904 30	582 23	29,144
Dry Grove	8	400	450	5,571 10	3,140 50	562 48	27,576
Normal	8	178	248	3,485 61	7,074 94	295 46	11,200
Towanda	7	251	388	5,814 33	3,168 88	492 17	25,721
Blue Mound	9	294	385	4,200 62	9,252 08	478 74	24,281
Martin	6	167	273	2,180 50	3,478 00	312 05	12,700
Cropsey (24 N.)	6	161	252	3,693 24	15,340 50	196 71	7,181
Danvers (25 N.)	3	73	73	848 22	A	91 64	2,989
White Oak	4	116	137	1,501 91	B 2,782 25	184 86	7,784
Hudson	7	329	427	2,996 31	3,636 65	522 98	25,782
Money Creek	6	229	359	3,409 06	3,124 00	424 23	20,034
Lexington	9	550	784	9,363 00	3,486 58	927 46	67,592
Lawndale	7	227	284	4,149 22	3,664 03	373 67	11,664
Cropsey (25 N.)	8	C	160	1,513 68	C	187 23	6,837
Gridley (2 E.)	4	182	212	2,522 64	A	304 94	13,355
Gridley (3 E.)	8	306	365	3,687 00	6,570 18	509 55	20,000
Chenoa	9	517	610	15,386 22	9,944 88	1,080 72	58,289
Yates	9	324	362	5,194 11	9,115 98	488 22	29,454
DISTRICTS.							
Kickapoo Union	1	87	115	729 37	1,105 00	150 10	6,337
Heyworth Scho'l	1	194	232	2,200 79	D	E	20,148
City of Normal	1	430	843	12,685 74	D	812 12	60 000
City Bloomingt'n	1	3,247	4,981	72,290 52	D	5,718 02	487,050
	252	13,786	18,879	$234,141 88	$155,015 93	$22,397 29	1,325,892

A. Reported to Woodford County.
B. Fund of whole Township.
C. Reported to Livingston County.
D. Receive semi-annually their portion of the interest on the funds of the townships of which they form a part.
E. Included in amount reported above for Randolph Township.
The foregoing statistics are from the records in my office.

JNO. HULL, *County Superintendent, McLean County, Ill.*

BLOOMINGTON, January 5th, 1874.

STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

ILLINOIS is a growing State, and its people have from its early settlement been conscious of its great destiny. In order to build up the educational interests of the State it was determined, at an early day, to have a Normal School for the education of teachers. In accordance with an act of the legislature of February 18, 1857, the State Board of Education proceeded to receive bids from the various towns of the State for the location of the school. The county of McLean, and various individuals living in it and the city of Bloomington, offered by far the greatest inducements. Meshach Pike, Joseph Payne, E. W. Bakewell and Judge David Davis, gave one hundred and sixty acres of land, and its public and private subscriptions amounted to one hundred and forty-one thousand dollars. The county itself subscribed seventy thousand dollars, to be obtained from the sale of swamp lands. In May, 1857, the school was located at Normal, on the land donated for that purpose. Plans and drawings for building were immediately called for and furnished by Mr. G. P. Randall of Chicago, architect and superintendent of University buildings.

Mr. Charles E. Hovey was elected Principal of the University, and immediately issued circulars announcing that it would be opened in Bloomington on the first Monday in October, 1857. The object of the Normal School was clearly seen in the conditions imposed upon the students and published in this circular. The qualifications were:

1. To be, if males, not less than seventeen; and if females, not less than sixteen years of age.

2. To produce a certificate of good moral character, signed by some responsible person.

3. To sign a declaration of their intention to devote themselves to school-teaching in this State.

4. To pass a satisfactory examination before the proper officers in Reading, Spelling, Writing, Arithmetic, Geography and the elements of English Grammar. Each county and each representative district was entitled to one student in the school.

On the fifth of October, 1857, at the time advertised, the school was opened in Major's Hall, which was fitted up for that purpose. There were at the opening forty-three students. As all of the counties and representative districts did not avail themselves of the privilege of sending students, the principal was authorized to receive candidates on examination and in compliance with the qualifications published in the circular.

The Normal School at the very outset showed its value and took a high standing among the educational institutions of the country. Its principal professor, Charles E. Hovey, (afterwards General Hovey), was a man of great energy and the best of judgment. In the year 1860 the splendid University building was completed, and the Normal School entered on its course of uninterrupted prosperity. During this year, in the month of June, the first commencement exercises were held in the new building.

Like all the educational establishments of the country, the Normal School was affected by the war to suppress the rebellion. Ten of its teachers entered the army, and among them was the honored principal. Their example was followed by nearly all the young men in the University, and the Thirty-third Illinois, of which they formed so large a part, was known throughout the war as the Normal Regiment. President Hovey entered the army in 1861 as Colonel of the Normal Regiment and was afterwards made a general. Leander H. Potter was made a colonel in the army and is now president of the Soldier's College at Fulton. Dr. E. R. Roe was made a colonel in the army and is now a United States marshal. Ira Moore was a captain in the army and is now principal of the Normal School at St. Cloud, Minnesota. J. H. Burnham was made a captain and Aaron Gove an adjutant. Julian E. Bryant was made a lieutenant, and during the war was drowned on the Texan coast. Joseph G. Howell was made a lieutenant in the army, and was

shot at Fort Donelson and buried in Bloomington Cemetery. Edwin Philbrook was made a sergeant, and Dr. Samuel Willard a surgeon. After President Hovey entered the army, the position of principal devolved temporarily upon Perkins Bass, Esq., of Chicago, who held it for one year and then yielded it to Richard Edwards, LL.D., who has held it until the present time.

The aim of the Normal School, as before stated, is to educate teachers in the duties of their profession.

Connected with the University is a Model School, which was started at the opening of the University in Major's Hall. It had a small beginning and was first taught by Miss Mary M. Brooks, a lady of remarkable talent. It has grown from this into the present large Model School, consisting of three departments, in charge of four regular teachers, assisted by many of the Normal students. The range of instruction in the Model School is from the primary department to the course preparatory for college. Since the opening of the Model School it has been under the charge of many lady teachers, who have uniformly given great satisfaction. One difficulty occurs with the employment of lady teachers; they will occasionally get married, and this is the cause of the many changes of instructors in the Model School.

Connected with the Normal School is a Museum of Natural History, which is estimated to be worth about one hundred thousand dollars. This is indeed a fine collection of specimens, illustrating the various branches of Natural History. These collections have been made by Professor Wilber, Professor Powell, Dr. Vasey, Richard H. Holder, Esq., and others. The greater part of the stuffed birds were given by Mr. Holder. These gentlemen are enthusiastic workers in the field of Natural History, and, it would seem, have not always received the encouragement and support they deserve from the State. They have been obliged, in a great measure, to bear their own expenses; and certainly their services, rendered as they have been with the greatest enthusiasm, are out of all proportion to the pay they have received. The Museum is a great benefit, not only to the Normal School but to the entire State, as by means of it every school in the State is encouraged to make collections.

The following extract from a circular, issued by Professor Forbes, the Curator of the Museum, shows its design and its value:

"The recent introduction of the natural sciences into our common school course of study has developed a general demand for specimens in Natural History, which I am trying to supply. It is designed to furnish, in time, to every school in the State which will properly use and care for it, a small collection, so selected as to illustrate in the best possible manner the branches required to be taught. The time and resources at my command are quite insufficient for this; and, as it is a work undertaken solely for the benefit of the public schools, I make this call upon their officers and members for aid.

"The schools will encounter great difficulties in attempting to form good cabinets unaided, each for itself. Among others will be that of getting specimens correctly named, and that of securing, in a single circumscribed locality, a sufficient variety to fully cover the whole field of study. It will be an easy matter, however, for the teachers and pupils of the State to collect and send to this Museum, in one or two seasons, a sufficient number and variety of specimens liberally to supply all our schools; and these I will undertake to name, select, arrange and re-distribute in such a manner as to give to each school participating in the work the benefit of a judicious selection from the whole number sent by all.

"Good specimens in all branches of Natural History will be acceptable, and directions for preparing and shipping them will be sent upon application."

The cost of the Normal University to the State of Illinois is a matter of interest. President Edwards shows, in his decennial address, that all the money ever expended on the institution by the State is, up to the year 1870, $279,740.63, while the property belonging to it at that time and owned by the State amounted to $312,000, without including the Museum. When we consider that the Museum is worth one hundred thousand dollars, it will be seen that the investment made by the State is a pretty good one, from a purely financial point of view. When we consider further, that the State has given comparatively little of its own money to the institution, but has exercised its gener-

osity by expending the interest on a fund donated to this State for educational purposes, by Congress, in the year 1818; and when we consider, too, the very moderate salaries paid to the teachers of the institution, it certainly appears to an outsider that the enthusiasm of the friends of education is far in advance of the liberality of the State. We have yet to see an example of a State which has been too liberal in educational matters. When money is expended by a State for educational purposes, it is usually laid out by men who are devoted to the work. We have yet to hear of such a thing as an educational "ring." Villainy has no sympathy with science. When much money is expended for schools, little money is required for penitentiaries. It may seem like a sweeping remark, but we think it is strictly within the bounds of truth, to say that there is no better way for the State to expend money, as a mere financial speculation, than to lay it out for schools. Capital always follows intelligence. It seems very singular, sometimes, that our legislators are a little slow to see these things; but if the truth must be told, the explanation of the matter is, that teachers and friends of education do not understand the ways of politicians.

It is the business of teachers to instruct and improve the students under their charge, and it will readily be seen that the tendency of the profession must be to elevate and improve those who earnestly devote themselves to it.

It is not easy to over-estimate the value of the Normal School to the State of Illinois. Its graduates and students go out everywhere to teach and to learn. The members of the faculty of the Normal School hold teachers' institutes annually at Normal, frequently attend county institutes, and by their example and experience and earnestness in the profession in which they are engaged, do a great deal to elevate the tone of the teachers of Illinois, and point them to a higher standard of excellence.

President Edwards.

The principal of the Normal School is Richard Edwards, LL.D. He was born in Aberystwith, Cardiganshire, Wales, on the twenty-third of December, 1822. His father was a stone and brick-mason, and his mother, whose maiden name was Jones, was the daughter of a small farmer. The family moved

to the United States and settled in Ohio in the Western Reserve, when young Richard was a little more than ten years old. He was employed on a farm until he was sixteen, and from that time until he was twenty-two he worked as a house carpenter. Up to this time he had received very little education, but his turn of mind was seen in his love of books and his habit of reading in the evening by the light of "hickory bark." He was very anxious to obtain an education, and by some good fortune made the acquaintance of two graduates of Harvard, who advised him to go to that scholastic paradise, Massachusetts. He was told that "the culture which he so much yearned for was the staple in which Massachusetts dealt." He went there and communed for a while with the angels in the heaven of learning. He taught school at Hingham and at Waltham, Mass., and was a member of the Normal School at Bridgewater. In the spring of 1847 he went to Troy, New York, and became a student at the "Rensellaer Polytechnic Institute." Here he was for a short time an assistant teacher. It seems that he kept himself always employed. He was for a while a "rodman" on the Cochituate Water Works, which were then being built. In May of that year he became an assistant teacher in Bridgewater Normal School, of which he was a graduate. This school was superintended by one of the best teachers of Massachusetts, the celebrated Nicholas Tillinghast. Here Mr. Edwards remained until January, 1853, when he removed to Salem and took charge of the English High School there. Shortly afterwards he became the agent of the State Board of Education in visiting schools. For three years he was principal of the State Normal School in Salem, Massachusetts. In October, 1857, he accepted the position of principal of the city Normal School of St. Louis. In June, 1862, he was made President of the Illinois State Normal University, where he has remained ever since.

Of course President Edwards has been obliged to go the way of all the earth and—get married. On the fifth of July, 1849, he married Miss Betsy J. Samson of Pembroke, Massachusetts. Her father, Mr. Thomas Samson, is still living in that town. They have had eleven children, ten of whom are still living.

As will be seen from the foregoing sketch, Mr. Edwards has received his education in a very irregular manner, which he does not think is very advantageous.

He received the degree of A. M. from Harvard College and the degree of LL. D. from "a less illustrious, but still very honest source, *viz:* Shurtleff College, Alton, Ill."

President Edwards is a man of medium stature, and is very intellectual in his appearance. His manner is always pleasant, and he loves the profession in which he is engaged. When he smiles, he shows by the expression of his eyes that he is *tickled* at something. Profound thought has frightened the hair from the crown of his head. He can endure a great deal of intellectual labor; and it seems that he is now occupying the place for which Providence designed him.

Members of the Faculty.

Edwin C. Hewett, Professor of History, was born in Worcester County, Massachusetts, in November, 1828. He graduated at the State Normal School in Bridgewater, Massachusetts, in 1852; the school was then in charge of Mr. Tillinghast. In January, 1853, Mr. Hewett became an assistant teacher at Bridgewater, where he remained for nearly four years. In the fall of 1858 he entered upon his duties as teacher in the Normal University, which have since been interrupted only by one year's absence by permission of the Board of Education. In 1863 he received the complimentary degree of A. M. from the University of Chicago. His long and useful services as a teacher place him among the first of his most honored profession.

Joseph Addison Sewall, M. D.,

Professor of Natural Science, was born in Scarborough, Maine, in 1830. He graduated from the Medical School of Harvard University in 1852. In 1854 he came West and taught and practiced his profession in Bureau and LaSalle Counties. He graduated in the Scientific Department of Harvard University in the summer of 1860. In the fall of the same year he entered upon his duties at Normal, where he has remained until the present time. Professor Sewall has that enthusiastic love of natural science which has recently led to many interesting and useful discoveries.

Thomas Metcalf.

Thomas Metcalf, Professor of Mathematics, was born in Wrentham, Massachusetts, in 1826. He graduated from the Normal School at Bridgewater, Mass., in 1848, under Mr. Tillinghast. After leaving the Normal School he taught in Charlestown and West Roxbury, Mass., for several years. He came to St. Louis in 1857, and entered upon his duties as instructor in the High School. From St. Louis he came to Normal, in the summer of 1862, and has since been constantly at his work of teaching in the University, with the exception of a few months in the spring of 1871, while making a trip to Europe. Like all the other members of the Normal faculty he loves his profession, and it is this which leads him to excel.

Albert Stetson.

Albert Stetson, Professor of Languages, was born in Kingston, Mass., in 1834. He graduated from the Bridgewater Normal School in the spring of 1853. After teaching for three years he entered Harvard University, from which he graduated in 1861. He taught in Provincetown, Mass., until the fall of 1862, when he came to Normal and entered on the duties of the chair which he now fills. He has been very efficient as a teacher and thoroughly understands the duties of his position.

John W. Cook.

Professor John W. Cook was born in Woodford County, Illinois, in 1844. He graduated at the Normal University, in 1865, and entered upon his present duties, as member of the Faculty, in 1868.

Henry McCormick.

Professor Henry McCormick was born in Ireland, in 1837. He graduated at the Normal University, in 1868, and became a member of the Faculty in 1869.

Miss Myra Osband.

Miss Myra Osband became Preceptress of the University in January, 1871, having previously been engaged in teaching at different places in New York and Illinois. This accomplished lady excels as a teacher and thoroughly understands her delicate and responsible duties.

The members of the Normal Faculty take the greatest pride in the University which they have helped to so high a standing, among similar establishments, in the United States. It is well known that the majority, and perhaps all of them, could obtain larger salaries elsewhere, and some very tempting offers have been made to them, but they still remain at their posts.

E. W. Coy.

Professor E. W. Coy, Principal of the High School in the Model Department, graduated at Brown University in 1858. He took charge of the Peoria High School in the fall of 1858, which position he resigned in 1871, when he came to Normal. But his service in the Peoria High School was not continuous from 1858 to 1871, as during that time he spent some time in practicing law and in superintending the public schools of Peoria.

Miss Martha D. L. Haynie.

Miss Martha D. L. Haynie, Assistant in High School, is a native of Kentucky, although most of her life has been spent in Illinois. Her experience as a teacher has been long and varied.

B. W. Baker.

B. W. Baker, Principal of the Grammar School, was born in Coles County, Ills., November 25, 1841. He was raised on a farm. At the age of twenty he entered the army and served from 1861 to 1864 in the 25th Ills. Volunteers. He was wounded at Pea Ridge and afterwards at Perryville. He was at the siege of Corinth, at the battles of Resaca, Dalton, Kenesaw Mountain, Kingston, Noonday Creek, Peach Tree Creek and Atlanta. He was discharged in 1864. He entered the Normal University, from which he graduated in 1870. He then entered upon his duties as principal of the Grammar School, and still holds that position.

The little Primary School is a *gem;* to many visitors it is the most interesting department of the whole University. It is now in charge of Miss Gertie Case, a graduate of the Model High School. Miss Case entered upon her present work in the fall of 1872; previous to that time she had won an enviable reputation in the public schools of Bloomington and Normal.

STATE NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

THE SOLDIERS' ORPHANS' HOME.

THE following, taken from the second biennial report of the Soldiers' Orphans' Home, explains and describes the institution and its object very clearly:

"The institution was incorporated by an Act of the General Assembly, approved February 16th, 1865, and subsisted entirely upon private charity, until by an Act approved March 5th, 1867, a certain fund in the hands of the Governor, known as the "deserters' fund," was donated to the Home, and farther appropriations made.

"The Home is located on a high and commanding tract of land, donated by the Hon. David Davis, Judge of the Supreme Court of the United States, adjoining the thriving village of Normal, at the crossing of the Illinois Central and Chicago & Alton Railroads. A better selection could hardly have been made—beautiful, healthy, with fine railroad and educational advantages, it being the seat of the State Normal University.

"The building is a splendid structure, 140 by 80 feet, built in the Romanesque style of architecture, three stories of brick, with a basement of stone, surmounted by a fine dome. It is plain but substantial in finish, more attention being given to such arrangements as would secure the comfort and health of its inmates.

"The school building is a new brick structure, a short distance from the Home proper. It contains six large rooms, furnished with the most improved equipments. One of the rooms is devoted to library and reading purposes, where a large number of the best papers and periodicals are kept on file.

"*The persons entitled to the benefits of the Home* are the indigent children (under fourteen years of age) of all soldiers who have served in the armies of the Union during the late rebellion, and have been disabled from disease or wounds therein, or have died or been killed during such service.

"Blank forms for admission to the Home will be furnished at any time on application, by letter or otherwise, to Virginia C. Ohr, Superintendent Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Normal, McLean County, Illinois.

Total number of children admitted to the Home, since its organization	642	
Number returned to their friends or good homes provided by trustees		356
Number of boys who have run away		6
Total number who have died		5
Number remaining in the institution at date of report		275
	642	642

Total number of females admitted to the Home since its organization	275
Number of males admitted	367
Total	642
Average daily attendance	290
Expense per capita, per annum	$ 144 63
" " per month	12 05
" " per day	40

"This includes cost of subsistence, salaries of officers, teachers and other employes; in short, all expenses of the Home.

"We have very few special rules for the discipline and government of the children, and these are made as emergencies arise; acting upon the principle that a few rules, well kept, are of far greater value than many broken and trampled on. The law which guides and directs is that of love and kindness, partaking as much as possible of the parental character. While the most implicit obedience to all rules and regulations is required of each and every child, yet they are constrained to do so by direct appeals to their better natures; by pointing out to them their social and moral obligations, one to another; by giving them aid and encouragement in their efforts to do right. They are, generally speaking, kind to each other, obedient to those in charge and industrious."

NEWSPAPERS.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER IN M'LEAN COUNTY AND THE FIRST EDITOR.

In 1836 Bloomington became a very "lively" little town and some of its citizens became anxious for a newspaper. General Gridley, who was then a merchant in Bloomington, was about to go to the East for his fall supply of goods, and he was instructed by Jesse W. Fell and James Allin, who, with him, became proprietors, to lay in a stock of type, printing presses, compositors, editors, &c. He did so, and engaged Mr. William Hill and Mr. W. B. Brittain, of Philadelphia. These parties shipped their printing material during the fore part of October for Bloomington by way of New Orleans, St. Louis and Pekin. About a week afterwards Messrs. Hill and Brittain started, coming by way of Pittsburg, down the Ohio river, up the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers to Pekin, and thence across to Bloomington. The latter part of their journey was accomplished on horseback. At that time no bridge had been built across the Mackinaw, and as the stream was high, it was thought they would be obliged to swim their horses. Under this impression Mr. Brittain plunged in. As he was mounted on a small horse he was wet to the waist; but Mr. Hill, being on a large horse, stood on its back and went through dry shod. They arrived in Bloomington about eight o'clock that evening (October 25), Mr. Brittain nearly frozen and not favorably impressed with the unbridged water courses of Illinois. They remained in Bloomington for about two months without hearing anything of their printing material, and Mr. Brittain, becoming discouraged, disposed of his interest to Mr. Hill, and returned to Philadelphia. A few days after he left, word came that the material had reached Pekin. It was brought across to Bloomington by little Benjamin Depew, in a six-horse team, and on the first of January, 1837, it was arranged in an

office which was fitted up in the northeast room of the old (then new) Court House. On the fourteenth of January the first number of the *Bloomington Observer and McLean County Advocate* was published. After carrying it on through many difficulties and vexations for one year, Mr. Hill sold out to Mr. Jesse W. Fell, who continued it about a year and a half and then disposed of it to other parties, who removed it to Peoria. Mr. Hill returned to Philadelphia in the spring of 1839, where he worked at the printing business, and did not return to the West until 1849. At that time he located at St. Louis and there engaged in job printing. He was soon after joined by William Mc Kee, and they together purchased the office and paper of the *Missouri Democrat.* They afterwards purchased the office and paper of the *St. Louis Union*, united the two papers and continued them under the title of the *Missouri Democrat*, a Freesoil paper. After two or three years, politics becoming a good deal mixed, Mr. Hill became disgusted and sold out to F. P. Blair, Jr. and B. Gratz Brown. In 1855 he returned to McLean County, having purchased a small place a short distance northeast of the city. In the spring of 1860 he went with a party from McLean County to the newly discovered gold mines in Colorado. After spending six or eight months in the mountains and vicinity and seeing the prairie dogs, jack rabbits, buffaloes, and big Indians, and watching the regular Sunday gladiatorial sports among the miners, in which pistols, bowie knives, &c., were in general use, and after getting a glimpse of the elephant as he passed down the Western slope, Mr. Hill and his party returned to their homes, satisfied that if the same means and exertions were used here, a fortune could be made about as quickly.

Mr. Hill has for the last four years lived in Bloomington. He is now upwards of sixty years of age, healthy and active, and though in easy circumstances, continues to follow his business, preferring anything to idleness.

Mr. Hill was born Nov. 18, 1811, in Cumberland County, New Jersey, where he received his education. He went into a printing office in Philadelphia at the age of fifteen, where he remained until he came West in 1836. Just before coming West he did as a good many other young men do when starting for a new country—was married. His children, two daughters and one

son, are all happily married. He has been, in political matters, first a Whig and then a Republican. Mr. Hill is not a large man, being rather less than the medium height. He has a very intelligent and pleasing countenance, is a very pleasant writer and has a lively appreciation of the humorous. He is much respected and the first paper in McLean County under his management must have been very popular.

Bloomington Pantagraph.

The first paper published in Bloomington was the *Bloomington Observer and McLean County Advocate*, the first number of which was issued January 14th, 1837. William Hill, now employed as a compositor in the *Pantagraph* job office, was its editor and publisher. It was a small, five column weekly, non-political. Mr. Hill published the *Observer* about a year, then sold it to Mr. Jesse W. Fell (now a resident of Normal), who continued it about eighteen months. The paper was then discontinued for about seven years. In 1846 Mr. C. P. Merriman (now of the *Leader*) revived the paper as the *Western Whig*. It was afterwards owned and conducted by Johnson & Underwood, Jesse W. Fell, and Merriman (C. P.) and Morris. Mr. Fell changed its name to the *Intelligencer* and Mr. Merriman invented for it the name of the *Pantagraph* while he and Morris owned it together. The proprietors of the *Pantagraph* therefore consider it to be the oldest paper in the city, and regularly descended from the *Bloomington Observer and McLean County Advocate*, which was published in 1837.

The early numbers of *The Observer* speak of meetings called for the purpose of establishing a public library in Bloomington, but very little seems to have been done for such an undertaking. Market houses and water works were also discussed at that early day. The mails were carried to Peoria and Springfield twice a week, to all other points once a week, or not so often. Merriman & Morris issued a daily edition while the paper was in their hands, but this did not pay and it was soon discontinued. In 1855 the *Pantagraph* office was destroyed by the first great fire Bloomington ever experienced. It was then owned by Merriman & Morris, who soon after sold it to William E. Foote, C. P. Merriman con-

tinuing to edit the paper for six months afterwards, or until June, 1856, when Edward J. Lewis became its editor. Mr. Lewis continued to edit the paper until January, 1860. During this period the daily was successfully started, the first number being issued February 23, 1857, and was published continuously during Mr. Foote's proprietorship. W. R. McCracken was local editor during the greater portion of the time. Franklin Price and Charles L. Steele also had charge of the local columns successively. During this period (1858) the office was fired by an incendiary. But some compositors, who slept in a room below the office, were awakened by the barking of a dog kept by them, and they promptly extinguished the flames. This dog, called "Major," was a favorite in the office and remained a great pet until his death. His portrait was painted and kept hung up in the office for a long time (between the pictures of George Washington and Florence Nightingale!) During Mr. Foote's proprietorship (1855 to 1860) the *Pantagraph* office became known throughout the West for the excellence of its job printing. Mr. Foote was a job printer of great skill and fine taste. In 1858 specimens of the *Pantagraph* job printing took the first premium at the great St. Louis Fair, at the National Fair in Chicago the same year and at the Illinois State Fair.

In the early part of 1860 the office was sold to Judge Merriman, and his brother, C. P. Merriman, was made editor. The daily was discontinued but soon after revived. The paper was purchased early in 1861 by Carpenter & Steele, and E. J. Lewis was again made editor and remained so until the breaking out of the war, when he entered the army, (August, 1861). It was then successively edited by H. B. Norton, Thomas Moore, Captain J. H. Burnham, and others. The paper afterwards partially changed hands and was owned by Messrs. Carpenter, Steele, Briggs & Packard, and one of them, Rev. F. J. Briggs, was editor. The paper afterwards was sold to Scibird & Waters, who, after conducting it rather less than a year, sold it to a company composed of Jesse W. Fell, W. O. Davis and James P. Taylor. Mr. Davis is now the sole proprietor. Under the proprietorship of Fell & Company the paper was edited for a while by Mr. B. F. Diggs, who was succeeded by Dr. E. R. Roe, who in turn was succeeded by E. J. Lewis a little more than two

years ago. D. A. Ray has been local editor most of the time for several years. W. H. Whitehead was also assistant editor for a considerable time, and is now in charge of the local columns. Under the management of Mr. E. J. Lewis and Mr. W. H. Whitehead, the *Pantagraph* is very efficiently conducted in all of its departments.

The job office of the *Pantagraph* is one of the best in Illinois, and the job printing is remarkable for its good taste. German printing of all kinds, under the supervision of Mr. Bach, is executed in the best of style.

The Leader (*Daily and Weekly.*)

The *Weekly Leader* was started by John S. Scibird and Orin Waters, proprietors, and Elias Smith, editor, November 15, 1868, and soon attained to a fair circulation and influence. Its success became so flattering that on the twenty-second of February, 1870, its proprietors began the publication of the *Daily Leader*, which is ably conducted and well supported. The political department was edited by B. F. Diggs and C. P. Merriman successively, and the local department by Thomas Moore, Elias Smith, B. F. Diggs, M. F. Leland and J. W. Nichols. The paper is now published by the *Leader* Company with Orin Waters as general manager and C. P. Merriman and J. W. Nichols as editors. The paper has always been Republican in politics and so continues.

The *Leader* Company publish, in addition to their daily and weekly, the *Alumni Journal*, fifteen hundred copies per month; the *Little Watchman*, a Sunday-school paper, seven thousand copies per week; the *Real Estate Journal*, two thousand per month.

The Job Office of the *Leader* is large and well conducted under the supervision of Mr. E. P. Penniman, who displays the best of taste in everything pertaining to his department.

The Anti-Monopolist (*Weekly*).

The *Bloomington Democrat* was started in Bloomington in April, 1868, by S. S. Parke, Esq. Previous to this the Democratic party had attempted to establish a party organ, but failed, showing that with newspapers, as with all other matters, it is

individual enterprise which brings success. This paper was Democratic in politics as its name indicates, but during the last campaign it strongly and effectively advocated the principles of the Liberal party. On the fourteenth of August, 1873, the editorial management of this paper went into the hands of Joseph Carter, and the paper became the *Anti-Monopolist*. This paper, on the 1st of January, was merged with the *McLean County Anti-Monopolist*, at Saybrook, which office has been moved to Bloomington, and the paper adopted the title of the *Anti-Monopolist*. It is now very ably edited, and its articles are frequently quoted in other papers.

The Republican (*Weekly.*)

The *Republican* was started in Bloomington in 1866, by S. P. Remington and A. B. Holmes. It was Republican in politics and has remained so ever since. Its first editor was Major S. P. Remington. Its present proprietors are A. B. Holmes & Bro. It is a very pleasant, reliable paper and has the confidence of the community.

Illinois Trade Journal.

This paper was started in November, 1872, by Goff & Hewitt, As it has recently been brought into existence, it has not yet made a history. It is a commercial paper, at present owned and edited by A. J. Goff, one of its founders.

Mr. Goff formerly published the *Bloomington Journal*, which he started in January, 1868. This paper succeeded the *McLean County Journal*, which had been published by E. B. Buck. In November, 1868, the *Bloomington Journal* was sold to Seibird & Waters, in whose hands it was succeeded by the *Leader*. While Mr. Goff published the *Journal* he issued an edition of that paper in Normal, called the *Review*, for which Mr. Ray of the *Pantagraph* acted as local editor.

The Banner of Holiness.

This paper was started October 5, 1872, by Henry Reynolds and Rev. John P. Brooks. It is purely a religious paper, and its conductors hope and believe that it is the means of doing much good.

McLean County Deutsche Presse—(*German Weekly.*)

The *Presse* was started by a company, of which the present editor and proprietor, Johannes Koester, was a member in 1871. He soon afterwards became sole editor and proprietor. During the last campaign the paper favored the Liberal movement.

The Weekly Enterprise, of Lexington.

The *Enterprise* was started on the first of January, 1873, by Charles M. King, who is editor and proprietor. It takes no sides in political matters as its editor does not consider it old enough to vote.

Saybrook Banner.

This paper was for a long time published in Lexington, but on the eighteenth of December, 1872, was removed to Saybrook. It was started by H. H. Parkinson and by him first edited. Mr. Parkinson is the present proprietor of the paper. Messrs. Sabin & Van Voris were for a time connected with this paper. It is independent in politics as well as in name. The paper stands high in point of ability and fairness. One thing connected with it is certainly very marvelous—"it is said that the people take a great interest in it." It must indeed be a very interesting paper. The *Banner* was changed to the *McLean County Anti-Monopolist*, and subsequently consolidated with the *Anti-Monopolist* of Bloomington.

Chenoa Times.

The *Chenoa Times* was started in July, 1867, by McMurtrie & Dyer, editors and proprietors, under very flattering circumstances, with a good subscription list. It was edited successively by McMurtrie & Dyer, Miss L. M. Dyer, Mr. C. M. King, Mr. C. R. Spore and John & Bovard. The latter are now its editors and proprietors.

BLOOMINGTON.

In the fall of 1829, James Allin came from Vandalia, Fayette County, Illinois, to the north end of Blooming Grove and here opened a store. In the spring of 1830 he built a double log house, with one room for a dwelling and the other for a store. During that year a number of gentlemen took active measures to secure the location of a county seat at the north end of Blooming Grove, and the legislature of 1830 and '31 passed the act for the formation of the county of McLean. A board of three commissioners was appointed to locate the county seat. They were Jonathan Pugh of Macon County, Lemuel Lee of Vandalia, and a certain Mr. Freeman. They were instructed to look over the county and locate the county seat on the second Monday in February or within five days thereafter; but the winter of the deep snow made it impossible for them to locate it at that time, and they were unable to make their report until the following April. The following is the report:

"APRIL 21, 1831.

We the commissioners appointed to locate a county seat in the county of McLean on the second Monday of February or within five days thereafter, owing to the severity of the weather and the depth of snow it was impossible for us to proceed to locate the same at the time specified by law; but as soon thereafter as practicable we proceeded to examine the situation of the county, and have located the same on the land of James Allin, on the north end of the Blooming Grove, for which we have his obligation for a donation of twenty-two acres and a half of land.

LEMUEL LEE,
JONATHAN PUGH."

The Fourth of July, 1831, was a great day at Blooming Grove, for on that day the town of Bloomington came into being. The lots of the original town were then sold at auction. The town then contained twelve squares and was bounded by North, Front, East and West streets. On the record of the proceedings of the County Court appears the following:

"FOURTH OF JULY, 1831.

"The Court proceeded to sell the lots of the town of Bloomington. James Allin was appointed agent to execute deeds and Isaac Baker to take acknowledgments. (Recorded in Book Z.)"

The lots were cried off by William Orendorff as auctioneer. The bidding was lively and the excitement great. The highest price paid for any lot was fifty-two dollars, which was given by A. Gridley for town lot number sixty, where the McLean County Bank now stands. Bloomington was a lively town from the start, for it numbered among its citizens many men who have since shown the most extraordinary foresight and business sagacity. These men were united and earnest and determined that the town should be pushed into prosperity at all hazards. They were sharpened by strange experiences.

The first addition to the town of Bloomington was made by James Allin, and the plat was recorded August 1, 1831. It consisted of a tier and a half of squares on the south of the original town and two tiers of squares on the west, making twelve squares and six half squares.

James Allin worked for the growth and prosperity of the town with the most untiring zeal, and was most enthusiastic in his hopes for its development and future prosperity. He said it was on a direct line between the rapids of the Illinois River and Cairo, on a line between Chicago and St. Louis, and on a line between Columbus, Ohio, and Flint Rock, (Burlington) Iowa. It was situated on the edge of one of the prettiest groves in Illinois. He lived to see his fondest hopes realized, as the town, of which he was the founder, grew to an inland city. But it was not because it was on a line between great points, for other towns, not so fortunate, have quite as good a location; it was not alone because it was situated on the edge of a pretty grove or because the soil was productive; but it grew and prospered because its citizens were determined that it should grow and

prosper. They worked for it and obtained for it every advantage: they had faith in it, and it grew and continues growing.

The first court in McLean County was held in James Allin's double log cabin, in that part which he used as a dwelling. But on the fifth of January, 1832, the Commissioners' Court adopted a plan for building a court house as follows:

"A building of one story high, eighteen feet by thirty, to be finished as a comfortable dwelling house, and order that the clerk give public notice for selling out the (erection of the) building aforesaid to the lowest and best bidder on the sixth day of March next."

At the time appointed, the building of the court house was bid off to A. Gridley for three hundred and thirty-nine dollars and seventy-five cents. It was built by him and accepted in December, 1832. It was situated on the west side of the public square. The jail was built by William Dimmitt for $321.

The interests of the little town were watchfully guarded, and in 1834 it numbered one hundred and eighty persons, according to a census taken by Allen Withers. During the next two years the rush of people to Illinois from the East was wonderful, and the town grew in 1836 to number four hundred and fifty souls.

The early merchants of Bloomington were liberal, enterprising men. The following from the pen of John W. Billings places the condition of the town in the early days in a clear light:

"James Allin first displayed goods at the place now occupied by Dr. Stipp as a dwelling, but soon moved up street, and about the year 1839 built a brick on the corner of Main and Front streets, the present site of the Livingston clothing house. The mercantile firm of Gridley & Covel stood upon the site of the McLean County Bank. This firm did perhaps more business than any one house at that time and bore the brunt of the hard times. After a while they closed out their mercantile matters and went into a steam mill for carding wool and grinding wheat, doing business for a large extent of country. Haines & Son were dry goods merchants. More & Crow (not black) kept a mercantile house on the corner of Main and Front streets; but their establishment passed into the hands of B. F. Wood, who was afterwards drowned in the Missouri River. Mr. Goodcop,

German from Philadelphia, flourished for a while in the mercantile line, but returned to the city of broadbrims. A hardware firm by the name of Freylies Brothers settled about the year 1835, but soon disappeared, their places being supplied by George Dietrich about the year 1839. Mr. Dietrich was an industrious, enterprising young man, who has accumulated a fortune and retired from business and lives at Normal, honored and respected by all. The first plastering mason in Bloomington was William Goodheart, a Scotchman by birth, a former soldier in the army of the great Napoleon, a Methodist class leader, and one whose life corresponded with his teaching. He died at a ripe old age, leaving sons and daughters, worthy citizens. Father Goodheart burned the first brick in this vicinity, and Robert Guthrie was the next in this line of business. In an early day J. M. Caleb kept a public house opposite Paist & Marmon's drug store, where we received our daily rations. Some of the lady boarders were so fastidious that they nearly fainted on a hot day, when Postmaster Brown had the audacity to seat himself at the dinner table without a coat. The Big Tavern was kept by F. S. Dean, a New York yankee, near the present McLean County Bank, and was burned in 1855 or '56.

"A Mr. Bonesteel was among the first owners of steam mills. His mill was on the water run, then called a slough, between Main and Albert streets, but was burned down at an early day. Another steam mill, built by O. Covel, was burned down some years after. A steam saw mill, which stood between Centre and Madison streets, and was owned by B. F. Wood, was also burned. An Indian family living near was suspected of setting it on fire, and some young men (mostly of the "baser sort") attacked and destroyed their house and drove them off, though they were probably innocent.

The people in those days were obliged to have their fun. A long-legged, awkward young man, named Peter Bonesteel, was arrested for some pretended offence and brought into Court; but after a trial was discharged. He was afraid to leave the court house, as he thought the boys would lynch him. At last they became uproarious, pushed him out of the door and shouted, "Run, Pete, run!" He did run, sure enough, and being tall, long-legged, with heavy boots, the mud an inch or two

in depth, with a scare upon his mind and a lot of wolfish boys behind, he made such time as would make a locomotive jealous, leaving the howling hounds far in the rear, stopping not until he crouched on the bottom of his father's cellar in Pone Hollow. But he was a good boy and of a good family and did not deserve such treatment.

Many of those who were in business in early days, have succeeded well. Lewis Bunn and Abraham Brokaw were among the first plow and wagon makers in McLean County. Elijah Rockhold, now deceased, was for a long while chief architect and builder in Bloomington. Jesse Fell, a member of the Society of Friends, father of J. W. Fell of Normal and a large family of other children, most of them still living in McLean County, came to Bloomington when it was in its swaddling clothes. Mother Fell, as is usual with Friends, often preached to us, as the spirit moved, many good and remembered lessons. Father Fell also had a word for all, well-timed to profit. But their earthly pilgrimage has long since ended; they have obeyed the mandate: "Come up higher." Mr. Robert Guthrie was also a nurse to the infant Bloomington, settling first on the Flagg farm, but soon selling out and coming down to Front street. Perhaps he was the first regular plastering mason here. William Brewer, the first tanner and currier, died about the year 1844 or '45.

About the year 1849 or '50 the California gold excitement was greatest and Bloomington sent out a large delegation of some of her best citizens. Dan. Robinson, since deceased, Lyman Ferre, at that time of wagon and carriage notoriety, Seth H. Adams, familiarly known as Speedy Adams, and John M. Loving and many others started for the golden El Dorado. Doctor Colburn went some little distance, but returned. Rev. D. J. Perry gave them a parting address, and one of his ideas was particularly note-worthy. He said: "Many of the thousands now leaving for the farther West think they are going out of the world, where they may think, do and act as they please, while the truth is, they are going right into the world, where people from all climes and tongues are now congregating, each peculiarly jealous of his rights and ready to maintain them; the great I Am watches them with a no less jealous eye than if they remained at home." Sound doctrine.

"Among the most influential men of Bloomington was General Merritt Covel. He was the right man in the right place, and the people respected his judgment. He was honorable in his business transactions and shrewd in his calculations. He was amiable of disposition—a gentleman and a genial companion. He died in the year 1847. General Gridley (the old folks called him Colonel) represented McLean County in the legislature for one or more terms in 1840 and '41, and is reported as second to none of his illustrious compeers of the State Assembly. His constituents were well pleased with his ability, legislative powers, fine eloquence, keen retort and skillful maneuvering in all matters affecting McLean County. He served his constituents in the State Senate in 1851, '52, '53 and '54. About this time the Illinois Central Railroad Company was to be chartered, and Bloomington had vital interests at stake. It was then more of a hamlet than a city, and its future hung in the balance. It was clear that General Gridley was the man to espouse her interests and carry them through, and with herculean labors he was triumphantly successful. The chartered line would have carried the track several miles east of the corporation limits, which would have built up a town there and Bloomington would have been left in the cold. General Gridley duly appreciated this and nerved himself to the task of getting the charter so amended as to make Bloomington a definite point, the result of which is now before the people. It would be ungenerous and unjust to say that he did all this individually, but he was the pioneer spirit linked with Jesse W. Fell, Judge David Davis and others. The Bloomington Gas and Coke Company is the result of the enterprise and thrift of General Gridley. Probably the head, trunk and limbs of this company are contained in his person and pocket. When the corporation was in darkness, each person carrying his own lantern and each business place supplying its own lamp post, a light sprang up towards Sugar Creek and, though glimmering at first, it is now magnified and the city shines in its radiance. The McLean County Bank was the first institution of its kind established. Its heart and safe respond to the autograph of General Gridley. Our stock men are under obligations to him for engineering into being the present banking facilities of our city.

"Jesse W. Fell, of Normal, came to Bloomington about the year 1833. He is of good old Pennsylvania Quaker stock. His father as well as himself was naturally a horticulturist and fruit grower. I have often looked at an orchard (perhaps their first planting in McLean County) with much delight. The lines of the trees were seemingly set in a diamond form, but were in straight lines from every point of view. J. W. Fell edited the *Bloomington Intelligencer* for a while. He was a fine scholar, an able editor and a prolific writer, energetic in character and ready of wit and repartee, sound in judgment and pointed in debate, strong in reasoning powers and a fluent speaker, and flush of right words in the right place. He has never been chosen as a representative of the people in any legislative body, but he has been an active worker in everything pertaining to the interest of McLean County, and has been much more useful than scores of members holding constituent papers. The Illinois Central Railroad required his attention and services throughout its construction. Mr. Fell has always been a friend of education and temperance. The Illinois public school system is debtor to him for many things. Among the other good things it might be said, "he has education on the brain." He thinks everything of the State Normal University, and was an indefatigable worker for its establishment in the place it occupies. He has been no less untiring in ornamenting its grounds than in locating its site. Trees, shrubbery and flowers, like education, possess a green and flowery spot in his cranium.

"It would be a curiosity, indeed, if the Bloomington of early days was to appear before us. I picture in my mind the Bloomington of 1837, with its muddy streets, and I see the lone pedestrian, with pants in boots, wending his way to the post office, kept in a sixteen by twenty feet room; or I see the lady, with skirts slightly raised, displaying a shining black bootee, daintily picking her steps along single planks, over chip-piles and around mud-puddles, to some store, where could be found many things between the needle and the anchor, a spool of thread, a bolt of muslin, a pound of tea, and tobacco, coffee, saleratus, curry-combs, molasses, etc., in promiscuous plenty. How different is this from the Bloomington of the present day, with its macadamized streets and its Nicholson pavement, its huge storehouses

and fine private dwellings, and its monster court house, where all capital criminals are proved to be insane.

"Although Bloomington is yet in the first blush of city womanhood, her beautiful child, Miss Normal, is yet in her teens. Suitors already come to her, attracted by her building lots and shady streets. Under the protecting care of the Normal University and the Soldiers' Orphans' Home she will arrive at her lawful majority. The elder institution sends out from her desks each year more or less of the sons of the gentlemen yeomanry of the State—some as theologians, to be sent on home or foreign missions; others to take up Blackstone and be prepared to prove every culprit honest or insane, or every honest man a culprit; others to seek the wisdom of Esculapius, in order that all the ill, which flesh is heir to, may flee as chaff in the tornado track. Others will go out to educate the youth and teach the young idea how to shoot—with impunity!—while others will analyze mother earth, in order to adapt the proper seeds to the proper soils, a knowledge not possessed by all of the farming community at present.

"Bloomington was a most fortunate town in the early days. It contained few of that idle, vagabond class of people, who are the curse of new places. It was no place tor them, as the energetic, hard-working people were too numerous. Water and oil will never mix; the shiftless and lazy people went to other localities."

Such are the ideas given by Mr. J. W. Billings, and the reader will agree with me that such entertaining descriptions seldom appear in print. Mr. Billings should have been a writer, and in neglecting to cultivate his literary taste he has mistaken his calling in life.

In about the year 1836 or '37 Bloomington was full of enterprising young men, who have since made their mark. In 1837 Judge McClun came to the town and started as a merchant. He was little more than a boy and had not much of this world's goods; but he was full of pluck, hopeful of the future, careful, and above all, honest in business and sagacious in his calculations. Allen Withers was then a young merchant and carried on his business with his father, in Boyce Block. William H. Temple was then an enterprising young man, and in 1838 began

business on his own account. James Miller was a merchant in the early days and afterwards treasurer of the State. Matthew H. Hawks was about this time in the dry goods business, but afterwards thought he saw more money in carding wool and making linseed oil.

Judge David Davis and Kersey H. Fell were then young men destined to shine in the legal profession. The former now sits on the Supreme Bench of the United States, and his friends believe that his splendid talents would do honor to a higher position. Wm. H. Hodge and Amasa C. Washburn were then schoolmasters, and if all reports are true, "they spared not the rod, as they kept the old rule and beat in the A. B. C." The former is remarkable for his great memory, and his word concerning the transactions of the early days is gospel, and no one disputes it. Thomas Williams and Thomas Fell were house builders then, and their services were appreciated, for many of the settlers had only the canopy of heaven as a roof to shelter them. John Moore, the wagon maker, afterwards Lieutenant Governor of the State, made wagons for the settlers to haul their grain to market. Abraham Brokaw, Lewis Bunn and William F. Flagg were hard-handed sons of toil, and all were remarkably successful in their profession. William McCullough, "the bravest of the brave," was sheriff, afterwards recorder, and at last a sacrifice to his own daring on a Southern battlefield. William Evans was then a farmer and lived out of town; but the town came to him at last and took him in, farm and all. William T. Major was then here, an earnest, active Christian and the founder of the Christian Church in Bloomington. In those days, too, John Magoun, the incorrigible bachelor, flourished. He was a bricklayer, a merchant, a capitalist, a landowner, and in everything he succeeded. He was then, as now, a practical philanthropist. The good deeds which he did in secret, were known only to his Heavenly Father, who has rewarded him openly. He was then, as now, an advocate of temperance. One of the old settlers, who has watched his course from then until the present time, says of him: "He stands the highest of any man in this community. I have my enemies, and this may be said of nearly all men who are pretty well known; but he has none; every man is his friend." John Magoun is one of the trustees of the Wes-

leyan University, which stands in the suburbs of Bloomington. This institution has had many hard struggles with fortune, but its friends have been numerous and strong. The present University building is a model of elegance and taste, and its professors are gentlemen of culture.

Religious matters in early days received attention. The first Sabbath-school was organized on the 8th and 9th of March, 1832, at a school house, where A. C. Washburn was teaching. The appointment had been given out by Rev. Mr. Latta, and on the 8th of March a few people attended. Great opposition was manifested, and a learned doctor was loud in his declaration that it was simply a measure to unite the church and state! The meeting adjourned until the next day, when the organization was perfected. A. C. Washburn was chosen superintendent, and he worked diligently for the little school of twenty or thirty scholars. He made every effort to induce the scholars at the week-day school to put on their prettiest clothes and come to the Sabbath-school. But two or three children, who belonged to a certain family, refused to attend, and he visited the mother and inquired the reason. She said: "How much do you charge for tuition?" and he replied that the schools were perfectly free. She said: "I don't understand why you should leave your friends and come away out here to the West, a thousand miles or more, to teach my children for nothing." Then he spoke of benevolence and good will, and how anxious he was for the spread of the gospel, and thought her heart was touched; but she suddenly looked up and said: "Ain't you a 'cold water' man?" He was obliged to acknowledge his principles and said that he was a temperance man. When the woman heard this she boiled over with rage, and said that her children should never go to Sunday-school to any such man, and that ended the interview. In the spring of 1833 Mr. Washburn was away from Bloomington, and the Sunday-school was, for a while, under the charge of Rev. Mr. McGeogh, who died soon after, and the school became scattered. But it was revived in the fall on the return of Mr. Washburn. He was superintendent until the spring of 1834, when he was absent for a while, and it was conducted by Rev. Samuel Foster. In 1836 Mr. Washburn returned and was again made superintendent. This year was marked by a great sensa-

tion. A colored family moved into the place, and four or five little Ethiopians made their appearance at the Sunday-school. No one could be found to teach them, except the superintendent, and he was obliged to use a part of his time in doing so. Some of the remaining scholars considered this an outrage and threatened to deprive the school of the honor of their presence; but Mr. Washburn was firm; a few left, but the school continued prosperous. This was a union school until 1838, when a Methodist school was formed, and the union school became Presbyterian, and at the present time numbers two hundred and seventy scholars.

The Bloomington of to-day is a great improvement on the village, which stood here thirty-five years ago. It is an improvement in material wealth, an improvement in culture and knowledge, and an improvement in appearance and external polish. But are the people more polite? that is, have they more of politeness of the heart? have they more good feeling and more of the disposition to love their neighbors as themselves? The truth is, there are too many of them to be all neighbors. When only a few are gathered together in a village, the affection and good feelings of the people can go out after each other; but when a person is obliged to extend his affections over twenty or twenty-five thousand people, his kind feelings become thin and elastic everywhere. The change in feeling is due to the change in circumstances. People have their friends now as they had in the early days, but their friends do not at present consist of all Bloomington. Bloomington extends over four square miles and contained on the first of July, 1873, a population of twenty thousand one hundred people, and Normal contained two thousand eight hundred and twenty, making in all twenty-two thousand nine hundred and twenty. Instead of being a village with a little local traffic, it has become a center for supplies for the towns and villages round about. It has three large wholesale dry goods establishments, two wholesale groceries, and three groceries which do a wholesale and retail trade. It has four commission merchants, eight large establishments dealing in lumber and nineteen retail dry goods stores. It has nine clothing stores and twenty-six dress and cloak making establishments, from which the descendants of the pioneers buy their clothing, in-

stead of using the linsey woolsey, the blue jeans, or the whang sewed buckskin of their fathers. It has seventy-three grocery and provision stores, four wholesale and retail hardware establishments, and seven exclusively retail. It has four foundries, four flouring mills, three machine shops (exclusive of those of the Chicago and Alton R. R.), two agricultural implement manufactories and one chair manufactory. As the city contains many school girls it has been necessary to start a chewing-gum manufactory. The wax affords the most healthy exercise for the jaws, and when these school girls grow up and go to tea parties, they can talk by the hour and their jaws will never fail. How great are the privileges enjoyed by the children of to-day! The little pioneer girls had no manufactured chewing gum; they gathered the wax from the rosin weed and upon this they exercised their jaws. The city contains twelve cigar and tobacco manufacturing establishments, and the youth of Bloomington can chew and smoke with the elegance befitting the cultured gentlemen of America.

Bloomington has five banks, which furnish all commercial facilities; thirteen hotels, to accommodate the customers who come to purchase goods; four fast freight lines; four railroads and one branch road, which make the city a distributing depot. It has two patent medicine factories, which send out medicine warranted to cure the ills which afflict the nations of the earth. It has twelve large drug stores, two of which are wholesale establishments, and they distribute the purest drugs to kill or cure the descendants of the pioneers. It has forty-two physicians, who sometimes restore men to health and sometimes make work for the undertakers. It has fifty lawyers, who display their genius by tangling up that which is plain and straight, or by throwing a light upon that which is dark and obscure. It has eight photographic galleries, where people go for pictures of their beautiful selves, taken in all kinds of unnatural attitudes, with foolish smiles or strange expressions. It has eight book and job printing establishments, which turn out two daily papers, one semi-weekly, five weeklies and four monthlies. It has factories of various kinds—a shoe factory, a spice factory, an organ factory—and quick-sighted capitalists will doubtless discover many other things which could easily be made by a factory

in Bloomington. The pioneers washed their own clothing by the use of soap and muscle; but their thrice happy descendants were for a while served by pig-tailed Chinamen, sent from the Celestial Empire, twelve thousand miles away. Bloomington exercises a paternal watch-care over the surrounding country; the streams are spanned by the King Iron Bridge Company, and the bridges are not broken down by heavy weights or carried away by freshets.

The second court house in Bloomington was a brick building, forty by forty-five feet and two stories high. It was built in 1836 in the center of the court house square, by Leander Munsell, for six thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars. A little of this was paid in cash, but the greater part remained for many years a debt upon the county, drawing eight per cent. interest. The tax required to pay this interest was severely felt.

The old court house served well in its day, and as a usual thing the people obtained substantial justice from the judges and juries within its walls. But the business of the county increased with wealth and numbers, and it became necessary to have larger public buildings. On the fifth of December, 1867, Hon. John M. Scott and Robert E. Williams, Esq., addressed the Board of Supervisors upon the subject of erecting a new court house. Investigations were made and reports presented, and in March the matter took definite form. A building committee, of which O. M. Colman was chairman, was appointed, a contract for the present court house was made and the building commenced. It was superintended by Cochran & Piquard, architects from Chicago. The building was contracted for $285,342. It is built of Joliet stone and is a very imposing structure.

The first preacher who delivered a sermon at Blooming Grove was Rev. James Stringfield from Kentucky, who belonged to the Methodist denomination. The exercises were held at the house of John Hendrix, in the year 1823, eight years before Bloomington was laid out. But Mr. Stringfield only came on a visit. Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes came in 1824, and preached whenever he could collect half a dozen persons together, but had no regular appointments for some time. He belonged first to the

Separate Baptist denomination and afterwards to the Christian. Rev. James Latta came to Blooming Grove in 1824, but did not preach regularly until 1828. The first circuit preacher in McLean County was Rev. William See, who came in 1826. He was succeeded in 1827 by Rev. Smith L. Robinson, who was succeeded in 1828 by Rev. James Latta. Mr. Latta was quite a noted old settler. He had been connected with the militia in 1827, while the Winnebago Indians were making some trouble up in the mining country, and he was called Col. Latta. He was a very effective preacher and talked to the people directly concerning their errors and short comings. Mr. Latta was succeeded as a circuit preacher by Rev. Stephen Beggs in 1829. The circuit was then called the Salt Creek Circuit, but was afterwards divided. In 1830 Rev. Mr. Shepherd took charge of the circuit. He was an old man and has no doubt long since passed from the living. He was again pastor in Bloomington in 1839. In 1831 Rev. Dr. Crissey came.

The first sermon preached in Bloomington was delivered by Rev. William Crissey, in November, 1831, in the school house which formerly stood near where the marble works of Haldeman Brothers are located. He was invited by James Allin to preach there. Mr. Crissey had before this preached in what are now the suburbs of Bloomington. Gen. Gridley gives some items with regard to the matter as follows:

"I arrived in Bloomington on Saturday, October 8, 1831. The next day (Sunday) I attended Methodist meeting at the log cabin of John Canady, one and a half miles southeast of town, on the farm now owned by the Hon. John E. McClun. The congregation consisted of James Allin and wife, David Trimmer and wife, M. L. Covel, Samuel Durley, W. H. Hodge and wife, and the family of John Canady. The sermon, which was a very good one, was preached by Rev. Dr. Crissey, late of Decatur. He was a boy about my age at that time, not quite twenty-one."

In 1831–2 Rev. Mr. Johnson, a Cumberland Presbyterian, preached here. In 1832 Dr. Crissey, of the Methodist denomination, was succeeded by Rev. Mr. Royal. He was succeeded by a young preacher, whose name cannot be ascertained. Rev. Zadoc Hall was circuit preacher in 1835, and he took the con-

tract for building the first Methodist church. He was succeeded by Mr. Chase in 1836. The latter was the first stationary preacher in Bloomington. He was succeeded by Rev. Richard Haney in 1837, who remained two years.

The first Presbyterian preacher was Rev. Calvin W. Babbitt, who came in December, 1832, and organized the Presbyterian Church in January, 1833. He was succeeded by Rev. Mr. McGeogh in the spring of 1833. The latter was a Scotchman and a man of great learning. He had a large and well selected library of books in various languages. He died in Bloomington. Rev. Lemuel Foster, also Presbyterian, came in the fall of 1833.

The Catholic Church, called the Church of the Immaculate Conception, presents the strongest membership of any in Bloomington, having about six thousand. The pastors are Rev. James J. McGovern, D. D.; First Assistant, Rev. L. Lightner, D. D.; Second Assistant, Rev. F. A. O'Connor. It has a large and flourishing Sunday-school. The number of girls in attendance at the Academy of St. Joseph is two hundred. The church building is situated on Main street, corner of Chestnut. The St. Mary's German Church, Catholic, is on North Water street, corner of Short.

The Methodist Church is very strong in numbers and influence. The first Methodist Church has a membership of eight hundred and twenty-five. The pastor is the Rev. R. M. Barns. The building is located on Washington street, corner of East. A new building will shortly be erected on the corner of Grove and East streets. This church has nine local preachers, six exhorters, six stewards and twenty-six leaders. The Sabbath school is superintended by C. S. Aldrich and numbers four hundred and twenty-five scholars and has thirty-two teachers. The German Methodists, Rev. E. C. Magarat, pastor, have their place of worship at 415 North Centre street. The Sunday-school connected with it has an attendance of one hundred and seventy-five scholars. The University Methodist Church, with a membership of two hundred and eighty-five, Rev. J. G. Little, pastor, holds services in Amie Chapel, in the Wesleyan University. The Sunday-school is superintended by H. G. Reeves. Number of scholars two hundred, and teachers, seventeen. The

German Mission is located at 1302 S. Main street. The African M thodist Church is located at 806 N. Centre street, and the African Baptist Church is on Main street, near N. Water.

The Baptist Church has a large and influential membership. The first Baptist Church, Rev. C. E. Hewitt, pastor, is located on the northeast corner of Madison and Jefferson streets. It was organized in 1835, numbers five hundred and twenty members, and has a Sabbath-school with an attendance of four hundred scholars and thirty teachers. The Superintendent is D. B. Harwood. The West Baptist Mission Sunday-school is on the corner of Locust and Cranmer streets. It has seventy-five scholars and nine teachers, superintended by R. G. Lambert. The South Baptist Mission Sunday-school numbers fifty scholars and nine teachers, and is superintended by H. C. Crist. The Mt. Pisgah Baptist Church (colored), Rev. T. Reasoner, pastor, has sixty members. The Sabbath-school, superintended by J. W. Haggard, has an attendance of forty-five scholars. The building is located at 504 S. Lee street. The Mission Chapel, (German) Rev. W. Deininger, pastor, is located at 1002 S. Main street.

The strength and influence of the Presbyterian Church is due in some measure to the fact that it was the first, or about the first, which became organized in Bloomington. The Lord's Supper was administered in January, 1832, and the church soon became firmly established. The First Presbyterian Church, Rev. J. McLean, pastor, is located on the corner of Grove and East streets, and numbers one hundred and eighty members. The Sunday-school numbers about two hundred and seventy-five scholars, and great interest is manifested in it. The Second Presbyterian Church, Rev. W. Dinsmore, pastor, is on the corner of East and North streets. It numbers four hundred and fifty members. The Sunday-school connected with it is superintended by B. P. Marsh and numbers three hundred scholars and thirty-five teachers.

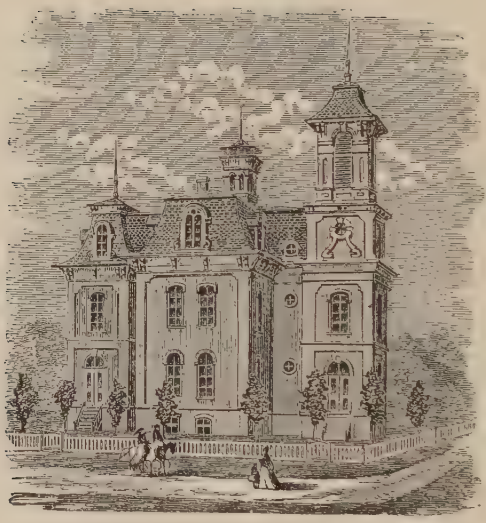
St. Matthew's Episcopal Church, Rev. T. N. Morrison, pastor, is on the corner of Washington and West streets. It was organized July 31, 1853. It now numbers about one hundred and fifty members. The Sunday-school was organized about the same time as the church and numbers about one hundred and forty members.

The Christian Church, Rev. J. H. McCullough, pastor, is located at 401 West Jefferson street. It is strong and flourishing. The Sunday-school, superintended by M. Swann, numbers one hundred and sixty scholars and thirteen teachers. The Mission School of the Christian Church meets at the corner of South Grove and Vine streets, and numbers one hundred and ten scholars and ten teachers.

The First Congregational Church, Rev. J. M. Baugh, pastor, meets at Schroeder's Opera House. It numbers eighty members. The Sunday-school, superintended by S. D. Gaylord, has thirteen teachers and one hundred and fifty scholars.

The Free Congregational Church, Rev. C. C. Burleigh, pastor, is located on the corner of East and Jefferson streets. It was organized in 1859, and has one hundred members. The Sunday-school, superintended by Thomas Metcalf, has one hundred and ten scholars and eleven teachers.

The German Evangelical Lutheran Trinity Church, Rev. E. Mangelsdorf, pastor, meets at corner of Madison and Olive streets. The number of voting members is five hundred and seventy-five. The congregation is now building two day school houses, as the number of pupils at the day schools of this denomination amounts to one hundred and twenty-five. The Sunday-school has about one hundred and fifty scholars.



BLOOMINGTON HIGH SCHOOL.

BLOOMINGTON PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The public schools of Bloomington are a matter of just pride to its citizens. The willingness of the people to submit to many sacrifices for their children, and the interest they have taken in the cause of education, have made the schools efficient and given them a high standing. Until the year 1857 the public schools of Bloomington were managed under the common school system; but during that year a Board of Education was organized under an act of the Legislature. The board consisted of seven members, elected for two years, and possessed very full powers. But after the first of April, 1869, it was continued by electing two members in each of two years and three members every third year. It first met and organized in the office of O. T. Reeves, on the eighth of April, 1857. The members of the board were C. P. Merriman, O. T. Reeves, E. R. Roe, Eliel Barber, Samuel Gallagher, Henry Richardson, and R. O. Warriner. C. P. Merriman was made President; R. O. Warriner, Secretary, and O. T. Reeves, Treasurer. It was soon evident that the Board of Education meant to do something in the way of making the schools efficient and giving them a high standing, for it immediately chose a board of three examiners into the qualifications of teachers, and a committee of three to examine into the wants of the city with regard to school rooms. The latter committee reported it necessary to build school houses costing ten thousand dollars, and their report was adopted by the Board of Education, and measures were taken to carry it out. But some difficulty was experienced, as the City Council refused to levy the tax required for the schools. The Board of Education therefore, at the session in June, 1857, passed the following resolution:

"*Resolved*, That the superintendent be instructed to employ Hon. A. Lincoln to take the necessary steps to procure from the Circuit Court a writ of mandamus to compel said City Council to levy the tax as required of them by section eight of said school law."

But the matter was finally settled without resorting to the courts. In 1857 the board decided to rent school houses in four of the districts, and some idea of the value of property at that time may be obtained from the prices paid as rent for these school houses. They rented houses as follows:

District No.	1	$45	per quarter.
" "	2	30	"
" "	3	20	"
" "	4	30	"

The first superintendent of schools elected by the Board of Education was D. Wilkins, Jr., who was chosen in October, 1857. He seems to have acted very efficiently and to have understood his responsibilities. But the "hard times" were felt very severely, and in March, 1858, the wages of teachers in the lower grades were cut down to $35, $30 and $25. In July of the same year the High School was re-organized, with Mr. H. Kellogg as principal, and in the following year Mr. Gilbert Thayer was elected superintendent of schools.

The government of the schools was early a subject of anxiety to the Board of Education, and on the second of March, 1859, it was

"*Resolved*, That this Board of Education disapprove of corporal punishment in our free schools."

In July following it was

"*Resolved*, That no teacher hereafter shall condemn or censure any pupil until said pupil shall have the opportunity of being heard in his or her own defence, and that the language used by a teacher in administering discipline shall always be respectful and dignified."

On the twenty-ninth of June, 1868, Mr. Samuel M. Etter, of Kewanee, was unanimously chosen superintendent of the Bloomington schools. He filled his position with marked ability until October, 1872, when he resigned for the purpose of en-

gaging in other business. The following is the resolution passed by the Board of Education, accepting Mr. Etter's resignation:

"*Resolved*, That the resignation be accepted, to take effect on or before October 25th, and that we hereby declare our confidence in the ability of Mr. Etter as a manager of the many perplexing details of a comprehensive school system; and that in parting with him we desire hereby to assure him that he has the best wishes of this board for his success in his new field of labor."

On the thirty-first of August, Mr. B. P. Marsh, of Galesburg, was elected principal of the High School, which position he has filled with honor to the schools and credit to himself. He resigned this position at the close of the school year in June, 1873, for the purpose of engaging in the practice of medicine.

On the twenty-first of September, 1868, the Board of Education contracted with Packard & Thomas to put up the High School building for $28,499. This was absolutely necessary, in order to accommodate the growing wants of the scholars.

On the twenty-ninth of May, 1871, it was resolved that the superintendent be instructed to report to the Board of Education a plan for the introduction of the German language as a branch of study in the public schools of the city. On the last of July following Mr. Etter reported that he had visited and corresponded with various parties at Davenport, Iowa; Rock Island, Chicago, and Beloit, Wis.; and said that the teaching of German in the schools could be made successful. The committee on teachers and course of instruction was directed to report a definite plan, and the superintendent was directed to correspond with a view of procuring a German teacher. On the twenty-fifth of September, 1871, Herr Von Loewenfells was appointed teacher of German in the various schools of the city, at a salary of $900 for eight months' work. On the twenty-seventh of November, 1871, Von Loewenfells resigned, and Rev. Mr. Deininger was appointed in his place, at a salary of $100 per month. On the third of June, 1872, Professor E. Duis was chosen teacher of German, and continued in that capacity until June, 1873.

On the nineteenth of October, 1872, S. D. Gaylord was

elected superintendent of schools, and continues to fill this responsible position with satisfaction to all.

In the city of Bloomington are ten school buildings, of which six are brick and four are frame. These buildings with their furniture have cost the city more than one hundred and seventy thousand dollars, and can accommodate more than twenty-seven hundred scholars. At the close of the year 1872 twenty-seven hundred and fifty-one scholars were enrolled in the city, and of these twenty-six hundred and thirty were in actual attendance. The colored school is open to pupils from all parts of Bloomington. The city is divided into eight school districts. The departments below the High School have ten separate grades. In the High School are three separate courses of study: the scientific, requiring four years, the classical, requiring five years and the course preparatory for college, requiring three years. In the scientific course great attention is paid to mathematics; in the classical course hardly as much attention is given to mathematics, but more than four years are given to Latin. In the course preparatory for college three years are given to Latin and two years to Greek. German is taught in the High School. English literature receives much attention and one entire year is devoted to it. The natural sciences are not neglected. One term is given to geology and two to physiology, botany and chemistry.

The members of the Bloomington Board of Education are: Samuel S. Parke, Jacob Jacoby, Cyreneus Wakefield, J. A. Jackman, K. H. Fell, E. M. Prince and B. P. Marsh.

The Superintendent of Schools is S. D. Gaylord. He was chosen Superintendent of the Bloomington Public Schools, October 19, 1872. Mr. Gaylord was born of American parentage at Ashford, Conn., in 1833. He was the third in a family of seven boys, all of whom, with their parents, have been school teachers during some part of their lives. He received his education principally in the public schools and academies of New England. He educated himself, as his father, though in comfortable circumstances, was not able to educate his large family. Mr. Gaylord graduated at the Connecticut Literary Institute at Suffield. He began to teach in district schools when eighteen years of age. He taught for three years in Mt. Hollis Seminary

at Holliston, Mass., and while there continued his studies under Prof. E. J. Cutter of Harvard College, until he completed the course required in that institution. He came to the West in the year 1858 in answer to a call from the Board of Education at Oshkosh, Wisconsin, to take charge of the free schools in that city. In 1861 he went to Sheboygan, Wis., where he became the superintendent of schools. In 1867 he received a call to the Milwaukee High School, which was being re-organized, and remained there two years; but failing health compelled his resignation. Some time afterwards he accepted a call to organize the public schools of Mineral Point, Wisconsin, but at the end of two years he found that entire rest from school room duties was necessary to restore his health, and therefore resigned his position and spent some time in traveling. On the nineteenth of October, 1872, he accepted the invitation of the Board of Education of Bloomington to take charge of the public schools in place of Mr. Etter, resigned. Mr. Gaylord has had twenty years of experience in teaching, and has always been prominently identified with educational movements and institute work. He was a member of the State Board of Examiners for state certificates in Wisconsin, and in 1866 was President of the Wisconsin State Teachers' Association.

B. P. Marsh.

B. P. Marsh was born 1841 in Nunda, New York; he obtained under difficulties an education which prepared him for his favorite study, that of medicine, which he has made his profession. He graduated from Knox College, Galesburg, in 1864. He has been principal of the High School during the past five years, longer than any one before, and has done much for the schools. While engaged here he has several times been offered professorships in educational institutions; but as it is not his intention to spend his days in teaching, he resigned his position as principal of the High School in June, 1873, and commenced the practice of medicine. He is now connected with Dr. H. B. Wright, with whom he has formed a partnership. He still takes an interest in educational matters and is a member of the Bloomington Board of Education.

Samuel M. Etter.

Mr. Etter is not now in any way connected with the schools of Bloomington, but he filled the position of superintendent during a very important period, while nearly all of the school buildings used at present were constructed, and while various changes were made and modern improvements introduced. Something concerning his life is therefore called for by those who have taken an interest in the Bloomington schools. From a sketch published in the *Illinois Teacher* are taken the items for a short account of his life.

Mr. Etter was born May 16, 1830. His father was of German descent. He lived in Pennsylvania during the first ten years of his life and then went with his father's family to Ohio, where he exercised his youthful muscle on a farm. During the first fourteen or fifteen years of his life he received very little education, but determined to acquire knowledge at all hazards. At the age of sixteen he attended a boarding school at Twinsburg, Ohio, and walked fifty miles to get there. He succeeded in his studies of course, for such pluck as he showed was sure to win. When his money was exhausted he taught school to obtain more funds. Mr. Etter attended the High School at Massillon, Ohio, and afterwards the college at Kalamazoo, Michigan. He taught school at Perrysburg, Ohio, at Lacon and at Galva, Illinois. Without discontinuing his school at the latter place, he was in 1861 elected County Superintendent of Henry County. In 1863 he was chosen President of the State Teachers' Association, which was held the following year at Joliet. In 1864 he received the degree of Master of Arts from Knox College, and during the same year was chosen Superintendent of Schools at Kewanee. In 1868 he was unanimously elected Superintendent of Public Schools of Bloomington, which position he held until October, 1872. Mr. Etter has been remarkably successful as a teacher wherever he has gone. He has the determination and good judgment which makes him successful and the pleasant manner and kind disposition which make him popular. He has been ever careful never to neglect his duties, and he certainly has the good will of all the old teachers and friends with whom he labored.

ILLINOIS WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

In 1850, a number of the leading citizens of Bloomington agitated the subject of founding a university complete in all its departments. Illinois was felt to be a growing State, and these citizens were anxious that its educational advantages should be of the first order. It was decided that the university should be placed under the control of the Methodist Church. This was not done for the purpose of making it a sectarian institution, for science can never be made sectarian. It was felt that it should be placed in careful hands, where it would be likely to have good management; and as the Methodist Church was then, as now, very large and influential, the care of the new university was confided to it. It was intended that its influence should be of a Christian character, but the students of all denominations should find a home within its halls. This idea has been faithfully carried out.

The first Board of Trustees organized under the general laws of the State on the second of December, 1850. Their names were Hon. Isaac Funk, Silas Waters, Rev. James C. Finley, C. P. Merriman, Rev. W. D. R. Trotter, D. D., David Trimmer, Rev. C. M. Holliday, John Magoun, Wm. H. Holmes, Col. James Miller, Lewis Bunn, Rev. John Van Cleve, D. D., John N. Ewing, Rev. John S. Barger, William Wallace, Rev. Peter Cartwright, D. D., Rev. Calvin W. Lewis, James Allin, Rev. Reuben Andrus, A. M., W. C. Hobbs, Rev. Wm. J. Rutledge, K. H. Fell, Rev. James Leaton, Rev. J. F. Jaques, A. M., Dr. T. P. Rogers, Linus Graves, Rev. Thomas Magee, Hon. John E. McClun, Dr. Ezekiel Thomas and Wm. H. Allin.

In the winter of 1850 and '51 a preparatory school was organized under the charge of Rev. R. Andrus, A. M., in the basement of the Methodist Church. Subscription papers were

at once circulated to obtain funds necessary to put up suitable buildings, but the amount raised fell far short of the necessities of the institution. Nevertheless the work was begun and the foundations of the building were laid.

In July, 1851, a second professor, Rev. Wm. Goodfellow, A. M., was elected, and at the opening of the college year in September the school was much enlarged. On the sixth of July, 1851, Rev. John Dempster, D. D., of Concord, New Hampshire, was elected president. The first annual commencement was held on the seventh of July, 1853. At this commencement the degree of Bachelor of Arts was conferred upon James Hughes Barger, the first graduate. The degree of Master of Arts, in course, was also conferred upon Daniel Wilkins, A. B., a graduate of the University of Michigan. Shortly after this President Dempster moved to Evanston. In the meantime the work of raising funds and of putting up the building went on very slowly, and the institution began to be much involved in debt. The members of the faculty would not get even the small salaries which belonged to them, and resigned and sought other fields of labor. On the 9th of August, 1855, Rev. Clinton W. Sears, who had been a professor in the institution, was elected president, and a strong effort was made to establish it on a firm basis. The building was so far advanced that a part of it could be occupied, but the great difficulty in procuring funds caused the failure of all of these plans. The faculty all resigned, the school was discontinued and the building sold under a mechanic's lien. But the friends of the institution did not despair. They secured the services of Rev. Charles W. C. Munsell as canvasser to procure the funds necessary for placing the institution once more upon a sound basis. Mr. Munsell went to work enthusiastically and used his own private means to redeem the building after its sale under the mechanics' lien. A new charter was granted to the institution by the Legislature and a new Board of Trustees was nominated by the two Methodist Conferences.

This Board elected Rev. Oliver S. Munsell, A. M., president of the University, and authorized him in connection with the Executive Committee to organize the faculty and decide upon the courses of study and re-open the University. A small loan was effected and the building was completed. On the tenth of

September, 1857, the school was re-opened with three professors and seventeen students. But even this small number of students was not kept up during the term. Some four or five of them began to feel so lonesome in walking through the almost deserted halls that they, too, left the school. During the entire year only sixty students were enrolled, and of these all but seven were in the primary and preparatory departments. The agent of the institution worked hard to secure funds and was successful. But it was not until July, 1860, that the trustees assumed the pecuniary responsibility of the institution. At that time they felt justified in giving the president and professors each a salary of five hundred dollars per annum. During this year there were in the institution ninety-one students, of whom only nineteen were in the collegiate department. The faculty numbered five professors. At the annual commencement of 1861 Harvey C. De Motte, of Metamora, and Peter Warner, of Kappa, received the degree of Bachelor of Science, and were the first graduates under the new organization. Mr. De Motte was immediately elected Professor of Mathematics, a position which he retains with credit to the institution.

The institution suffered quite seriously in the autumn and winter of 1862 by the volunteering of the students. In the summer of 1863 upon a sudden and urgent call from the Governor of the State, Professor De Motte and thirty-two out of forty-three students then in attendance volunteered for three months, and were transferred for garrison duty to Alexandria on the Potomac. Of the three graduates at this annual commencement one, W. C. Adams, was graduated while absent in the army and died soon after. Another, Henry W. Boyd, enlisted for the war as a private within a week after his graduation; but having studied medicine, he was by his own merit promoted to the rank of brigade surgeon. The growth of the University during the war was slow but sure, and in 1865 the University became free from debt.

In the year 1866 the Methodist Church in America celebrated its first centennial anniversary and the sum of fifty-four thousand dollars was subscribed on this occasion by the friends of the institution. Twenty thousand dollars of this was subscribed by the city of Bloomington, and also ten thousand dollars was

given by the Funk family to endow the Isaac Funk Professorship of Agriculture. The total endowment of the University was then seventy-nine thousand dollars. In addition to this, the various departments of the University had been provided with apparatus necessary for them, and the museum of Natural History and the libraries had been growing steadily. All of this gave the institution a respectable standing, and one of the results was an increase in the number of students.

But the increased number of students made a larger building a necessity, and in March, 1868, an educational convention of the friends of the University met and decided that the trustees should take action in the matter immediately. Before long, thirty thousand dollars were subscribed for the building, and of this twenty thousand dollars were given by the citizens of Bloomington. The trustees immediately proceeded with the work in accordance with a beautiful plan drawn by R. Richter, Esq., architect, of Bloomington. The work was steadily pushed and a fine brick building, seventy by one hundred and forty feet, five stories high, with a stone basement and Mansard roof, arose as a monument of their efforts. When the time came to finish the chapel, Col. W. H. Coler, of Champaign City, stepped forward and pledged five thousand dollars for that purpose on the sole condition that it should be called Amie Chapel in honor of his mother.

The Belles Lettres and the Munsellian Literary Societies have fitted up the halls assigned to them with the finest taste, and have expended on them not less than four thousand dollars.

Amie Chapel was dedicated on the sixteenth of June, 1872, by the Rev. B. J. Ives, D. D., of Auburn, New York, and the large congregation present celebrated the occasion by subscribing twelve thousand dollars to prosecute the work, and it is hoped that the entire University building will be finished at an early day.

In 1870 the trustees were called upon to decide whether or not ladies should be admitted to the privileges of the University. This important question was referred by the trustees to the two conferences (the Illinois and Illinois Central), and by their decision the ladies gained the day, and twenty-five of them were immediately enrolled as students. The first lady graduate was

Hannah I. Shur, of El Paso, upon whom the degree of Bachelor of Science was conferred on the twentieth of June, 1872. The courses of study for the ladies are precisely the same as those marked out for the gentlemen.

The classical and scientific courses of study, both require four years in the collegiate department, and one and two years respectively in the preparatory department. At first the scientific course required only three years to complete, but this was changed to the present extended course, and now the degree of Bachelor of Science means something.

The department of agriculture is also well attended to. The Professorship of Agriculture was endowed by the Funk family and is named after Hon. Isaac Funk, of McLean County. It is well filled by Bradford S. Potter, A. M., an enthusiast in the natural sciences. In addition to the regular collegiate course of study, lectures are given on International and Constitutional Law; on Anatomy, Physiology and Hygiene, and on Music. The lectures on law are delivered by Robert E. Williams, Esq., those on Physiology by J. L. White, M. D., and those on Music by Prof. F. A. Parker. These lectures are not designed as schools of law and medicine, but it is hoped that they may prepare the way for the organization of such departments at some future time.

The fact is conceded that the Wesleyan University is yet only a college, but its friends are slowly and surely preparing the way to make it a university of the highest standing, and add to it regular departments of law, medicine and theology. In order to do this, time and, most of all, *money* is required. There is hardly a college or university of good standing in existence which is self-supporting. The cause of learning everywhere must depend upon the generosity of the people. It is not easy to over-estimate the effect of a university upon the people of a state. It gives them a higher standard by which to judge of themselves. The University of Michigan places that State in the highest rank among those of the Union and the same may be said of the relation of Harvard and Yale to Massachusetts and Connecticut. We are called upon then by every consideration of philanthropy and of patriotism to take care of our schools and colleges. It is earnestly hoped that the Wesleyan Univer-

sity may be remembered by its friends in the future as it has been in the past; that it may grow in numbers, in influence and in usefulness; that it may take a leading position among the universities of America, and place Illinois in the first rank among the States of the Union, in learning and the fine arts.

Rev. Samuel Fallows, D. D.

The following biographical notice of Rev. Samuel Fallows, the recently chosen President of the Wesleyan University, is taken from the *Alumni Journal*, which republished it from the *Christian Statesman* of Milwaukee, Wis.:

"Dr. Fallows was born in Manchester, England, December 13th, 1835. He came to Wisconsin in 1848, and first settled at Marshall, Dane County, and has since resided at Galesville, Appleton, Oshkosh, Milwaukee and Madison. He has officiated as assistant professor in the State University, from which institution he graduated in 1859 with the highest honors, being the valedictorian of his class. From 1859 to 1861 he was Vice President of Galesville University, in this State. He was elected Professor in Lawrence University in 1863, and Professor of Rhetoric in the State University in 1867, both of which positions were declined. He was pastor of Summerfield Church from 1865 to 1868, and of the Spring Street Church from 1868 to 1870, in the city of Milwaukee. During his pastorate the latter society built one of the most elegant churches in the State. He has been a regent of the State University for the past eight years. He entered the military service during the late rebellion, and was commissioned chaplain of the 32d Wisconsin Volunteers, September, 1862; was appointed Lieutenant Colonel of the 40th Wisconsin Volunteers, 1864, and in 1865 was appointed Colonel of the 49th Wisconsin Volunteers, and breveted Brigadier General in October of the same year for meritorious service. Was appointed State Superintendent, July 5th, 1870, by Governor Fairchild, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Hon. A. J. Craig. In November he was elected to fill the balance of the unexpired term. Was renominated by the Republican State Convention in 1872, and re-elected, and no doubt would have been again nominated this year, for the same position.

"As State Superintendent, Dr. Fallows has won a fine reputation, by his indefatigable, zealous and efficient labors in the cause of public education. He has industriously traversed the State, organizing teachers' institutes, and delivering sound and stirring lectures. His grand object has been to harmonize and unify the educational system of the State; and he has assiduously labored to bring the graded schools and the State University into line. This may be called *the* distinctive feature of his administration of the office, and, from the progress made, there is no doubt that his efforts would have been crowned with success. In recognition of his services in the cause of education and religion, Lawrence University last year conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

"As a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Dr. Fallows has been no less efficient and successful, than as an educator. As a pulpit orator he has but few superiors, and, when announced to speak upon any great question of the day, never fails to attract a large audience. Our friends in Illinois will find in him not only an efficient educator, but an earnest and eloquent champion of every worthy cause. He will be a valuable accession, not only to the Wesleyan University, but to the State of Illinois. We part with Dr. Fallows with regret, and heartily wish for him a continuance of the abundant success which he has heretofore deserved and achieved."

H. C. De Motte, A. M.,

Professor of Mathematics, and Vice President, was born in Greene County, Illinois, July 17, 1838. After having pursued certain preparatory studies, he entered the Wesleyan University September 1, 1859, was appointed janitor, November 1, in 1860, which office in those days was filled by the most worthy student. He was appointed tutor in mathematics April, 1861, was graduated and elected Professor of Mathematics in June, 1861. He entered the Union army as First Lieutenant of Company G, 68th Regiment Illinois Volunteers, a regiment enlisted for three months. He was appointed Assistant Provost Marshal of Alexandria, Va., August 23, 1862. Having been duly mustered out of service, he returned to duty as Professor of Mathematics in October, 1862, and in June, 1865, as senior professor, he was

made Vice President of the University. Professor De Motte, in the absence of the President, has through a period of nearly three years performed the duties of that office with great efficiency.

REV. J. R. JAQUES, A. M.,

Professor of Greek language and Instructor in German, was born in Warwickshire, England, December 8, 1828. He came to the United States in 1838; was trained in district school, academy and bookstore from 1840 until 1845 in Palmyra, N. Y. During the next three years he was trained in a printing office. From 1848 until 1850 he prepared for college in Union School, Lyons, N. Y. He was licensed to preach in 1850. During the same year he entered as Freshman, Genesee College, (now Syracuse University) N. Y.; was tutor in Latin and Greek, and graduated as A. B. in 1854. He was for a while principal of an academy in Steuben County, N. Y. In 1856 and 1857 he organized the Mansfield Classical Seminary, Pa., (now State Normal School). Released by the temporary suspension of the school by the burning of the building in 1857, he was pastor of first M. E. Church, Elmira, N. Y., then of the M. E. Church in Hornellsville, N. Y., and lastly of first M. E. Church, Rochester, N. Y. Leaving the pulpit in 1862 on account of throat trouble, he taught Latin, Greek and German in the Collegiate Institute, Rochester, N. Y. From thence he was called in 1865 to a chair in the Illinois Wesleyan University for which he had given many years to prepare himself by the philological study of Latin, Greek, Hebrew, German, French, Spanish, Italian, &c., &c.

BRADFORD S. POTTER, A. M.,

Professor of Natural Science, was born in Walworth, Wayne County, New York, June 5, 1836. He attended the Walworth Academy in 1849, and taught district school during the winter of 1853 and '54. He entered as classical Freshman Genesee College (now Syracuse University), August, 1854. He was Principal of Webster Academy from the winter term of 1856 and '57 until the summer of 1858. He returned to college in the fall of 1858, and in connection with his studies was employed as tutor in Latin in the preparatory department (or Genesee Wes-

leyan Seminary). He was also employed as teacher of the Normal department of Waterloo Academy in the winter of 1859 and '60. He graduated as A. B. in 1860. During the next six years he taught in New Albany, Indiana, and for a time was Principal of Mexico Academy, New York. From New Albany, Indiana, he was called in 1860 to Baker University in Kansas, as Professor of Mathematics; but his work as an educator attracted the attention of the Trustees of the Illinois Wesleyan University, and in 1867 he was called to his present position, which for six years he has maintained with success.

S. S. Hamill, A. M.

Professor of Elocution and English Language and Literature was born in Butler County, Ohio, March 19, 1833. Having completed his academic course, he entered the Freshman class of Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, Sept. 10, 1850. He was elected instructor in Elocution in Monmouth College, Illinois, in 1857, and entered as a Junior in the classical course. In 1858 he was elected Instructor in Elocution in Knox College, where he graduated in the classical course, June, 1859. For ten years he taught elocution in nearly every leading college between the Hudson River and the Missouri, including Michigan University, Gettysburg College, &c. He traveled from one college to another. In 1860 he was elected Professor of Elocution in Monmouth College and in 1868 he was called to the same chair in the Illinois Wesleyan University, and in 1870 the department of English Language and Literature was added. In 1872 Professor Hamill's text book, entitled "Science of Elocution" was published, and new editions were soon called for. This book has received the favorable notice of the highest authorities in the United States. Professor Hamill, as a dramatic reader, has a wide reputation.

Since the above notice of Professor Hamill was written he has accepted a position in the North Missouri Normal School at Kirksville, as Professor of Elocution.

Geo. R. Crow, A. M.,

Professor of Latin, was born in Ohio, Sept. 26, 1832. He graduated in the Ohio Wesleyan University in 1861, with the degree of A. B. He enlisted in the army, July, 1862, and took

part in all the important engagements of the Army of the Cumberland from the battle at Perryville, Ky., October, 1862, to the battle of Nashville, December 16, 1864, including the pursuit of General Bragg and the expedition to Atlanta, Ga. For distinguished services at the battle of Murfreesborough he was complimented by his commander and soon after promoted to the rank of Captain. On account of his special qualifications he was assigned to the corps of Engineers. Here he was engaged in making surveys of the country in advance of the army in its southward march, and in superintending the construction of fortifications and lines of defence. After the close of the war he engaged in agricultural pursuits in Logan County, Illinois, until August, 1870, when he was elected Professor in the Illinois Wesleyan University, which position he has filled with marked ability.

PROF. JENNIE FOWLER WILLING, A. M.,

Was born in Canada West, January 22, 1834. She removed to New York in 1840, and in 1842 settled in Kendall County, Ill. At the age of nineteen she was married to Rev. W. C. Willing of Western New York. After a residence of seven years in New York she returned to Illinois. She began writing for the press at sixteen, which, with teaching and other duties, she has continued till the present time. In 1862, being relieved of other duties, she gave close attention to literature till called to more public duties. Her contributions to the periodical press have been numerous and highly prized. She wrote a serial for the New York *Methodist*, entitled "Underground;" also a volume of religious fiction, entitled "Through the Dark to the Day." She has a wide reputation as a public speaker, having delivered anniversary addresses in the principal cities East and West. In 1869 she was made one of the three corresponding secretaries of the newly formed "Woman's Foreign Missionary Society" of the M. E. Church. Of late years, she has had charge of the Northwestern branch of this society, with headquarters in Chicago, traveling through all the States of the Northwest, organizing societies, delivering addresses and serving as one of the editors of the *Heathen Woman's Friend*. By the general Conference of 1872, in Brooklyn, N. Y., she was elected a manager of the

Ladies' and Pastors' Christian Union. She is a secretary of the Evanston Educational Association, Trustee of Northwestern University, &c., &c. She was licensed to preach by the Joliet District Conference in 1873. She has the degree of M. E. L. from Jennings Seminary, and the degree of A. M. from the Northwestern University. In the summer of 1873, she was elected Professor of English language and literature in the Illinois Wesleyan University, Bloomington.

PRIVATE SCHOOLS.

Bloomington Business College.

This institution is under the control of M. De La Brown, proprietor and principal. The object of this business college is to teach penmanship and book-keeping. Penmanship is taught in three departments, the business, the teacher's and the primary. The first is made up of those who desire to become first-class business penmen; the second is for those who wish to fit themselves for teaching penmanship, and the third is for beginners. All branches of book-keeping are taught thoroughly. It is not easy to over-estimate the great advantages of thorough training in business, and the ability to keep books is one of the most important qualifications of a business man. M. De La Brown, the present proprietor of the Business College, took charge of it in January, 1870, and since then it has been in a flourishing condition. Its location is on the southwest corner of North Centre and Washington streets, over the Peoples' Bank.

German School.

This school was founded in 1863, for the purpose of giving instruction in all common branches of study. The instruction is given in German, though the rudiments of English are taught. The school numbers from seventy-five to ninety scholars, of all ages and both sexes. The property of the society is valued at fourteen thousand dollars, and is under the control of the German English Society. The officers of the society are:

L. Theis, President; William Schausten, Vice President; F. Volz, Secretary; Frank Oberkoetter, Treasurer.

The Trustees are: Henry Neuburg, Wm. Schausten and C. A. Price.

The teacher of the school is F. C. Finkbohner. Mr. Finkbohner was born July 14, 1833, in Wurtemberg. In early life

he showed a scholastic turn of mind. In 1850 he went to the University of Tuebingen and for four years studied theology and philosophy. After receiving his degree, he was for six years pastor in Wurtemberg and Switzerland. But he was very free in his opinions, and this led him to abandon the ministry. He emigrated to America in 1860, and for three years was the pastor of a Lutheran congregation in New Jersey. For a few years afterwards he was a teacher in a German-English school in Detroit, Michigan. In 1866 he came to Bloomington, and from that time until the present has had charge of the German school here. He was first employed on a salary, but now is paid by the scholar. He is a man of fine ability and high attainments. He is conscientious and independent in his opinions, and has been obliged to suffer because of them.

"I honor the man, who is willing to sink
Half his present repute for the freedom to think;
And when he has thought, be his cause strong or weak,
Will risk t'other half for the freedom to speak."

Bloomington Female Seminary.

This school was established in September, 1856, by Rev. R. Conover, for the education and moral training of young ladies and misses. The principal says that the aim of the Seminary is to secure "thorough scholarship, exemplary morals and lady-like and accomplished manners." The school, which is located at 507 East Grove street, has four teachers connected with it, including the principal. The number of pupils is limited, and each receives very careful attention. The institution has been conducted for seventeen years by its founder, and has fulfilled all expectation. It has prospered with the best free school system in the West, and with other liberally endowed state and denominational institutions. It is thought that with the growth of the West in numbers and wealth, the demand for this school will be increased by such as desire to educate their daughters thoroughly in a quiet and unpretending manner.

Rev. R. Conover, the founder and principal of this Seminary, has nearly all of his life taken an interest in educational and religious matters. He organized the first Presbyterian Church in Towanda township, and of this church he is still the pastor.

BLOOMINGTON LIBRARY.

The Library of Bloomington is one of the oldest established institutions of the city. It was organized in 1856, and though at first small, its growth has been sure. The Library is located on North street, between Main and Centre streets. The President of the Library is Richard H. Holder, Esq., who takes the liveliest interest in its success. The Corresponding Secretary is Charles L. Capen and Mrs. H. R. Galliner, Librarian. The Library has now on its shelves five thousand eight hundred and seven volumes. The number of life members is one hundred and seventy-five; the number of transient subscribers is three hundred and twenty, and the daily attendance of readers is one hundred and twenty-three. The following, taken from the report of the Board of Managers for the year closing March, 1873, shows more than anything else the value of the Library, and its influence over the rising generation of Bloomington:

"More persons have taken books and more have circulated than ever before. Twenty-six thousand volumes have been drawn by nine hundred and twenty-five subscribers. About thirty thousand persons have visited the Library rooms within the year; and it is pleasant to note the fact that a large proportion of these visitors have been young men and boys, who are thus acquiring and strengthening tastes which can hardly fail to prove valuable safeguards in after life. The gratifying increase in the number of readers and visitors is doubtless due, in a measure, to the attractions furnished by the reading tables."

From the Librarian's report for the same date, the following is taken:

"Three thousand more books have been given out this year than in any previous one. Twice the amount of money has been expended for books, and more historical and valuable works

have been added. Among the additions were forty-seven old and rare historical works. Twenty-five volumes are worn out and need to be replaced. The increased attendance of readers in the Library over last year has been seven thousand."

It is hard to over-estimate the good influence of a popular Library. The books, which are first read, are of the most popular kind, but gradually a taste for better literature is cultivated, and a demand for the best class of books is manifested. It is seen by the report that thirty thousand persons visited the Library in one year, and when we consider that the population of Bloomington is only about twenty thousand it will be seen what a vast influence is exerted by this single institution. The people of Bloomington have been remarkably liberal in their donations of money and books, which shows how well the Library is appreciated. Their generosity is richly deserved.

M'LEAN COUNTY COAL COMPANY.

In 1867 four enterprising young men of Bloomington formed a company for the purpose of opening a coal mine in the city. At the same time (or shortly afterwards) another company was organized by O. Vaughan, M. T. Scott, Dr. T. F. Worrell, H. A. Ewing, A. E. and J. B. Stevenson under the name of "McLean County Coal Company," both companies immediately sunk their shafts striking coal at the depth of about three hundred feet. After working this vein for a year or more they sunk again to a second vein, which was found about one hundred feet below the first, and proved to be of a better quality, but also very expensive to work. After a period of about three years of discouragement and unforeseen difficulties the McLean County Coal Company again prospected and found a third vein of coal about one hundred and forty feet below their second. The shaft was immediately lowered and coal struck July 30th, 1870, five hundred and forty feet below the surface, being the deepest working shaft in the State. This vein has proved to be of the very best quality, although great expense is incurred in mining it. The first company deciding not to sink farther than their second vein, finally abandoned their enterprise as a failure. The McLean County Coal Company are now raising from three hundred and fifty to four hundred tons of coal per day, and their pay rolls amounting from $16,000 to $19,000 per month, giving employment to about three hundred men, reducing the price of coal to half of its former cost, and saving many thousand dollars to this community. In fact it has been of incalculable benefit to the city and country, and it is hoped will yet prove a success financially to those who have shown such indomitable will and pluck in carrying through that which has proved to be an immense enterprise. Below is appended a table of the different stratas passed through in reaching the third vein:

	Feet.	In.
Surface soil, sand and gravel	19	7
Blue clay	61	2
Sand and water	4	
Blue clay	76	4
Soapstone	39	
Lime rock	1	
Blue clay	35	5
Yellow clay	15	10
Soft shelly rock	4	
Soft gray sandstone	11	
Conglomerate lime stone (hard)	12	6
Soapstone	5	
Coal (first vein abandoned)	3	6
Fire clay	9	3
Gray sandstone	4	
Soapstone	22	6
Dark shale	8	6
Soapstone	9	6
Fire clay	10	
Gray slate	22	
Black slate	5	
Coal (present vein, 2d)	4	4
Fire clay	10	
Slate	3	
Fire clay	4	6
Sand rock	20	6
Soapstone	62	5
Black slate	2	7
Fire clay	1	7
Sulphurous rock	1	2
Gray slate	11	1
Shale	1	2
Hard lime rock	2	1
Gray slate	2	8
Soapstone	6	8
Coal (3d vein)	3	8
Soapstone, coal and slate	25	
Total	541	8

GERMAN SOCIETIES.

Bloomington Turn-Verein.

The aim of the society is to develop the physical system by means of gymnastic exercises, and to cultivate the intellect by literary entertainments. The society also renders assistance to members in sickness or distress. The society was organized in April, 1855. Their business meetings are held on the first and third Friday in each month, in their hall on Madison street. Meetings for gymnastic exercises are held on Tuesday and Thursday of each week. The members of the Turn-Verein make great exertions to obtain lecturers. They pay great attention to music, and during the winter months have concerts, where the most classical pieces are performed and the finest musical taste is exhibited. They also have theatrical pieces at their exhibitions, which are of the best character.

Bloomington Turn-Gemeinde.

This society was chartered in January, 1872. It had existed for some years previous, but was not incorporated. Its present charter was obtained by W. B. Carlock, Esq., one of Bloomington's enterprising young lawyers. The meetings of the Turn-Gemeinde are held on the first and third Tuesday of each month. Their hall is on the southeast corner of Chestnut and Lumber streets. The objects of the society are physical development and mental improvement.

RAILROADS.

Chicago & Alton Railroad.

On the seventeenth of February, 1847, an act was passed by the Legislature, granting a charter for the construction of a railroad from Alton to Springfield, to be known as the Alton & Sangamon road. It was to be built by way of Carlinville and New Berlin, and was to have a capital stock of five hundred thousand dollars, which might be increased to one million. The prime mover in the matter was Benjamin Godfrey, a noted man at Alton. The road was constructed, and on the eleventh of February, 1851, an act was passed authorizing the railroad company to extend the road to Bloomington, and for this purpose power was given to increase the stock, not exceeding one million dollars. Six years afterwards, February 17th, an act was passed allowing the Alton and Sangamon Company to construct a branch, from some point between Springfield and Bloomington, to Pekin and Peoria, and for this purpose were allowed to increase their capital stock five hundred thousand dollars. The road was completed to Bloomington in 1852, and on June 19th of that year the company was authorized to extend its road from the latter place to connect with the Chicago & Rock Island Railroad, at a point not west of Ottawa nor east of Joliet; and the company might, at its option, extend its road by way of the latter place to Chicago. The name of the company was changed to one more comprehensive, and it was called the Chicago & Mississippi Railroad Company. The capital stock was not allowed to exceed three and a half millions of dollars. On the eleventh of February, 1863, the company was allowed to increase its capital stock to eight millions of dollars, and was authorized to borrow money and issue "preferred

stock." But it did not stop here; it grew with the growth of the country, and on the 14th of February, 1855, its name was changed to the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad, and it was authorized to use the road of the Terre Haute & Alton Company from Alton to near Wood River. There it was authorized to unite with the Belleville & Illinoistown Railroad and to make contracts with the Belleville & Illinoistown Company. On the eighteenth of February, 1861, the company was authorized to sell the road to William B. Ogden, Jacob Bunn and others, and after such sale the name might be changed to the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company. The sale was effected and the name was accordingly changed. On the first of January, 1864, the company leased the Joliet & Chicago Railroad, and on the sixteenth of April following leased the road of the Alton & St. Louis Company, between the two latter places. The business of the company, under good management, has grown rapidly and the corporation is now the wealthiest in the State. The railroad has been put in Class A. by the Railroad Commissioners of the State, and stands alone in this grade.

The following description of the machine shops of the Chicago and Alton road, is condensed and revised from articles published in the *Pantagraph*, in May, 1870:

"The machine shops of the Chicago and Alton Railroad cover forty acres of ground. They are divided into fifteen buildings. The store house of the company is a fine building, sixty by one hundred and twenty feet, and two stories high. It is built of Joliet stone, and is roofed with slate, supported by iron frame work. The first floor is used as the store-room, and here can be found everything necessary for repairing engines or cars. If by accident a car or locomotive is broken, the storekeeper is immediately informed by telegraph and in ten minutes he finds the necessary articles for repairing the damage, and they are sent to the spot by an engine. The value of the articles in the store room is estimated at four hundred thousand dollars. They are under the charge of Robert Bell, Storekeeper. In the hall of this building is the clock, which furnishes the time for the road. It keeps Chicago time, which is used on the entire road, and is about five minutes faster than Bloomington time. It has become the time generally used in Bloomington. On the upper floor

are the offices of the various departments of the road. Here is the office of O. Vaughan, the assistant superintendent and train master, who directs the running of all trains on the road and its branches. Adjoining this is the office of superintendent of telegraph, C. H. Seaver. There are five instruments in use for night and eleven for day work. They are improved instruments of Mr. Seaver's own invention, and are manufactured at Ottawa. The battery-room is lower than the ground floor, with a stone flagging pavement. A Grove battery of fifty cups is used to supply electricity for all the telegraph lines of the road. It is perfectly insulated. The Hill battery is used for local purposes. On the upper floor is the office of J. A. Jackman, superintendent of machinery. He has general charge of all the machine shops, and furnishes the designs by which all locomotives, boilers and articles of use in the shops are made. The conductors' room is the headquarters of the conductors when off duty. In the northeast corner of the building is the office of Rufus Reniff, the superintendent of the car shops, and adjoining is the office of Thomas White, the roadmaster of the 3d division. On the same floor H. J. Stierlin, the car-accountant and train master's clerk, has his office. Here are kept the accounts of cars loaned to various railroads.

The car-shops, under Rufus Reniff, superintendent, are in a building two hundred and sixty-three feet by eighty, built of stone, with a wrought-iron truss roof covered with slate. During cold weather the building is heated by steam. One-half of this building is used for making passenger cars, and the other half for freight cars. The Reniff & Buttolph ventilator, and President Blackstone's platform and coupler are used on all passenger coaches. The latter invention is considered of great importance by railroad men, as the cars are kept in actual contact, and it is almost impossible for one of them to be thrown from the track.

The planing and car machine shops are in a building two hundred feet by seventy-five. Here the various parts of cars are made. Mr. L. E. Munson is foreman of the woodwork. A part of this building is used for the iron machine shops. On the same floor is a machine for pressing car wheels on their axles. It is an hydraulic press driven by steam, and exerts a pressure

of five thousand pounds per square inch, or one hundred and fifty-seven tons upon the end of an axle.

The engine room contains the engine to drive the machinery of the building. It is of eighty horse power, and works with scarcely any noise, as it drives a belt twenty-three inches in width.

The paint shop is in a building one hundred and seventy by seventy-five feet, made of stone with an iron-trussed slated roof. The shop was under the charge of M. E. McGrath, now deceased, as foreman. In the varnishing room all the ornamental painting is done and the glass-etching. The latter is accomplished by the use of fluoric acid. The glass is coated with parafine, the pattern is marked out, the parafine removed from all the glass, except the ornamental pattern, and the fluoric acid is applied. It acts upon the glass exposed and gives it a frosted appearance. On the upper floor is the trimming room under the charge of G. J. Rawson. Here all the trimming of the seats and cushions is done.

The paint shop proper is on the upper floor, and in it is to be found at all times from six to nine coaches and sleeping cars in the hands of the finishers and painters. The landscapes and flower pieces are done by P. M. Jander, a first-class artist.

The dry house is a brick building, nineteen by sixty-three feet. It is heated by steam. All the lumber used in building cars is dried in it.

The foundry is a building one hundred and eighty feet by sixty with an L-shaped addition forty by fifty feet. It is built in the same manner as the buildings previously described. It is under the charge of M. A. Moulton, who makes all the castings for the company under contract.

The new round house, near the foundry, is two hundred and forty feet in diameter, and has room for twenty-eight locomotives. In the center is an iron frame turn-table.

The blacksmith shop is built of stone, and has fifty forges, two furnaces and eight steam hammers. One of these hammers weighs three thousand pounds, one weighs fifteen hundred, and the remainder weigh from eight to twelve hundred pounds. The shop is superintended by William Hughes.

The boiler shop is one hundred and fifty by sixty feet, and is under the charge of J. E. Eastman. The boilers built allow four hundred and fifty pounds pressure to the square inch, but in actual use not more than one hundred and thirty pounds pressure is exerted at the highest.

The machine shop, J. A. Jackman, Jr., foreman, is two hundred and sixty feet by one hundred, with two additions, one forty-five by fifty feet for engine and boiler room, and the other forty-five by eighty feet. On the south side of this shop is the locomotive transfer table, three hundred feet in length, from which fourteen tracks extend into the building, where engines are taken in for repair.

The brass foundry and coppersmith shops are located near by.

The new round-house has already been referred to, but another round-house of the same size, two hundred and forty feet in diameter and holding twenty-eight locomotives, was constructed. A bulletin-board is kept, on which is daily posted the time of the departure of each train and the name of the engineer to run it. Both of the round-houses are in charge of A. A. Ackley. The old machine and repair shops are in a building two hundred and seventy feet long and forty feet wide. Here are lathes, planes, drills and many other machines for saving labor.

The pattern shop, where the patterns for castings are made, is under the charge of Frank White. The coppersmith shop is north of the machine shop, and here all the brazing is done and the joining of metals.

Near by is the wheel foundry, which uses the best of iron. The wheels used seldom or never break.

The rolling mill in Major's Grove, near by, is one hundred and thirty-two feet by fifty-seven, and has two smoke-stacks.

The well, close by, is thirty feet in diameter and thirty feet in depth, and is supplied by an inexhaustible underground stream. The pumping-house is near the well, and the pumps of the Knowles' pattern, worked by steam, force the water through underground pipes to all parts of the depot and shop grounds. The switching ground is about a mile in length, and extends from the coal shaft on the south to Seminary avenue on

the north. This ground is called "the yard," and is under the charge of John Weichlin. All trains are made up here.

All the shops of the company are well lighted by gas and kept in the most perfect order.

The following items are of interest to those who are curious to know what it costs to manage a railroad:

The company uses for lubricating machinery and burning in lamps, thirty-two thousand one hundred and seventeen pints of oil per month, worth $2,816.19. It uses nine thousand one hundred and fifty-nine tons of fuel per month, worth $24,134. The repairs cost, per month, $20,516.48. The number of engines on the road is one hundred and fifty-six, and the number of miles traveled by them, per month, is three hundred and thirty-seven thousand five hundred and sixty eight. The wages paid in the machinery and car departments at Bloomington, per month, are:

Machinery department.....$45,000
Car " ..... 18,600—$63,600

Of this, employes living in Bloomington receive, $43,278 per month. The conductors, brakemen, telegraph operators and switchmen receive $20,000, of which, those in Bloomington receive about $14,400. The total paid out per month, in Bloomington, is $57,678. The average cost per mile run of an engine is about 22.95-100 cents. The number of employes in Bloomington is: In machine shops, 280; in the car shops, 230; engineers, 80; firemen, 90. Total, 680.

The following are the connections of the Chicago & Alton Railroad:

Great Eastern Railroad crosses Chicago & Alton at Brighton Course.

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad crosses at Joliet, the Chicago & Alton passenger station.

At Dwight Junction the main line of the Chicago & Alton Railroad joins with the Western Division.

At Pontiac the Chicago & Paducah Railroad crosses the Chicago & Alton Railroad. The Chicago & Alton Railroad runs through cars between Chicago and the terminus of the Chicago & Paducah Railroad. The Toledo, Peoria & Wabash crosses at Chenoa. Passenger station for both roads at the junction.

The Illinois Central Railroad crosses at Normal. Passenger station for both roads at the junction.

Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western crosses at Bloomington. Passenger station for both roads at the junction. Also junction of main line with Jacksonville Division.

At Lincoln the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad and the Pekin, Lincoln & Decatur Railroad cross the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

The Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad crosses Chicago & Alton Railroad at Springfield. Passenger station for both roads at the junction. The Springfield & Southeastern Railroad also crosses here.

The Edwardsville Railroad runs up to Edwardsville Junction and uses the same depot with the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

The Ohio & Mississippi crosses Chicago & Alton Railroad at Venice.

At Godfrey the Alton Branch of the Jacksonville Division joins main line of Chicago & Alton Railroad.

The Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad crosses Chicago & Alton Railroad at Delavan.

Springfield & Southeastern Railroad crosses the Chicago & Alton Railroad at Ashland.

The Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad crosses Jacksonville Branch of Chicago & Alton Railroad at Mason City.

The Farmers' Railroad crosses Chicago & Alton Railroad at Jacksonville.

The Rockford & Rock Island Railroad crosses main line of Chicago & Alton Railroad at Brighton.

The Rockford & Rock Island Railroad crosses Alton Branch of Jacksonville Division at Whitehall.

At Pike the Quincy, Alton and St. Louis Railroad joins the Chicago & Alton Railroad. Both roads use the same passenger depot.

The St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Railroad crosses the Missouri Division of the Chicago & Alton Railroad at Mexico. Both roads use the same depot.

The Toledo, Peoria & Wabash Railroad crosses at Washington Station, the division of the Chicago & Alton Railroad, which branches from main line at Dwight.

At Pontiac the main line of the Chicago & Alton Railroad is crossed by the Chicago & Paducah Railroad.

Illinois Central Railroad.

A central railroad for the State of Illinois was suggested by Judge Breese, now of the Supreme Court, at a very early day, some time before the session of the Illinois Legislature in 1832-3. In the State Senate at this session Lieutenant Governor Jenkins proposed a survey of a railroad from Peru to Cairo, but nothing was done for some years afterwards. The idea was not suffered to perish but was revived from time to time. The matter was brought before Congress, and that body was asked to donate public lands in aid of the work. But the scheme was rejected, as it was considered a matter of local importance. It was reserved for the brain of Stephen A. Douglas to invent the method of carrying the measure through. He saw that it must in some way be made a matter of national importance, and he devised a plan which was comprehensive and ingenious, and carried it out boldly and confidently. His plan was to give the alternate sections of land in Illinois for six miles on each side of the railroad. The company was authorized to an extreme limit of twelve miles on each side for the purpose of making good deficiencies caused by entries of lands prior to this act and to issue the full amount of land intended thus to be donated to the State to enable it to build a railroad, and to charge $2.50 for the remaining sections instead of $1.25. In order to enlist the support of the senators and representatives from other states, his plan was to provide for the extension of the road from Cairo to Mobile, Alabama, which has been put in actual operation, only this winter, throughout. His scheme embraced the construction of a road from Little Rock, Ark., to Texas by way of the Red River Raft, also an extension of the Illinois Central road from Galena to a point opposite Dubuque, Iowa; a branch to Mineral Point, Wis., and a branch to Chicago. He proposed to give an appropriation to the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, to favor the interests of Missouri, and to do something for a railroad in Michigan, extending from Detroit to the lumber regions. After an interval of a quarter of a century, only a part of this vast plan has been car-

ried out, but it served its purpose, and the votes of senators and representatives were secured for the donation of lands for the building of the Illinois Central Railroad. On the 20th of September, 1850, Congress passed the act entitled "An act granting the right of way and making a grant of land to the States of Illinois, Mississippi and Alabama in aid of the construction of a railroad from Chicago to Mobile." As soon as the act was passed various New York and Boston capitalists were anxious to build the railroad, and the State of Illinois granted them a charter for the Illinois Central road on the 10th of February, 1851. By this charter the railroad company was given the alternate sections donated by Congress to the State of Illinois. The company was allowed a capital stock of one million dollars, which might be increased not to exceed the entire amount expended on the road. The charter vested the control of the railroad in thirteen directors, one of whom was the Governor of Illinois. The State of Illinois looked out for number one in granting the charter, for it provided that seven per cent. of the gross earnings of the railroad should be paid into the treasury of the State. The road was immediately built, and the country of Central Illinois was rapidly developed. The large waste lands were broken, and the crops of prairie grass gave place to crops of wheat and corn. The Illinois Central Railroad is now one of the largest and most important lines in the world. It extends from Dunleith to Cairo with a branch to Chicago, and with various leases and connections it reaches the lumber regions of the North and the stock raising country of Central and Southern Illinois. The following are the connections of the road:

At Chicago with Chicago & Northwestern; Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific; and Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Milwaukee Railroads.

With Lake Shore & Michigan Southern, and Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne & Chicago Railways.

At Calumet with Michigan Central Railroad.

With Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw Railway at Gilman.

With Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railway at Champaign.

With Toledo, Wabash & Western Railroad at Tolono.

With Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad at Mattoon.

With St. Louis, Vandalia, Terre Haute & Indianapolis Railroad at Effingham, forming a through line without change of cars between Chicago and St. Louis.

With Springfield & Illinois Southeastern Railroad.

With Ohio & Mississippi Railway at Odin.

With St. Louis & Southeastern Railroad at Ashley.

With Belleville & Southern Illinois Railroad at DuQuoin, forming, in connection with Illinois Central Railroad, a short line between St. Louis and Cairo.

With Grand Tower Railroad at Carbondale.

At Cairo with Mississippi Central Railroad, forming a great trunk route from Chicago to New Orleans without change of cars; also with Mobile & Ohio Railroad for Mobile, and with the Cairo, Arkansas & Texas Railroad for Little Rock, Fulton, Houston, and points in Arkansas and Texas.

With Mobile & Ohio Railroad and connections.

At St. Louis with Pacific of Missouri, St. Louis, Kansas City & Northern Missouri and Atlantic & Pacific; Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railroad.

At Waterloo and Cedar Falls with Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Minnesota Railroad.

With Des Moines Valley Railroads at Fort Dodge.

Connections of Northern and Iowa Divisions:

At Ackley with Central Railroad of Iowa.

At Farley with Dubuque & Southwestern Railroad.

At Dubuque with Chicago, Dubuque & Minnesota Railroad.

At Warren with Mineral Point Railroad.

At Freeport with Chicago & Northwestern Railroad and Western Union Railroad.

At Forriston with Chicago & Iowa Railroad, which, in connection with the Illinois Central Railroad, forms a through route without change of cars between Chicago and Dubuque.

At Dixon with Chicago & Northwestern Railway.

At Mendota with Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

At La Salle with Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad.

At El Paso with Toledo, Peoria & Warsaw Railway.

Crossing of the Chicago & Alton Railroad at Normal.

At Bloomington with Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railway.

At Decatur with Toledo, Wabash & Western Railway.

At Pana with Indianapolis & St. Louis Railroad and Springfield, Illinois & Southeastern Railway.

At Vandalia with St. Louis, Vandalia, Terre Haute & Indianapolis Railroad.

At Sandoval with Ohio & Mississippi Railway.

At Centralia with line to Cairo.

Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railway.

On the twenty-sixth of June, 1866, fifteen or twenty persons met in the court house in the city of Urbana, Champaign County, Illinois, for the purpose of taking steps to secure the construction of a railroad from Danville, Ill., to the Illinois River. This was the small beginning from which came the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railroad. Very little was done at this meeting, the parties present merely exchanged views and adjourned to meet on the seventh of August, at Leroy. The attendance at Leroy was large, delegates being present from various places along the line of the proposed road. The matter was discussed at some length and all things looked hopeful. Every one thought the road necessary as well as practicable. But the meeting adjourned without organizing and another was called for the twenty-seventh of August. The enterprise was then fully discussed by the newspapers, and when the time for the meeting came some opposition to the road was manifested. It was a matter of some difficulty to effect an organization, nevertheless it was done under the general railroad law of the State. This law required one thousand dollars to be subscribed for every mile of the proposed road, and ten per cent. of this to be paid in. The law was a good one, though it caused some trouble to the originators of this railroad. But after some delay the various towns along the line subscribed the required amount and paid up the necessary ten per cent. This, as nearly every one in this section of the country knows, was accomplished through the efforts of Dr. Henry Conkling, who worked for the road with great zeal and wonderful success. The road proposed was one hundred and sixteen miles in length and the subscriptions amounted to one hundred and sixteen thousand dollars. The

company immediately elected officers, making C. R. Griggs, President; William T. McCord, Vice President, and Dr. Henry Conkling, Secretary. The necessary papers were filed with the Secretary of State, and during the following winter the Legislature gave them a charter, which was approved by the Governor on the twenty-eighth of February, 1867. The road was then called the Danville, Urbana, Bloomington & Pekin Railroad.

This charter was adopted by the company at a meeting held in Pekin on the twenty-seventh of the following March, and officers and directors were elected. Commissioners were immediately appointed to secure the right of way and push the work. Steps were taken to obtain subscriptions, and indeed it was clear that the matter was in the hands of live, active men, who understood their business, and were determined to go through at all hazards. Most of the cities and towns responded to the call and subscribed to the stock to the amount of eight hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The road had three divisions. The first extended from Danville to Champaign City, where it connected with a branch of the Illinois Central; the second extended from Champaign City to Bloomington, where it connected with the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis road; and the third extended from Bloomington to Pekin on the Illinois River. Work on the road was commenced on the first of October, 1867, and, notwithstanding some unavoidable delays, the last rail was laid in the city of Bloomington on the first of May, 1870. While this road was being built another road was projected from Indianapolis to Danville, known as the Indianapolis, Crawfordsville & Danville Railroad, and in August, 1869, the two roads were consolidated under the name of the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western, extending from Indianapolis to Pekin, a distance of two hundred and two miles. Since then the road has been extended to several points. One extension connects Pekin and Peoria, another extension runs from Urbana to Havana on the Illinois River, and a third extension runs from Danville to Monticello and Decatur. The road now runs through more than five hundred miles of the richest and prettiest country in the West. On its line of road are found some of the most enterprising and thriving inland towns. Among these are Peoria, Pekin, Bloomington, Champaign, Urbana, Danville, Covington, Crawfordsville, Indianapolis, Monti-

cello, Decatur, Clinton, Lincoln and Havana. The farming lands along the road are all well fenced and cultivated. A great abundance of the best coal in Illinois is found on the line of the road, and wood of excellent quality in the State of Indiana. The road is now in its infancy; nevertheless it will compare favorably in its construction and rolling stock with the best and oldest roads in the State. Its connections with other roads are good. Going East it connects at Indianapolis with the Pan Handle & Pennsylvania Railroad to New York; going West it connects at Peoria with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy to Omaha and the Pacific coast, or with the Peoria & Rock Island road to Rock Island and Davenport. The fine country through which it passes, its connections and enterprising management give this road a promising future.

The Lafayette, Bloomington & Mississippi Railway.

The items for the following sketch of the Lafayette, Bloomington & Mississippi Railway have been furnished by Colonel O. T. Reeves:

The Lafayette, Bloomington & Mississippi Railway Company was chartered in February, 1867, and was organized in the September following, A. Gridley was elected President; C. W. Holder, Treasurer, and O. T. Reeves, Secretary. These officers served until January 31, 1872, when the management of the road passed into the hands of parties in New York, interested in the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railway. A. B. Ives, J. H. Cheney, of Bloomington, and W. H. Pells, of Paxton, were, with the officers above named, the managing spirits of the enterprise. The capital stock of the company is $1,000,000. Of this $467,000 is held by McLean and Ford counties, and townships of McLean and Vermillion counties. The right of way was procured and the grading and bridging done out of the proceeds of the bonds issued by the counties and townships in payment of their stock. The ties and iron were purchased and laid, the station houses, round houses and other necessary buildings erected and the road fenced, with the proceeds of the first mortgage bonds of the company. The length of the road is eighty miles. At the Indiana line it connects with a road running to

Lafayette, where it connects with the main line of the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railway. The amount of the first and only mortgage is $1,300,000. The road is leased perpetually to the Toledo, Wabash & Western Railway Company, the latter assuming to pay the interest on the mortgage debt, to pay all taxes assessed against the road and to keep the road in repair. After these disbursements, the surplus of the net earnings, if any, are to be divided upon the stock of the company. The road was substantially completed January 1, 1872, and the Toledo, Wabash & Western Company commenced running trains at that time. This, like all railroads, began with the people without the aid of large capital, and this enterprise struggled long and hard for success. Its final completion was a matter of just pride and satisfaction to those engaged in its management.

THE BLACK HAWK WAR.

The hero of the Black Hawk War was Black Hawk, whose Indian name was Mucatah Muhicatah. He was an old chief of the Sacs, who had united with the Foxes, forming a single nation. He was born in a Sac village in 1767. His personal appearance was not at first sight prepossessing. He was small of stature, but he was finely formed, and his eyes were bright and intelligent. He had a quick sense of propriety, and his manners were dignified and graceful. He had a lively sense of honor, and was remarkable for his uprightness and fair dealing. He was very active and loved the war-path. Nature made him a nobleman, and gave him that spirit of chivalry, which has been celebrated in poetry and song. He was a kind and affectionate father, and Ford's "History of Illinois" tells us that he went every year to visit the grave of his daughter at Oquaka. Black Hawk was a good deal of a diplomatist, too, he would say the right thing at the right time, and he gained the good will of all with whom he came in contact. Let it not be supposed that this picture of Black Hawk is overdrawn. He was indeed a remarkable genius, and had he been born in happier days and a member of a civilized race, his talents would have made for him a grander name. He gained a remarkable ascendency over the fiery, warlike portion of the Sacs and Foxes, and was the leader of that portion of them called the British Band. He was very proud and sensitive, and his feelings were outraged as he saw the Indians steadily crowded westward before the advancing whites. He did what he could to oppose it, and, during the war of 1812, he fought against the Americans under the eye of Tecumseh. He saw his followers defeated at Tippecanoe under the Prophet,

and Tecumseh slain at the battle of the Thames. He was at the attack on Fort Madison, at the River Raisin, at the attack on Fort Stephenson on the Lower Sandusky. He kept up some sort of connection with the British in Canada, and cherished the hope of being yet able to stop the westward march of the whites.

In 1804 some kind of a treaty had been made between the whites and the Sacs and Foxes, by which the latter ceded the whites all their lands lying east of the Mississippi. What this treaty was it is hardly possible to ascertain very definitely. Black Hawk complained that it was made without proper authority by the chiefs of the nation, and that the nation had never been consulted in the matter. In making an Indian treaty it has never been very easy to learn who were the parties authorized to sign and enforce it. The whites have unfortunately shown more anxiety to make a treaty advantageous to themselves and "get the best end of the bargain," than to make it with the proper parties in a fair and equitable manner.

In the spring of 1831, as the country began to be settled, the whites commenced to occupy the lands situated in the vicinity of Rock Island, acquired by treaty from the Sacs and Foxes. Many of the Indians then removed to the western bank of the Mississippi River, in accordance with the order of government issued to that effect. But the anger of Black Hawk was aroused. He collected a force of Indians, crossed over to Rock Island and ordered the settlers to leave the country. He unroofed some of their houses, and his followers committed other depredations. When Governor Reynolds learned of this he reported the matter to General Gaines, of the United States army, and General Clark, superintendent of Indian Affairs. General Gaines with some regular soldiers proceeded to Rock Island, but without taking further steps, called upon Governor Reynolds for seven hundred mounted volunteers. The Governor issued the call and about fifteen hundred volunteers responded. By the tenth of June, 1831, they were organized at Beardstown, and within four days had marched to the Mississippi River, where they met General Gaines about eight miles below the mouth of Rock River. The next day they marched to Vandruff's Island at the mouth of Rock River, expecting to find the Indians there to decide who should be master of the situation. But an Indian is never where

he is expected to be. After beating around the island for some time they learned that Black Hawk and his band had crossed to the western bank of the Mississippi. The volunteers were disappointed, as some of them were "spoiling for a fight" or pretended to be. It was then necessary for them to perform some signal act of gallantry before going back to their wives and sweethearts. They could not go home and tell the lovely maidens, who were waiting for them, that they had simply done as did a certain king of France, who "marched up the hill and then marched down again." Opposite Vandruff's Island stood the village of the Sacs and Foxes, lonely and deserted. The volunteers crossed over to it, set fire to the wigwams and reduced the village to ashes. This wanton act of barbarity was no doubt performed for the double purpose of Christianizing the Indians and of giving a splendid exhibition of the bravery of the volunteers! Ford's History, while speaking of it, says:

"Thus perished an ancient village, which had once been the delightful home of six or seven thousand Indians; where generation after generation had been born, had died and been buried; where the old men had taught wisdom to the young; whence the Indian youth had often gone out in parties to hunt or to war and returned in triumph to dance around the spoils of the forest, or the scalps of their enemies; and where the dark-eyed Indian maidens, by their presence and charms, had made it a scene of delightful enchantment to many an admiring warrior."

The next day the volunteers marched to Rock Island. General Gaines threatened to cross the Mississippi and continue the war. When Black Hawk heard this he made peace and agreed never again to cross the Mississippi without permission from the "Great Father at Washington."

During the following year some Indians belonging to the Pottawotamies, living near Lake Kushkanong in Wisconsin moved across the Mississippi. When they went they gave permission to Black Hawk and his followers to take possession of their old hunting grounds. Such at least was the claim made by Black Hawk and the Indians under his command. This offer threw the Sacs and Foxes into commotion. Some were anxious to go, while some remembered the power of the whites and the

agreement never to cross the Mississippi. Keokuk, the leading chief of the nation, headed the party of peace, and used all of his eloquence to restrain his tribe. But Black Hawk favored the measure, and urged it with all his power. He collected a band of about seven hundred warriors, composed of Sacs and Foxes with a few Pottawotamies and Kickapoos; and these with their squaws and pappooses started on their adventurous journey. When this was made known to Governor Reynolds he called for a thousand mounted volunteers immediately, and the United States government also raised troops. Eighteen hundred volunteers responded to the call of Governor Reynolds, and by the twenty-seventh of April, 1832, were on the march.

Black Hawk with his band had proceeded up the Rock River valley very quietly. They had done no harm to the whites, and no one was afraid of their committing depredations. When they came to Dixon's Ferry the chiefs of the band, who were Black Hawk, Wishick and Naapape, and also Old Crane, a chief of the Winnebagoes, went to the house of the old pioneer, John Dixon, and were by him very hospitably entertained. He describes Black Hawk as a very inferior looking man in stature, but with a very expressive countenance. He speaks of Wishick as a man of commanding disposition, very stern and very peremptory. He says that when the Sacs and Foxes first came they filled his house full, and his wife was in great fear. Old Crane, a chief of the Winnebagoes, spoke to Wishick, who immediately ordered the Indians to *puckachee* (depart), which they did immediately.

Before the Indians came, Mr. Dixon had been in consultation with General Atkinson with reference to them, and was requested to ascertain their numbers. He estimated their force to amount to six hundred warriors. Other accounts place their number at seven hundred.

The Sacs and Foxes proceeded up Rock River, about forty miles from Dixon's Ferry, to the mouth of the Kishwaukee River (called by some Sycamore), where they temporarily fixed their camp. The volunteers under the command of General Samuel Whiteside had in the mean time been coming up to the scene of action. They marched up to the mouth of Rock River and there met General Atkinson, who commanded the regulars.

A part of the volunteers started up Rock River, having orders to stop at Prophetstown, about fifty miles distant. There they awaited the arrival of General Atkinson with his regulars, who were to bring provisions up the river in boats. But when the volunteers came to the Indian village of Prophetstown they acted with that folly which is characteristic of men who have been but a few days in the field, and who are imperfectly controlled by their officers. They burned the Indian village and proceeded on their march without waiting for the regulars, of whom they contracted a jealousy which continued during the whole of the campaign. In order to march easily they left their baggage and a large quantity of provisions at Prophetstown. They afterwards felt the result of their folly when they had lived for three days on coffee and parched corn. The trouble with the volunteers was that they had been but a short time in the field, and their officers were in many cases men who afterwards expected to exert some political influence. The result was that the officers were to some extent commanded by the privates, and the army was liable to be governed by any whim which might overtake it. When the army arrived at Dixon it found there two battalions of mounted volunteers, numbering about two hundred and seventy-five men. The men had collected from McLean, Tazewell, Peoria and Fulton Counties, and were commanded by Majors Stillman and Bailey.

By this time the regulars under General Atkinson were near Prophetstown, and were coming up with boats filled with provisions. Their steady, careful movements made the volunteers very impatient, and the latter were also exceedingly anxious to obtain the laurels to be won. They were only called out for thirty days, and they expected to wind up the whole matter in that short space of time, very much as our Union army expected at a later day to crush the rebellion within three months. The men under the command of Major Stillman were particularly anxious to "ketch the Indians" before the latter could get away. They said the regulars would come crawling along stuffing themselves with beef, and the Indians would never be "ketched." The officers yielded to the impatience and jealousy of the men and requested Governor Reynolds to let them go out and reconnoiter the country and find the Indians. A certain

Captain Eades from Peoria came up and insisted very strongly that they should be allowed to go. The other captains all volunteered, for they wished to be considered very plucky, and the question with them was not whether the matter was prudent and necessary, but whether they *dared* to go. From all that can be learned, Major Stillman consented to go against his better judgment. He asked Mr. John Dixon's opinion and the latter told him very decidedly that the business of "ketching the Indians' would prove very disastrous for a little force of less than three hundred men. Major Stillman then said that as all of his officers and men were determined to go, he must lead them if it cost him his life. Governor Reynolds was very angry at the course taken by the volunteers but reluctantly gave his consent.* Major Stillman's men provided themselves with some whisky, and of course were invincible. They started on the 13th of May, and, according to David Simmons, numbered two hundred and six men. Nothing was heard of them until midnight of the second day. At that time John Dixon was aroused from his slumber by a voice saying:

"Oh, Mr. Dixon, can I lie down here?"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"Oh, our folks had a big battle!"

"Are many killed?"

"Oh, yes!"

"How many?"

"Oh, I don't know; it was an awful battle; I don't know who is killed or who is hurt."

"Did you get whipped?"

"Oh, *yes!*"

James Benson of White Oak Grove says that he was awakened from his slumber by a volunteer, who said that the Indians had crawled on the whites and said "woo, woo," and butchered them all in their camp.

This was the way the volunteers "ketched the Indians." During the remainder of the night and all the next day Major Stillman and his men came straggling into camp. It was at last found that only a few of their number had been killed and sev-

* In his autobiography entitled "My Own Times," Governor Reynolds generously assumes the responsibility for the disaster at Stillman's Run, but the movement was certainly made against his wishes.

eral wounded. The following are facts, as learned from Thomas O. Rutledge, James Phillips and David Simmons, who participated in the fight.

At noon during the second day, while they were eating dinner, an alarm was raised by the guard in front, who discovered moccasin tracks. The men gathered up their coffee pots and other utensils and excitedly rode forward a few miles, but found no Indians, though the tracks were fresh. Then they came to a halt. Their baggage wagon came on slowly, loaded with ammunition and whisky. In order to dispense with the wagon, the whisky barrel was broken open and every man took what he wanted. They filled their canteens and bottles and coffee pots, and men rode up and down the line offering everybody a drink. The ammúnition was also issued and men filled their powder horns and tied up powder in handkerchiefs. Then they moved forward, from three to five miles, and crossed Old Man's Creek, since called Stillman's Run. It was about thirty-five miles from Dixon. At the point where the volunteers crossed was a bend, concave towards the north. In that bend they stacked their baggage and partly went into camp. The guards, who had been out during the day to the right, left, rear and front, came in. The left guard brought in some Indian ponies, which they had found, and this created quite an excitement. Some of the men began to ride the ponies. Just then ten or a dozen Indians appeared on a hill a quarter or half a mile distant. The officers and men inquired who they were, and some thought they were the advanced guard. David Simmons said to Stillman: "No, the advanced guard came in some time ago, General; it's Indians!" The men then commenced saddling their horses; some started immediately, and some went without their saddles. Twenty-five or thirty men and officers with Captain Covel, came up to where the Indians had been. All of the latter had retreated except two, who claimed to be Pottawotamies. The men chased the retreating Indians and killed one. The two Indians, who refused to run, were brought into camp. They each said: "Me good Pottawotamie," but pointed over the hill and said, "Heap of Sac." Captain Covel, returning, said: "It's all nonsense, they're friendly Indians." The two captured Indians then proposed to trade for a gun belonging to David

Alexander from Pekin. While they were poking their fingers into the barrel some of the men who chased the retreating Indians into Black Hawk's camp on the Kishwaukee, returned and said: "Parade, parade." They declared that the Indians were thick over the hill. The men were formed and moved forward. Before going far an Indian prisoner was brought in from the party in the advance and sent to the rear. The men moved on and made a halt near a slough. Here the officers went ahead, and Thomas O. Rutledge says some kind of a parley was held with the Indians. The latter swung a red flag in defiance. General Gridley, who was then lieutenant, came back with orders to march forward. Captain Eades of Peoria came riding back, and said he was not easily fooled, that there were not less than a thousand Indians coming. The men were then marched back in some confusion across the slough to high ground. There they formed, or tried to form, but were in bad order. The Indians then poured out of the timber to the front, right and left, and Mr. Simmons said it reminded him of the pigeons in Indiana flying over one another and picking up mast. Both parties commenced firing. But the whites were in such bad order that those in the rear were in danger of shooting those in front. The Indians came on whooping, yelling and firing, and the horses of the volunteers began to prance about. The Indians circled around on both sides, and Mr. Rutledge thinks they came clear to the rear. Major Stillman ordered his men to mount and retreat, and form a line across the creek, and also told them to break the line of the Indians on the left. Mr. Rutledge says: "Right there was confusion. We did not go to the right or the left, but right square for home!" When they arrived at the creek (Stillman's Run) Captain Covel tried to form a line on the north side, but an order was given to cross it and form a line on the south side. Here the Indian prisoners began to whoop, in answer to their friends, and the guard was ordered to shoot them, and it did so immediately. The whites plunged through the mud and water of the creek and tried to form a line on the south side. The Indians came up close and both parties were firing. But the whites kept breaking away to the rear. Some were calling "halt and fight." Those who had lost their horses said: "For God's sake, don't leave us." Mr.

Phillips particularly remembers Captain Adams, who called out continually, "Damn it, stop and fight." But in a moment an order was given to retreat to Dixon, and it was obeyed immediately. A few of the Indians followed the volunteers across the creek, but the most of them stopped to plunder the baggage, which had been piled up so convenient for them. The whites ran, every man for himself, to Dixon's Ferry. They lost but few men in the fight and retreat. Joseph Draper was shot when the two lines met in the retreat, but in the dusk of the evening he crawled away and lived some days afterwards, and when his body was found he had marked his adventures and wanderings on his canteen. Andrew Dickey was shot at the creek through the thigh, but crawled under the bank and escaped. Mr. Hackelton who was also wounded, hid under the bank. Captain Adams had his horse shot from under him when the retreat commenced, but he ran back, crossed the creek and went three-quarters of a mile towards Dixon's Ferry, when he was overtaken by the Indians and killed, but succeeded in killing one or two of the Indians who followed him; Major Perkins was overtaken and killed about a mile and a half from the creek. He was probably delayed while crossing it. James Doty of Peoria was also killed. The loss of the whites, according to Ford's History of Illinois, was eleven, but James Phillips says it was thirteen. Seven of the Indians were buried, and their loss may have amounted to more.

A great deal of fun was made of Stillman's men by their friends who had been wise enough to remain behind. Some of the gentlemen who had run so fast were very angry, while some took it in good part. Colonel Strode (an old militia colonel) created a great deal of amusement by his humorous accounts of the fight. He said that the Indians formed in solid columns, and that their flanks extended to a long distance on both sides of Major Stillman's command. Suddenly the flanks of the Indians began to close in on Major Stillman's men like a pair of scissors, and the whites turned and ran for their lives, and Colonel Strode followed suit. He said he was none too quick, for as the flanks of the Indians came together they just grazed the tail of his horse, but he escaped! He told a great many humorous stories, and one of his accounts is given in Ford's History of Illinois, as follows:

"Sirs, our detachment was encamped amongst some scattering timber on the north side of Old Man's Creek, with the prairie from the north gently sloping down to our encampment. It was just after twilight, in the glooming of the evening, when we discovered Black Hawk's army coming down upon us in solid column; they displayed in the form of a crescent upon the brow of the prairie, and such accuracy and precision of military movements were never witnessed by man; they were equal to the best troops of Wellington in Spain. I have said that the Indians came down in solid column, and displayed in the form of a crescent; and what was most wonderful, there were large squares of cavalry resting upon the points of the curve, which squares were supported again by other columns fifteen deep, extending back through the woods and over a swamp three-quarters of a mile, which again rested upon the main body of Black Hawk's army bivouaced upon the banks of the Kishwaukee. It was a terrible and a glorious sight to see the tawny warriors as they rode along our flanks, attempting to outflank us, with the glittering moonbeams glistening from their polished blades and burnished spears. It was a sight well calculated to strike consternation into the stoutest and boldest heart, and accordingly our men soon began to break in small squads for tall timber. In a little time the rout became general, the Indians were upon our flanks, and threatened the destruction of the entire detachment. About this time Major Stillman, Colonel Stephenson, Major Perkins, Captain Adams, Mr. Hackelton, and myself, with some others, threw ourselves into the rear to rally fugitives and protect the retreat. But in a short time all my companions fell, bravely fighting hand to hand with the savage enemy, and I alone was left upon the field of battle. About this time I discovered, not far to the left a corps of horsemen which seemed to be in tolerable order. I immediately deployed to the left, when, leaning down and placing my body in a recumbent posture, upon the mane of my horse, so as to bring the heads of the horsemen between my eye and the horizon, I discovered by the light of the moon that they were gentlemen who did not wear hats, by which token I knew they were no friends of mine. I therefore made a retrograde movement and recovered my former position, where I remained some time meditating what

further I could do in the service of my country, when a random ball came whistling by my ear and plainly whispered to me, 'Stranger, you have no further business here!' Upon hearing this I followed the example of my companions in arms, and broke for tall timber, and the way I ran, was not a little, and quit."

"The Colonel was a lawyer, just returning from the circuit, with a slight wardrobe and Chitty's Pleadings packed in his saddlebags, all of which were captured by the Indians. He afterwards related with much vexation that Black Hawk had decked himself out in his finery, appearing in the wild woods, among his savage companions, dressed in one of the Colonel's ruffled shirts drawn over his deer-skin leggings, with a volume of Chitty's Pleadings under each arm."

A funny story is also told of Colonel Strode. It is said that when he attempted to retreat, as the Indians came charging on, he mounted his horse without untying it from the stump to which it was fastened. As his horse could not move from the spot, he thought, in his excitement, that the stump was an Indian holding the bridle, and he said:

"Don't shoot, Mr. Indian, I am Colonel Strode of the Illinois volunteers, I surrender at discretion!"

While Major Stillman was carrying on his operations, the forces at Dixon's Ferry were increasing. The volunteers came in rapidly, and the quartermaster was obliged to take John Dixon's cattle and hogs to feed them, because by their improvidence they were left without anything to eat except corn and coffee. General Whiteside, who commanded the volunteers, after calling a council of war, proceeded to the scene of the late fight, and buried the bodies of the eleven whites, who were slain.

In speaking of the fight at Stillman's Run, the follies of the volunteers are pointed out without hesitation, because it is necessary for us to know the truth of the matter. It would, however, be wrong to give the impression that they were in any respect wanting in courage or good sense, and those who judge harshly of them in all probability would not have done any better, perhaps not as well. Volunteers who have been but a short time in the field are peculiarly liable to take a panic, although

they may be possessed of unusual courage and coolness. This was the case at Bull Run, at the opening of the rebellion, yet no one doubts the courage of the troops in that battle. My dear reader, if you had been there, or if you had been at Stillman's Run, you would probably have made as good time as any of them, though you may be as brave as the bravest.

As soon as the Sacs and Foxes were attacked they were a changed race of beings. Before that they had been very quiet, and had done no one any harm. They had not taken the property of the white settlers, and had behaved themselves much better than could have been expected of savages. But after they were attacked they raised the war-whoop, and it is probable that this is the time to which Black Hawk referred when he said: "I took up the hatchet to revenge injuries which could no longer be borne."

After the fight of Stillman's Run the Indians scattered all over the country, and every settler who had not taken refuge in some well-protected place was killed and scalped and his house burned to the ground. Many of them received timely notice and escaped. Shaubana, a friendly chief of the Pottawotamies, gave notice to many settlers, and thus saved many lives. Mr. Dixon took occasion to warn as many as possible. The Kellogg and Reid families, of Buffalo Grove, were notified by his exertions. They hastily packed up what things they could and came to Dixon's Ferry. They had only been gone from their homes a few hours when the Indians came there and destroyed what things could not be carried away. They ripped open the feather beds and scattered the feathers in high glee. But there were three families living on Indian Creek, about fifteen miles from Ottawa, which did not soon enough come under protection. They were the Davis, Hall and Pettigrew families. The Indians appeared in the day-time and massacred them in cold blood, taking a savage delight in their infernal deeds. They told how terror-stricken were the women and how they screamed and, as they said "squeaked like geese," when they were massacred. But there were twy young ladies, Rachel and Silvia Hall, who tried to conceal themselves by crawling into bed. They were discovered by two young braves, who determined to have them for

wives. They were aged fifteen and seventeen years respectively and were carried off by the delighted braves.

After this deed the Indians rapidly retreated with their prisoners. The young ladies were afterwards ransomed for two thousand dollars, paid in trinkets, horses and finery of various kinds. It is said that the Indians exacted by far the largest ransom for the elder sister, as she was more quiet and gave less trouble; but they let the younger sister go pretty cheap, as she was so saucy and impudent that she made her captors much difficulty.

The volunteers for thirty days were mustered out of service on the twenty-eighth of May. They had grown tired of the service. They thought they would have a play-day, but the war turned out to be a serious business and promised to last for some time. They were mustered out of service at Ottawa, and the most of them returned to their homes. Nevertheless a regiment was raised out of their number, enough enlisting for that purpose at the urgent solicitation of Governor Reynolds. Another call was made by the Governor for two thousand men for sixty days, but they did not take the field until the twenty-second of June. In the meantime the regiment raised from those recently discharged, was put in active service. It was commanded by Colonel Jacob Fry, while James D. Henry, who was afterwards General Henry, was made Lieutenant Colonel. General Whiteside, who had commanded the volunteers for thirty days, enlisted as a private. The regiment was divided up for the purpose of protecting as much of the country as possible. In the meantime there were some lively skirmishes with the Indians. One company, commanded by Captain Adam W. Snyder, being fired upon by four Indians, near Burr Oak Grove, drove them into a sink-hole and killed them. The warfare was of the most merciless nature; no prisoners were taken; it was simply kill or be killed. Shortly after the Indians were killed in the sink-hole, Captain Snyder's company was suddenly attacked by a force of seventy Indians. The moment was a most trying one, but the men stood it bravely. The Indians pressed their attack, until General Whiteside, who was a splendid marksman, shot the chief who was riding on horseback. This discouraged the Indians, and they retired from the contest.

But notwithstanding the checks which they received, the Indians displayed the most astonishing activity. They seemed to be everywhere, and they fought with the greatest fierceness. They threatened Galena, and they attacked or threatened nearly every point between Galena and Ottawa. Two settlers were killed by them on the east bank of the Fox River, within six miles of Ottawa, and another up at Buffalo Grove, in Ogle County. Such wonderful activity as they displayed has seldom been shown by the most daring and war-like of savage foes. Every exposed place was attacked. The fort at Apple River was used as a rendezvous for the settlers, and protected a village of miners. It was defended by twenty-five men. Suddenly three men, who started on an express from Galena to Dixon, were fired on near the fort and retreated to it. They were followed by one hundred and fifty Indians commanded by Black Hawk in person. The miners and settlers collected in the fort, which consisted of a stockade of logs, and let their houses go. The Indians immediately took possession of the houses, smashed up the furniture, tore open the feather beds, scattered the feathers to the winds and rioted in the work of destruction. Then, using the houses for protection, they, for fifteen hours, kept up a keen fire on the fort. But, as it became clear that the fort could never be captured, they retired.

The activity and fierceness of the Sacs and Foxes seemed to show that they were wrought up to a pitch of frenzy. Mr. St. Vrain, the Indian agent, had been on terms of intimate friendship with one of the chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes, called Little Bear. Indeed he had been adopted by Little Bear as a brother. Mr. St. Vrain was sent with a small party of men to Fort Armstrong, and on his way there he met Little Bear with a party of Indians. Mr. St. Vrain, not thinking that any harm would be done to him by Little Bear, by whom he had been adopted as a brother, approached without fear. But he and his party were immediately scalped. The very ties of brotherhood counted for nothing among the infuriated savages. Every place in the country was either attacked or threatened. Galena was at one time in some danger, but Colonel Strode, the humorous soldier at Stillman's Run, prepared thoroughly for its defense. He de-

clared martial law and pressed every man into the ranks at the point of the bayonet, and the attack was not made.

But the volunteers had by this time learned some of the arts of Indian warefare, and they fought quite as desperately as the Sacs and Foxes. Captain James W. Stephenson, of Galena, with a small portion of his company attacked a party of Indians, whom he discovered in a thicket on the prairie. He charged upon them again and again, and even penetrated the thicket, but having half a dozen or more men killed, and being himself severely wounded, he was obliged to retreat.

A party of eleven Indians fired upon some whites near Fort Hamilton, up in the lead mines. General Dodge, of Wisconsin, collected a party of whites and went after them in hot pursuit. His little command came up with the Indians on the bank of the Pecatonica River, and killed every one of them. Not one was left to carry the news to Black Hawk. The loss of the whites was one man wounded severely and three mortally.

But by this time (20th of June) the volunteers for sixty days were in the field. They had rendezvoused at Fort Wilburn, near LaSalle, and amounted to three thousand two hundred men, exclusive of the regular troops. They were divided into three brigades, commanded by Alexander Posey, Milton K. Alexander and James D. Henry. General Atkinson, of the regular army, commanded the entire force of volunteers and regulars. The ball was opened by Major John Dement, who commanded a spy battalion. He was ordered to push ahead while the army should follow and make its headquarters at Dixon's Ferry. When he came to Dixon's Ferry his men displayed some of that ineffable greenness for which the volunteers in those days were distinguished, before they had seen service. One of the volunteers, a long-legged, awkward looking gentleman, rode up to Mr. John Dixon and asked in a voice rich with concentrated greenness:

"Where's y' Injins? If you want y' Injins killed, fetch 'em on!"

He soon had all the fighting his heart could wish, for Major Dement crossed Rock River and pushed on to Kellogg's Grove, where he was attacked by the Indians under Black Hawk, fresh from the Apple River fort. The circumstances were these. Major Dement learned that the trail of a large party of Indians

was discovered near Kellogg's Grove, and he immediately started for it. He took twenty men and with them kept in advance of his command. Pretty soon they came upon a few Indians who rapidly retreated. This excited the little squad of inexperienced volunteers, and they pursued the Indians as the hunter pursues the game. But Major Dement was collected and cautious, and made every effort to restrain his men. They chased the Indians about a mile on the prairie, and when they came near the grove the Major's little squad, which was slightly reinforced, was attacked by a large body of Indians under Black Hawk. Dement retreated slowly to his camp, while the Indians came yelling like fiends. The volunteers took refuge in some log houses near by, and were able to successfully repel the attack. The battle raged fiercely, the Indians being determined to dislodge the whites from their strong position. It seemed as if the Indians could not bear to give the matter up, but they were finally forced to do so, as the volunteers were so well protected. The loss of the whites were five killed and three wounded, while that of the Indians was nine killed and left on the field; and it is supposed many others were killed and carried away.

While Major Dement was contending with the Indians, General Atkinson brought up the army to Dixon and made his headquarters there. When he learned the result of the fight at Kellogg's Grove, he sent General Alexander to the mouth of Plumb River, to guard against the possibility of the Indians crossing the Mississippi, for it was determined to capture them and not to allow one of them to get away. But if General Atkinson could have known the fatiguing marches which he afterwards was obliged to make, and the great difficulty of capturing a band of the most fierce and active Indians in America, he would have been perfectly willing to let them go on any terms. After remaining two days in Dixon, General Atkinson started with his army northward to the Four Lakes in Wisconsin, having heard that Black Hawk was there fortified, and that he had determined to risk the whole campaign on a single battle. But when General Atkinson arrived there he found that the Indians had vanished.

It would be a tiresome task to relate all of the fatiguing marches made in search of the wily Black Hawk. The volun-

teers for sixty days had, as usual, enlisted with no expectation of hardship. When the campaign opened there were three thousand two hundred volunteers in the field and four hundred and fifty regulars. But, after eight weeks of campaigning which consisted of tiresome marches, to find the ever absent Black Hawk, there were left not more than half of the volunteers, although the regulars had not lost one of their number. What was the reason of this? It is not pleasant to write it, but the truth must be told. A great many volunteers took French leave—they went away without saying "good-bye"—they deserted. The volunteers made sometimes short, quick marches, and sometimes long, continued travels; at one time they were obliged to go fifty miles in one day. Sometimes they had plenty to eat and sometimes they were nearly starved. The result was that about one-half of their number gradually dropped off without permission and returned to "home, sweet home."

There is very little doubt that while the volunteers were hunting for Black Hawk, that wily chieftain was posted with regard to their movements. It was a game of "blind man's buff" with our army to represent the blind man.

When General Atkinson found no enemy at the Four Lakes he went to Turtle Village, on Rock River, but Black Hawk was not there. He then went to Lake Kushkanong, and his army was kept continually on the alert by all kinds of false alarms, but the Sacs and Foxes were not to be found. He then went to Burnt Village, on the White Water River, but the ever vanishing Black Hawk was not there. At this point the brigade of General Posey joined them. This brigade had been separated from the army ever since the fight at Kellogg's Grove. The army was also reinforced by a battalion of troops under Major Dodge of Wisconsin. It was now strong enough to wipe Black Hawk's band out of existence, if it could only be found. At the Burnt Village it was thought that at last they had the trail of Black Hawk, but the army was, after some troublesome investigation, found to be on the wrong track.

General Atkinson then sent General Posey with his brigade to Fort Hamilton, in the mining country, to protect the settlers, while General Alexander, General Henry and Major Dodge were sent to Fort Winnebago to procure supplies. General Atkinson,

with the regular troops, fell back to Lake Kushkanong, where he built a fort and waited for supplies.

And now was found by an accident, as it were, the trail of Black Hawk's band. The troops, which were sent to Fort Winnebago for supplies, reached that place, eighty miles distant, in three days. Here they learned from some Winnebago chiefs that Black Hawk and his band were at Manitou village on Rock River. General Alexander, General Henry and Major Dodge immediately held a council, and agreed to violate orders and march upon the Indians. When this resolution was communicated to the men they determined not to go, and some of them seemed resolved on open mutiny. But all except Alexander's brigade yielded to General Henry's vigorous measures.

Alexander's brigade was sent back to General Atkinson, while the troops under General Henry and Major Dodge went after the Indians. They threw aside all their heavy baggage. Some of them had horses and some had not. Those who were obliged to walk made their loads as light as possible. Then they started on their race, and it was a lively one. They marched to Rock River in three days, but learned that the Indians were also doing their best to make time, and were encamped at Cranberry Lake, farther up the river. The army had now a clear trail to follow, and they marched with astonishing celerity; it is said that in one day they traveled fifty miles. Sometimes the men on foot were almost pressed into a run. As they drew nearer to the Indians they saw by unmistakable signs that the Sacs and Foxes were also marching with the greatest speed. The Indians threw away all articles which impeded their flight. Their camp kettles and articles of various kinds were strewn along the trail. At noon on the seventh day of their march the advance guard of the whites came upon two Indians and killed them. Then they occasionally met a few Indians who guarded the rear of the band. A little skirmishing would follow for the purpose of gaining time for the Indians; but the whites pressed on without giving them time to breathe.

Suddenly, when they came near the heights of the Wisconsin River, the advance guard of the whites, commanded by Major Ewing and Major Dodge was fired upon by the Indians. The

advance guard immediately dismounted and formed in line. The main body, under General Henry, soon came up, and having formed into line, the whole army charged without delay. The Indians fought fiercely, but they were driven back, some of them down a hollow to the river bottom and some along the heights of the Wisconsin, until gradually they came down to the river. The grass in the river bottom rose very high and the ground was swampy. The Indians concealed themselves in the grass and, as night was coming on, the contest ceased. The next morning it was found that the Indians had crossed the river.

The losses in this contest, according to Ford's History of Illinois, were, for the whites one man killed and eight wounded, while the Indians lost sixty-eight dead on the field and probably many wounded who escaped. The same authority says twenty-five Indians wounded in this battle died on their way to the Mississippi River. Such extraordinary figures should be received with some caution. The explanation given in Ford's History is that the Indians were taught to fire high, expecting to shoot at men on horseback.

But, be this as it may, the whole affair reflected great credit on the volunteers. They had made a most extraordinary forced march, and had shown that, notwithstanding their freaks and their shortcomings at the opening of the campaign, they could, when it became necessary, march longer and farther, and fight as hard as the soldiers of the regular army.

Some controversy has been occasioned by the various admirers of General Henry of Illinois, and Major Dodge of Wisconsin as to which of these officers deserved the greatest credit for the victory at Wisconsin Heights. This controversy has occasioned an unpleasant feeling which lasts to the present time. As nearly as can be ascertained they were both men of remarkable merit. They were both men of the very best judgment, and of great executive ability. From all that can be learned, General Henry must receive the credit of going on the expedition, for had it not been for his determination the revolt of the volunteers would have been successful and they would never have started on their race. They were both men of cool judgment and displayed great ability on the field of battle; but as

to their merit, it is not in the power of the author to decide between them.

After the fight at Wisconsin Heights General Henry's army was without provisions, and he had eight wounded men to take care of. Under these circumstances he fell back to Blue Mounds where he met General Atkinson with the regulars and with the brigades commanded by Alexander and Posey. After two days of preparation the army started on its march for the Indians. The latter had started for the Mississippi River, which they were anxious to cross in order to protect themselves from the persevering attacks of the whites. The Indians were now in a starving condition. They had with them their squaws and pappooses; they had for some time been traveling through a wild country where they could obtain very little to eat. They were, therefore, unable to march very fast, and by the time they had reached the Mississippi River the whites were close after them. The whites reached the Mississippi on the fourth day of their march from the Blue Mounds. The soldiers had been excited by seeing along the trail the various articles abandoned by the Indians in order that the latter might accelerate their flight. Many of their wounded in the last battle had died along the route. All of these things encouraged the men and they hastened on to the closing battle of the campaign. The Indians had reached the Mississippi River about forty miles above the present city of Prairie du Chien and some two or three miles below the mouth of the Bad Axe River. As soon as they reached the river they began to cross, some swimming and some crossing in canoes.

On the day of their arrival a steamboat came up from Prairie du Chien, commanded by a certain Captain Throckmorton. When the Indians saw the steamboat, they raised a white flag. But Captain Throckmorton said he thought this was an exhibition of their treachery, and hallooed to them to "send a boat aboard," evidently expecting that the Sacs and Foxes understood English and were versed in the slang of steamboat captains. As the Indians did nothing but display their white flag the captain opened on them with canister shot and musketry, and Ford's History says that twenty-three Indians were killed by this "fight." But how the number killed in this affair was ever ascertained, does not appear. Captain Throckmorton, while

boasting of the "fight," said: "If you ever saw straight blankets, you could have seen them there."

The next day the army of General Atkinson came on. It was met some three or four miles from the Indian camp by a party of about twenty Indians commanded by Black Hawk. Black Hawk's design was to make a little stand with this small band and retreat in a different direction from the Indian camp and thus mislead the whites and give the Indians time to cross the river. But the little stratagem was not successful. The Indian trail was a little too clear, and the whites followed it up and charged upon the half-starved remnant of Indians who had not yet crossed the Mississippi. Of course their charge was successful for the Indians could not hope to seriously oppose them, and the little half-starved band, which was anxious to surrender, was mercilessly driven into the river with their squaws and pappooses. Some of them succeeded in swimming across, some were drowned and some were shot in the water.

There was a strange little incident connected with this fight. It is given here on the authority of the old pioneer, John Dixon, who was present:

Not far from where the contest was raging was a little willow island, separated from the shore by a few rods of water. A company of regulars, commanded by Captain Reilly, was ordered to cross over and occupy the island. Ford's History says they were driven back by the severe fire of the Indians. The circumstances were precisely these: The company of regulars charged into the water, when one of their number was shot down. They turned back, leaving the poor fellow floundering. Two soldiers then sprang into the water to bring him out, and one of them was shot through the head and killed instantly. Others then jumped into the water for the purpose of bringing both men out, when still a third was shot down. The soldiers then kept out of the water altogether. In the meantime they caught sight of a colored object on the island and fired at it volley after volley. The next day a small party, among whom was Mr. John Dixon, crossed over to the island to see how large a force of Indians had been there. They found that the island had only been occupied by one Indian, with his squaw and little pappoose. The colored object which drew the fire of the regu-

lars was a blanket hung up for that purpose; it was shot into shreds! The Indian had escaped; the squaw was dead, being shot through the breast; the little pappoose was alive, but his arm had been broken by the shot which killed his mother. The little fellow was tenderly cared for at the hospital, but he died shortly afterwards. The Indian who escaped from the island swam the Mississippi on a little log. He was tracked up by a party of Winnebago Indians and soldiers, who found where he landed with his log. They followed his trail for some distance when one of the Indians saw him in a tree-top. They fired a volley at him, and the poor fellow came tumbling down—dead.

The old jealousy between the admirers of General Henry and those of Major Dodge has made it difficult to learn the truth with regard to the battle of Bad Axe. Ford's "History of Illinois" says that the regulars and volunteers commanded by Major Dodge were led astray by the little party of Indians which met the army three or four miles from the scene of the fight; and it says that General Henry, who was jealously placed in the rear with his brigade, came up, and seeing the mistake of those who were in the lead, followed the main trail of the Indians and charged them into the Mississippi. It says further that Henry's brigade did the most of the fighting, and that General Henry was the hero of the battle.

From all that can be learned this does not appear to be entirely correct. The regulars were commanded by Colonel Zachary Taylor, and the Wisconsin volunteers by Major Dodge. These officers, with General Atkinson, who commanded the entire army, were in the advance, and possibly might have been drawn a little out of the way by the stratagem of Black Hawk; but it probably did not interfere very seriously with their movements. The point is not one of importance, as very little honor can be claimed for driving a small band of starved savages into the river.

While the Black Hawk war was in progress a great many inducements were held out by the Sacs and Foxes to the Rock River Winnebagoes to join in the war, and Ford's History tells us that the Winnebagoes were very treacherous and inclined to favor Black Hawk. There is no doubt that the Winnebagoes were very much opposed to the war. Their Indian corn was

destroyed, and it annoyed and harrassed them very seriously. The Winnebagoes were much opposed to the coming of the Sacs and Foxes, and gave information concerning them to the whites; but when the Sacs and Foxes determined to get away and go to the west of the Mississippi River, the Winnebagoes were willing to assist them a little. Some of the Winnebagoes were no doubt strongly tempted to join in the war against the whites, as they feared that some evil might be intended for them. After the war Decori, a Winnebago chief, said to General Street: "My father, many little birds have been flying about our ears of late, and we thought they whispered to us that evil was intended for us, but now we hope they will let our ears alone."

On account of the neutrality of the Rock River Winnebagoes and because they had not been able to raise any corn, the government ordered three thousand rations of flour to be issued to them during the following winter. This was done by John Dixon with great care and fidelity.

Our readers would doubtless be glad to know the fate of Black Hawk. When Black Hawk found that his stratagem to mislead the whites at the battle of the Bad Axe was unsuccessful, he and his little band of twenty men, among whom were his son and the chiefs Wishick, Naapape and the Prophet, started northward, and went near the head waters of the Wisconsin River in the Chippewa country. A band of Indians, composed of Sioux and Winnebagoes started after them, with the promise that if Black Hawk and the other chiefs were captured no harm should be done to them. They captured Black Hawk and brought him back with his son and the chiefs Wishick, Naapape and the Prophet, and delivered them up to General Street at Prairie du Chien. Black Hawk and the chiefs surrendered to a young Winnebago Indian, called Cheater, and, when they were given over to General Street, Cheater was allowed to make a little speech. Among other things he said to General Street: "My father, near the Dalles, on the Wisconsin River, I took Black Hawk. No one did it but me. I say this in the ears of all present; they know it to be true. My father, I am no chief, but what I have done is for the benefit of my nation; and I now hope for the good that has been promised us. My father, that one Wabokishick (the Prophet) is my kinsman. If he is hurt, I

do not wish to see it. The soldiers sometimes stick the ends of their guns into the back of the Indian prisoners when they are going about in the hands of the guard. I hope this will not be done to these men."

The good sense and fine feeling shown by this young savage is unusual, even among white men.

The volunteers were mustered out of service at Dixon, and they were perfectly willing to go home. They had seen many fatiguing marches and much severe fighting. When they entered the army they were as verdant and ignorant of their duties as can well be imagined. But they learned wisdom by experience, and when they were mustered out of service they had received a practical education in the realities of life, which assisted many of them afterwards to rise to positions of trust and responsibility.

Peace was concluded with the Sacs and Foxes at Jefferson Barracks, below Rock Island. Here were collected all the chiefs of the Sacs and Foxes, both those who had been engaged in war and those who had been at peace. A treaty was made by which the United States acquired not only all the lands east of the Mississippi River, but also a large slice of Iowa Territory from the Des Moines to the Turkey River. The four captured chiefs, with Black Hawk's son, were held by the United States as hostages for the faithful execution of this treaty. At this treaty there were present General Scott, who had come from Washington with the intention of taking command of the army and conducting the campaign against the Indians. But his troops were attacked on the route with the Asiatic cholera, and he did not arrive until the fight at Bad Axe ended the contest.

Black Hawk and his son were kept nearly a year in captivity, but on the fourth of June, 1833, they were ordered to be released. It has been the custom of the government to take every prominent savage it can catch, around through the country and show the uncivilized barbarian what a big people the Americans have become. This is done for the purpose of showing the poor fellow how hopeless it is to contend against us, so that when he goes back to his kindred barbarians he will make them keep the peace, and will tell them that the "long knives" (white men) are more numerous than the leaves of the forest, the peb-

bles by the riverside, or the stars in the sky. Acting on this theory the government invested a little money in the traveling expenses of Black Hawk. It sent him and his son around to the large cities, to New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia and others. Great crowds turned out to see the hero of the Black Hawk war. They shook his hand and made a great ado over him, as Americans always do when they catch a poor savage. The ladies all admired Black Hawk, junior; they said he was "perfectly splendid," and one of them actually kissed the little barbarian before crowds of people. If he had only carried a cane and parted his hair in the middle he would have driven the whole of them crazy.

Black Hawk returned to his people, as he greatly desired, and lived with them in peace for some years after the stormy times of his campaign in Illinois. He died on the third of October, 1840, and his grave was made on the bank of the Mississippi.

It has been necessary while writing this account of the Black Hawk war to criticise some of the statements made in relation to it in Ford's "History of Illinois." This history is a valuable one; it contains a great deal of information set forth in the clearest manner. Judge Ford seemed to take pleasure in setting forth the facts as they were; and he had a love of poetic justice and delighted in bringing the truths out of hidden corners. But his very love of justice sometimes made him a little unjust, and caused him to exaggerate those faults, which were plain to him. His "History of Illinois" is invaluable and may be pronounced one of the greatest works of the age.

A great many men served in the Black Hawk war who afterwards became great generals or great statesmen.

General Harney, who was a distinguished officer in the Mexican war, was captain of a company of regulars during the Black Hawk campaign.

Colonel Edward Baker was a private in the Black Hawk war. He was afterwards a member of Congress from the northern district of Illinois, and still later was a United States Senator from Oregon. At the breaking out of the late rebellion he was very decidedly in favor of coercive measures, and entered the army as a colonel. He was killed at the battle of Ball's Bluff, one of the first of the campaign.

John T. Stuart was a private in the volunteer service during the Black Hawk war. He was afterwards for many years a member of Congress from Illinois. It was in his law office that Abraham Lincoln prepared himself to become a member of the bar. For many years Mr. Stuart was, perhaps, the most influential man in the State.

General Albert Sidney Johnson was a lieutenant in the regular army during the Black Hawk war. I have not been able to find out anything relating to his ability during the hardships of this Indian campaign. He was an aid to General Atkinson. At the outbreak of the late rebellion he hesitated for some time as to the course he should take, and at last decided to go with the South. He commanded the rebel army at the battle of Shiloh, and it is a matter of regret that the ability he there displayed was not employed in a nobler cause. He was killed on the field of Shiloh, and his death was a severe blow to the rebel cause. He was a man of fine appearance and splendid talents.

General Zachary Taylor was a Colonel at the beginning of the Black Hawk war, and was second in command. He was the leading spirit, and the campaign was conducted according to his plans. He was breveted a Brigadier during the war against the Seminoles in Florida, and was made a Major General for his services at the outbreak of the Mexican war. The subsequent career of General Taylor is so well known that it is impossible to add anything to it here. The reputation he acquired in the Mexican war made him President of the United States.

General Robert Anderson was a young lieutenant in the regular service during the Black Hawk war. He was a slender, pale looking young man, and his health seemed very poor. He was a man who thought a great deal of performing his duty. He was very conscientious, and wished to attend to every duty faithfully and religiously. His defence of Fort Sumpter, at the opening of the rebellion, gave him a national reputation, but the anxiety to which he was subjected so affected his health that he was unable to perform any service afterwards. He said himself that "for several days and nights he had no sleep during those terrible scenes at the outbreak of the rebellion, and that since then he has been unable to bear any mental anxiety."

Jefferson Davis was a young lieutenant in the regular army.

He was a Southerner, and did not like the Yankees, but he had the Yankee trait of inquisitiveness. His curiosity was particularly aroused concerning the Indians, their habits, peculiarities, and modes of life, and he was continually asking questions about them. His subsequent life is well known. He was Colonel of a Mississippi regiment during the Mexican war. After the close of that war he made some uncomplimentary remarks concerning the Illinois troops. This aroused the anger of Colonel Bissell, of Illinois, who sent Davis a challenge. The matter was explained away in some shape, and Mr. Davis apologized so that the duel never was fought. Mr. Davis was afterwards United States Senator from Mississippi, and still later President of the Southern Confederacy.

Abraham Lincoln was a private in the volunteer service during the Black Hawk war, under the call for thirty days. But when the call for sixty days was made he had become so popular by his humorous and pointed stories that he was elected captain of a company. Mr. John Dixon says that Lincoln was the pleasantest man he ever knew. In the evening Lincoln would sit by the camp fire and tell stories until the lights were ordered out. His stories nearly always illustrated some truth or pointed some moral. He was decidedly the most popular man in the army, although he was certainly the most awkward looking. When he sat around the camp fire with his long arms and legs twisted up, he appeared to be the worst looking and best natured backwoodsman in the volunteer service.

General Scott had very little to do with the Black Hawk war. He was sent with reinforcements of regular troops to the West, by way of Chicago, but the Asiatic cholera carried off so many of them that he was delayed in getting to the seat of war. General Scott was a very precise and dignified man, and his dignity and precision gained for him the title of "Fuss and Feathers." He thought a great deal of his friends, but was cold and formal to strangers. He loved a good joke almost as well as Mr. Lincoln, but his jokes were of a different kind. Mr. John Dixon, who had charge of the cattle belonging to the army, was introduced to General Scott as the "Major of the Steer Battalion." General Scott asked very promptly, whether Major Dixon had any report to make. Mr. Dixon replied with

equal promptness, that one of his command had deserted, eight had been killed, and sixteen were on parade, and he pointed to the steers straying around the camp. The General replied:

"Major Dixon, you have deserved well of your country; you have suffered more than any other officer in my command."

When Mr. Dixon saw General Scott in Washington, the latter, recognizing his friend instantly after eight years of separation, greeted him warmly as "Major Dixon." It is not necessary to say anything here of the life of General Scott, as it is written in the history of his country.

OLD SETTLERS OF M'LEAN COUNTY.

ALLIN TOWNSHIP.

Presley Thornton Brooks.

Presley T. Brooks was born November 9, 1821, in Hart County, Kentucky. His father's name was Miles Brooks and his mother's name before her marriage was Lucy Pulliam. Both were born in Virginia and were of Scotch or Irish descent. Miles Brooks volunteered as a soldier in the war of 1812 and started from home on a campaign, but the war closed and the troops were discharged.

In the year 1828 Mr. Brooks, sr., sold his property in Kentucky for the purpose of going to Illinois or Missouri. He started late in the fall of 1828, but stopped in Indiana until September, 1829, when he came to Illinois. During the winter of 1829 and '30 he stayed at Clearry's Grove in what was then Sangamon County, but is now contained in the county of Menard. During that winter he selected and entered land at a grove which has ever since been called Brooks' Grove, in the present county of McLean. In February, 1830, Mr. Brooks moved from Sangamon County to Hittle's Grove in Tazewell County, and on the fourteenth day of March of that year he moved into a very rough log cabin in Brooks' Grove. The Brooks family was the first to settle in the present Allin township. This was before the organization of the county of McLean. The Indians, wolves and deer seemed to have things all their own way and were very numerous. The Indians were exceedingly kind and friendly and always wanted to trade some of their pappooses for white children.

Mr. Brooks relates nothing remarkable concerning the winter

of the deep snow, beyond what is stated in other places in this volume. The Brooks family was snowbound for six weeks and, during that time, saw no living persons outside of their own family circle.

In 1832, when the Black Hawk war occurred, the settlers were panic-stricken, and Mr. Brooks says: "When old Black Hawk was captured, there was rejoicing, you better believe."

Mr. Brooks describes the sudden freeze of December, 1836, and says it came so suddenly that fowls were frozen into the slush of snow and water, which covered the ground. The west wind came cold after a thaw "as quick as thought," and the water and slush became a sheet of ice.

Mr. Brooks had no opportunity to attend school until about fifteen years of age. During the winter of 1836 and '37 he boarded about six miles from home and attended school for about six weeks. During the next summer he went to school for three months and his education was finished. Money was valuable in the early days. Mr. Brooks went to Chicago in 1846, and one dollar paid all of his expenses. But as he camped out during the trip this does not appear so wonderful. In the fall of 1847 Mr. Brooks made a visit to his native hills in Kentucky and returned with his sister's family to Illinois.

The people of Allin township seem to take pleasure in employing the services of Mr. Brooks in the various township offices. He has been constable, justice of the peace and supervisor, and has been elected to these offices without opposition and in some cases against his will. At one time he refused to qualify as a justice of the peace, when his townsmen held a special meeting and chose him once more, and he consented to act. He has been school treasurer, assessor and collector, and if a new office could be invented in Allin township Mr. Brooks would, in all probability, be called to fill it.

On the twenty-ninth of December, 1842, Mr. Brooks married Miss Eliza Silvey Larison, and in April following began keeping house at Brooks' Grove. There Mr. Brooks had built a frame house, one of the first in the township. In November, 1870, the Brooks family moved to Stanford where they have resided ever since. His son-in-law, William J. Haines, lives on the old farm. Mr. Brooks has had ten children, of whom eight are

living. They are: Malinda Catherine, wife of William Haines; Miles Brooks, one of the partners of the firm of Brooks & Son; Mary, wife of George W. Kaufmann, who resides half a mile northwest of Stanford; Abel Brooks is a teacher, and lives at home; Rachel B., Lucy Ann B., Millie Frances B., and Eliza Ellen B., the pet, live at home.

As to personal appearance, Mr. Brooks is five feet, nine inches, in height, well set, wears glasses when he reads and writes. His hair is turning gray, but he has plenty of it; he has a short aquiline nose and blue eyes. He has been very successful in life, which is due in a great measure to his wife.

Greenberry Larison.

Greenberry Larison was born January 21, 1810, in Bloom township, Morgan County, Ohio, on the banks of the Muskingum River. The ancestors of his father, Abel Larison, came from Holland, and were among the earliest settlers in New York. His mother's ancestors settled in Maryland at an early day, but Mr. Larison does not remember from what country they originally came. The Larison family is very large. There is now in New York a large property, worth perhaps eight millions of dollars which it is thought, belongs to the Larison family; but matters are so mixed that it is doubtful whether they will receive any benefit from it. It consists of some real estate which was leased for ninety-nine years. The term of the lease expired five or six years ago, but the difficulty now is to find all the heirs and to prove their right. Henry Ward Beecher's church stands upon one of the lots comprised in the real estate claimed by the Larison family.

There were ten children in the Larison family, five boys and five girls; Greenberry was the oldest boy. The little education he received was obtained in a log school house, where he attended about three months in the year up to the age of seventeen or eighteen. He was a pretty bright scholar, as good as there was in the settlement. He learned reading, writing, spelling and geography, and was taught to cipher up to the rule of three; but grammar was badly neglected.

When Mr. Larison was seventeen years of age he killed his first deer. The circumstances were these. There was a pretty

maid at his father's house, and though Greenberry was then young he wished to do something manly and chivalrous. He took his father's gun and went hunting, and when about a mile and a half from home he killed a deer, a fine buck. The happy youth cut off the head of the deer, put a stick through its neck and dragged it home in triumph, and succeeded in getting there before the pretty maid had left. The name of the charming maiden was Araline Whitehead, but a few years afterwards it was changed to Mrs. Larison.

When Mr. Larison was sixteen years of age he had shown himself very bold and venturesome on the water, and had found some valuable articles and parts of cargoes, which had been lost from flatboats which had been wrecked on the river. He hunted among the drifts and became so skillful that at the age of sixteen he "followed the river." This is a rough life, and the boatsmen are the hardest of characters. On the Muskingum River merchandise was floated on flatboats. These flatboats were sixty or seventy feet in length and eighteen or twenty feet wide, and were loaded with merchandise until they sank two or three feet in the water. It can very readily be seen that they were unwieldy, and in order to move them a hundred feet across the current the boatmen were obliged to let them float a half mile or more. Unless the boatmen were skillful they could not stop or hitch up their flatboat along the shore. A rope thrown from the boat around a tree would soon tighten up and snap in two. In order to manage their craft the boatmen were obliged to know the river and understand all the currents and shoals and eddies. If they wished to stop their boat they tried to run it into still water, or, better than this, into an eddy, and gradually bring the unwieldy craft ashore. Sometimes the boat was carried by the current on rocks, or crowded into shore on some log and a hole torn in the side or bottom. When such a misfortune happened the boat was sure to sink, and the merchandise was of course pretty widely distributed by the water. Some of it would be carried down stream or sunk in an eddy, or caught in a drift. It was in hunting for articles of merchandise lost from sunken flatboats that Mr. Larison learned the river and acquired skill in the management of water crafts. He followed the river for some years, whenever the Muskingum was not frozen too

hard for flatboats to run, and he learned all the currents and eddies.

But he was not destined to be a flatboatman all his life. At the age of twenty he married Araline Whitehead, the handsome young lady who had captivated his affections a few years before. This interesting event took place on the first of April, 1830. In the fall of that year Mr. Abel Larison came West with all of the family except Greenberry, and settled at Kickapoo, near what is now called the village of Waynesville. It was not until April, 1831, that Greenberry Larison came to Illinois. He came by water and landed at Pekin. He had, in coming up the river, been carried past this place up to Fort Clark (Peoria), but came back to Pekin, and from there across to Kickapoo, where his father lived. His father had bought three claims, those of William and James Murphy and Josiah Harp. The latter claim was given up to Greenberry Larison on his arrival. At that time he had a five franc piece in his pocket, a bed, and cooking utensils enough for his young wife to cook their scanty meal. He settled on the farm without a horse, cow, pig, sheep or goat. There was on the place a curiosity in the shape of a wooden grindstone. It had been made probably by Josiah Harp, from whom the claim had been bought. When made it was of green wood, and had sand and fine gravel pounded into it. When it had seasoned, the sand and gravel were held fast, and though it did not sharpen an axe very well or put on a fine edge it would give it a lively scratching. The grindstone was a very important article always. Mr. Larison was obliged to go sixteen miles from his place to 'Squire Gates', in Blooming Grove, on the farm now known as the Kitchel farm, to get his axes sharpened.

Mr. Larison worked hopefully though he expected and received many set-backs. In the fall of the year in which he came West he had become wealthy enough to own a fine litter of six pigs, but, during the second night after this sudden wealth had been thrust upon him, the prairie wolves came up within thirty feet of his house and captured the youthful porkers and they were never heard of more. "Riches take to themselves wings and fly away." But Mr. Larison did not despair; during the fall he bought a cow on credit agreeing to pay for her by the following Christmas. He made the money to pay for her by

cutting cord-wood at twenty-five cents a cord from the logs lying where Mr. Scott now lives. He also made rails for Mr. William Murphy at thirty-three cents per hundred and boarded himself and walked three miles to work.

He had in the early days some slight opportunity for seeing and understanding the Indians. In the fall of 1831 some Indians came to William Murphy and offered him a little Indian girl five years of age for four bushels of ground wheat, but he declined the offer. When Mr. Larison heard of this he was astonished and anxious to get the child and willing to give the wheat. He asked Murphy why he refused the bargain, and the latter, having had some experience and knowledge of the Indians, replied that they would soon return and steal the little girl away.

The season of 1831 was cool and short and few of the farmers raised good corn. The winter previous was the winter of the deep snow, and the climate was so chilled that the effect was felt during the whole season of 1831. There was a frost every month in the year and the corn could not ripen. It was so worthless that seed corn could not be gathered to plant during the following season. In the spring of 1832 nearly all the seed corn was brought from Ohio and Kentucky and sold for two and a half dollars per bushel and sometimes for more. John Duffy of Randolph Grove brought on a lot of small yellow corn that matured early and this is yet called the Duffy corn.

Mr. Larison was a great hunter. Although the game was made comparatively scarce by the winter of the deep snow, yet the skillful hunter could find it. The big game was deer and turkey and it was well worthy of the hunter's exertions. Mr. Larison says that he has killed "a power of deer and turkey."

Mr. Larison worked hard for two years on his farm at Kickapoo and then removed to Bloomington and bought out a drinking saloon. In those days saloons were patronized by nearly every one and the saloon-keeper was one of the most honored members of society. It is said that Abraham Lincoln once sold liquor at retail when he first came to Illinois. Some years afterwards when Lincoln took the stump against Judge Douglas, the latter alluded to Lincoln's calling in early western times; but Lincoln retorted that while he had officiated in one capacity on

one side of the bar, Judge Douglas had officiated in the other capacity on the other side!

In 1835 Mr. Larison ran for constable at the solicitation of his old friend, General Gridley, and was fortunate enough to be elected. He served in that capacity for five years, and in 1840 was elected sheriff of McLean County for two years. He was the third sheriff of the county, but he was the first one who took a prisoner to the penitentiary. The prisoner, whose name was Webb, had been arrested by Larison for passing counterfeit money. He was one of that numerous band of counterfeiters and burglars that infected the western country, and had just arrived from the Rock River Valley. As soon as the prisoner was remanded to jail a certain individual of Bloomington began to plot to release him, for the band of thieves had agents in every town. But Mr. Larison "got wind" of this little arrangement and carefully guarded the jail, and had the pleasure of seeing Webb tried, convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for five years. Mr. Larison carried the counterfeiter to Alton, and has every reason to suppose that for five years he did the State substantial service.

Occasionally the early settlers enjoyed themselves by dancing and the pleasures of society. At these pleasant gatherings Mr. Larison was usually the fiddler, and he did what he could to make things lively. Judge Davis was a great dancer in those days, and could step around very lively, but he was not quite so heavy as at the present time. About five years ago some people in Bloomington got up a dance in the style of the early days. Mr. Larison acted in the capacity of fiddler, and the company had a grand time.

In 1850 Mr. Larison was anxious for a chance to hunt, and went to California with a company of sixty persons. They had a great time of it, and Mr. Larison did not return for two years. While crossing the plains they came upon the great game of the West, buffaloes. Some of the party mounted their horses and started for them. The buffaloes, of course, made as good time as they could to get out of the way. Mr. Larison did not have his own horse near, so he borrowed one with little ceremony, and started. He soon came across a buffalo which had taken refuge in a hollow, and gave chase. He rode up by the side of

it and was about to shoot when the ferocious beast turned upon him and, to make matters more troublesome, his horse refused to get out of the way or move until the buffalo was within about fifteen feet of him. But when the horse saw the danger he sprang out of the way. Shortly afterwards Mr. Larison dismounted and shot the buffalo, but did not kill it. John W. Dawson, after snapping a few caps at the animal, held Larison's horse while the latter tried again and succeeded in bringing the buffalo down. They had a great many interesting adventures. When they came to Sweetwater they heard of a place a few miles above them called Devil's Gate. It seems to be a ledge of rock cut through by the washing of water. It is about two hundred feet high and not far from perpendicular. Near the top of this ledge Fremont made his sign, and of course all persons who pass that way must do the same and gain for themselves a cheap notoriety. The most of the company went to the top by a wide circuit, but William Hodge (a son of W. H. Hodge) climbed up this ledge of rock two hundred feet, almost perpendicularly, and when he came within twenty or thirty feet of the top he found it so steep that it seemed impossible to go further, and equally impossible to retreat. In order to climb the remaining short distance the young man pulled off his boots and threw them up to the top. One of them landed safely, while the other tumbled down two hundred feet to the bottom. But the young man succeeded in getting to the top. Now it so happened that a party from the company went to visit the Devil's Gate and while there were suddenly astonished by a boot which dropped down among them. They carried it to camp and found young Hodge coming in barefoot. He had dropped one boot and thinking the other of no use threw it away. Mr. Larison had a little experience of this kind. He tried to climb a steep ledge, and when part way up, at a giddy height, he found it impossible to retreat, and a little green bush growing from a crevice in the rock was all that made it possible for him to proceed.

Mr. Larison was a hundred and four days on the plains. On his route he found many things new and strange. He saw Indians, of course, but during his trip he saw a new variety, the Digger Indians. They live in holes in the ground, and this circumstance has given them their name. They are the lowest in the

scale of humanity, and are as innocent of clothing as Adam and Eve in the Garden before the fall. They show very little ingenuity, and rely upon their bows and arrows to kill their game. Sometimes they build brush fences a half a mile or more in length. Two of these fences converge and form an acute angle with a small opening in the angle. The Indians then collect in large numbers and drive deer and other game between these fences, and as it comes out at the angle parties of Indians shoot it down with arrows.

While in California Mr. Larison transported goods from the sea-coast inland about one hundred and fifty miles to the mines, which were between the summits of the mountains and the valleys. There he traded groceries and provisions to the miners. But it was during the season of 1850 and '51 when there was a drouth. During the winter when rain was expected it continued perfectly dry, and the miners could not wash their gold. They had great heaps of earth piled up ready to be washed when the rain should come and the water should flow down the mountains. But the rain did not come, the miners were "dead broke," and Mr. Larison lost about twelve hundred dollars in his speculation. He then left and went to mining, but it was a year before he made enough money to bring himself home.

The society in California was hard, there was no safety for life or property, and that man was in danger who had money or a good mule. The miners had a very sure way of stealing mules. When a stranger came along with a good mule, some tough old miner would claim that he had lost the mule a few months before, that it had been stolen, and he would bring up four or five of his companions who would swear to his statement. The stranger was brought before a justice, who of course was obliged to decide in accordance with the weight of evidence and give the miner the mule! Mr. Larison bought a very fine mule at Rough and Ready. It was a splendid creature, coal black, with three Spanish brands. It was sure-footed, and would pick its way carefully with its heavy load through the dangerous defiles and over the mountains. After traveling two hundred miles, and having kept it for a long time he sold the mule to Solomon Baker for seventy dollars. Baker enjoyed possession of the animal but a very short time. He was incau-

tious enough to leave his companions, and before long a stalwart miner laid claim to the mule and brought on a gang of villains who all swore the animal away from the unfortunate Baker. The latter came back on Larison, who, in turn, was obliged to refund the seventy dollars and pay also twelve dollars costs for the crime of having owned a pretty black mule! But sometimes this little game does not work. Occasionally the owner of the mule has proof unexpectedly near. One of the party happened to be riding a mule ten miles from Rough and Ready, when a hard-looking character claimed the animal and said he could produce his witnesses at Rough and Ready. The owner said "come right along," he had some witnesses there too. This rather astonished the strange claimant, and he concluded he had "struck the wrong lead."

When Mr. Larison had made enough money by mining to come home he left the hard society of California. He was delighted with the climate, and would have been glad to have lived there if it had not been for the lawless people who first settled in that golden country.

Mr. Larison is a man of rather less than medium height and not heavily built. In his younger days he was heavier, but he had a severe attack of erysipelas and has never since been so healthy and strong. His eyes are small, but show good sense. His hair and beard are becoming a little gray with age. He seems to be a man of very good judgment. He has plenty of courage, and it is safe to say that he has never abandoned any enterprise on account of fear. He is very cheerful, and his conversation is very interesting, particularly when he talks of early days.

Mr. Larison has had nine children, of whom seven are living. They are:

James M. and Lee Larison, live in Bloomington.

Sarah, wife of A. S. Tompkins, lives in Hittle's Grove, Tazewell County.

Melinda F., wife of Henry C. Fell, lives in Normal.

George W. Larison lives in Arrowsmith township.

Greenberry Larison, jr. lives one mile northwest of his father.

John, familiarly called Jack, lives at home.

Richard A. Warlow.

Richard A. Warlow, son of Benjamin Warlow, was born March 20, 1822, in Oneida County, New York. The family moved to Ohio, and in the fall of 1834 they came to Dry Grove, McLean County, Illinois. There they settled on a farm bought by Joshua Bond, an uncle to Richard. The family soon became acquainted with the people in the West, and during the fall of their arrival had a great corn-husking frolic. The inconveniences of the country were severely felt, and Mrs. Warlow often said she would be perfectly satisfied if she could only have what wheat bread she wished to eat. The paradise on earth would be prepared, if she could have an unlimited supply of wheat bread.

Mr. Warlow sustains all that has been said of the great change in the weather of 1836, and speaks of the geese which he saw frozen fast to the ice which covered the ground.

In the fall of 1836 Mr. Warlow, sr., entered land a little north of Brown's Grove. There he built a little cabin of split logs, roughly notched and fitted and covered with bark. In this cabin three of the Warlow boys lived for a while, and cut rail timber and hauled it out of the grove. In February the family, which then numbered eight, moved down to their log cabin, which was twelve by fourteen feet. This cabin was near the place where R. A. Warlow now resides, in Allin township.

Mr. Warlow's opportunities for obtaining an education have not been good. For two winters he attended school in Dry Grove. After he was twenty-one years of age he boarded and attended a subscription school at Dry Grove for twenty days, but at that time the school-house burned down and his school days were ended. When he began work for himself he engaged in various occupations; he worked at pump making; for many years he ran a threshing machine, and for a short time he attended to a saw-mill. He was handy at everything and succeeded well.

Mr. Warlow tells a pretty hard story of the prices of things in early days. In the year 1844 he attended a sale of stock at Dry Grove, and there bid off a yearling steer for $3.50 and was allowed one year's credit. After keeping it for a year or more he sold it for nine dollars! R. A. Warlow obtained his start by

raising corn and selling it in the neighborhood for twelve and a half cents per bushel. With money so obtained he bought the Clark estate at Stout's Grove. It consisted of about one hundred and thirteen acres, and he paid four hundred dollars for it. He afterwards sold out in order to enter land at Brown's Grove; but when he was ready to enter, the land office was closed. The charter had been passed for building the Illinois Central Railroad, and no land was sold until the company had selected what belonged to it. But when the Illinois Central Company at last obtained its land the remainder of the unentered government land was all sold at once. When the sale took place the speculators were numerous. They would allow a farmer to buy a hundred and sixty acres of land for a farm, but this was all. If the farmer attempted to buy more they would bid up on the land until he was driven off altogether. Mr. Warlow afterwards bought land of the railroad company, and now owns six or seven hundred acres. He has been once burned out, and has lost some money by becoming security, but otherwise has had good fortune. The good luck, which always attends the careful and industrious farmer, has been with him, and he is prosperous.

Mr. Warlow married Miss Lavinia Bosarth, April 29, 1849. He has had seven children, all of which are living. They are:

Leslie, John, Belle, Ellen, Julia, Charlie and Annie.

Mr. Warlow is six feet and an inch and a half in height, is rather spare but muscular. He has dark and rather straight hair and dark eyes. His features are prominent, and his face is somewhat long. He is a good-natured man and very kind. He attends to his business, sees quickly what will pay, and manages all of his affairs well. He is very straightforward in his dealings.

John B. Thompson.

John B. Thompson was born January 31, 1793, in Culpepper County, Virginia. His father's name was William Thompson and was of French descent. William Thompson enlisted in the Continental army when only sixteen years of age, and served until the close of the revolutionary struggle. William was sometimes up to his capers, and one little trick which he played

came very near winding up his career as a soldier. He by some means obtained possession of two kegs of powder, which had been wet and were taken out to dry. He fired them with a slow match, and the excitement which followed may be imagined. The soldiers of the entire camp were called into line, and great efforts were made to discover the perpetrator of the trick, but without success. William Thompson was in a number of severe engagements. When the war was ended and peace declared, he returned to his farm. He became a minister of the gospel of the Baptist denomination, and lived to a ripe old age. He was married to Elizabeth Gardner, who was born in Albemarle County, Virginia, but who was of Irish descent.

In 1805 the Thompson family moved to Madison County, Kentucky, and in 1812 they moved to Boone County, same State. On the 24th of June, 1813, John B. Thompson was married to Polly Steers, who was born August 4, 1791, and was of Irish parentage. He remained in Boone County until September, 1829, when he determined to seek a home in the far West. He was not in affluent circumstances, and he did not like to live in the midst of slavery and bring up a family there. His outfit consisted of a four-horse wagon, one yoke of oxen, a few cows, and a little money. After a journey of twenty days he pitched his tent on the Mackinaw, about five miles east of where Lexington now stands. After looking around in various places he at last settled in the old Delaware Indian Town, situated on the banks of the Mackinaw. Many of the Indian lodges were then standing, and he used them for stabling and other purposes. The appearance and prospects of the country were not then very bright, as the people were obliged to go long distances for the necessaries of life. They were obliged to go nearly a hundred miles to mill. Mr. Thompson's house was a large sized log cabin, with a clapboard roof, and greased paper windows. When the "mansion" was built, Mr. Thompson went to Orendorff's mill, down on Sugar Creek, and, in his absence, as the family was without breadstuffs, it was necessary for the children to grate and pound the corn to make the meal.

During the spring of 1830 Mr. Thompson was very busy completing an improvement on his farm. It seems that when the Indians were there, they had cut down many trees for the pur-

pose of burning the tops, and in some places had cut enough to make a little Indian farm or patch for growing corn. With this clearing Mr. Thompson had about fifteen acres under cultivation and raised a fair crop during the first season.

During the latter part of December, 1830, Mr. Thompson, with his brother-in-law, John Steers, each with a team, started to mill. They had been gone only a few days when the deep snow began to fall. Not anticipating the great storm, they kept on their course, obtained their loads of meal and returned to within eleven miles of home. By this time the snow became so deep, that they were compelled to leave one of their wagons and double their teams to an ox-cart, in order to travel. They each took a sack of meal and succeeded in reaching home. But this did not last long, and the families were obliged to pound corn during the remainder of the winter, though they had plenty of meal only eleven miles distant. While the snow was on the ground, Mr. Thompson made an unsuccessful attempt to go to Indian Grove, a distance of ten miles, to see his brother-in-law, Martin Darnell, who was the only settler there. Mr. Thompson did not make another attempt to go there until the deep snow was partly melted, when he and John Henline were successful in making their way to the grove. The Darnell family were in good health, but had lost the day of the week, and were observing Saturday as the Lord's day of rest.

The Mackinaw is a very uncertain stream, and sometimes rises very high, and Mr. Thompson built a canoe to be used in this stream when it overflowed its channel. It was used several years for this purpose until a bridge was built.

During the year 1831, many people came to the western country; the older settlements were strengthened and new ones were formed. Society was then forming, election districts were formed and officers were chosen. During that year Mr. Thompson was elected justice of the peace, and served in this capacity for eight years. He assisted in the organization of the county and was one of the first grand jurors. He was at Bloomington when the county seat was located, and saw the stakes driven with a "nigger head" mall.

During the Black Hawk war in 1832, the settlers on the Mackinaw were very much afraid of an attack by the Kicka-

poos, who had a camp at Indian Grove, and a fort was built at the house of John Henline to afford protection. A full description of this matter is given in other sketches, and it is unnecessary to repeat it here.

The early settlers were not immortal, and occasionally had a funeral, and this of course made the services of an undertaker very convenient. Mr. Thompson made coffins out of lumber dressed down from split puncheons.

In 1834 immigration to Illinois was strong, and all comers met with a hearty welcome at their cabins. But money was liable to great fluctuation, as the land was in market, and settlers made great efforts to collect money enough to enter their improved claims. This they were sometimes unable to do, and their improvements were in some cases sold at a great sacrifice.

John B. Thompson is a man of fine appearance, rather above the medium height, with dark complexion and dark eyes. His head is a little bald; his hair, which in his younger days was very black, is now partly gray; in walking his step is quick, but not so buoyant as formerly; he retains his original vigor of mind, is a fluent talker, and while speaking of the country and telling how "it used to be," he is very animated and earnest. It is said of him that "he is quite a young man, to be nearly eighty-one years of age."

On the twentieth of April, 1873, the wife of Mr. Thompson died, after a happy married life of nearly sixty years. All of their living children, seven in number, were present at their mother's funeral. They are:

Eliza Travis, born March 31, 1814.
William H. Thompson, born January 12, 1818.
Simson E. Thompson, born February 29, 1820.
James F. Thompson, born September 13, 1822.
Cirenia J. Cunningham, born October 3, 1824.
David L. Thompson, born January 20, 1827.
George W. Thompson, born September 11, 1832.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have had three children who are now dead, making thus in all a family of ten children.

Jacob Smith.

Jacob Smith was born April 21, 1821, in Switzerland County, Indiana. His father's name was Charles Smith, and his mother's name before her marriage was Elizabeth Adams. Charles Smith was of Irish descent; that of his wife Elizabeth is not known. Charles Smith was not confined to one occupation. He was sometimes a farmer and sometimes a flatboatman on the Ohio River. He was a captain in the militia and held this position until death, which occurred in the fall of 1832. During the spring of 1833 the Smith family of seven children, four girls and three boys, came with their mother to the head of the Mackinaw, about five miles above where Lexington now is. Their journey was a hard one, as it was rainy and muddy. They broke down on one Sunday, and an old Quaker on his way to church stopped and helped them to mend the wagon. That was the way the spirit moved him. They bought a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of land, with a cabin on it and twelve acres fenced and broke. But during the latter part of the summer the family took the ague; it was a family affair and all came down with it. This discouraged them so much that in the fall of the year they went back to Indiana. There they remained a year, and in December, 1834, started again for Illinois. At Indianapolis it began snowing and continued until eight inches of snow covered the ground. They stopped in an old shanty for a week, by which time the roads became broken and smooth and they again started on their journey. When they came near Terre Haute they found it difficult to get a place to stop, but at last a good man named Steele took them and charged them nothing for entertainment. When they arrived at Cheney's Grove they had twenty-five cents in money, which they used to buy a bushel of corn meal. They went on to the head of the Mackinaw, where they stayed one year and then moved back to Cheney's Grove, where they made a permanent location. Mr. Smith has lived near Cheney's Grove ever since. For the last twenty-eight or nine years he has lived on his place, about a mile west of the grove, in Arrowsmith township. He farmed for a while on old Jonathan Cheney's place. For a long time he was not rich enough to afford a strap for a line with which to guide his horses, but used linn bark.

Mr. Smith has hunted deer, wolves and wild hogs. The latter he considers very dangerous game, as their tusks grow out long, forming the most effective weapons for fighting. At one time, while hunting, he saw a dog take a wild hog by the ear; but the hog threw up its snout and struck its tusk into the breast of the dog, penetrating to the heart at one stroke, killing the dog instantly.

Mr. Smith married in April, 1842, Rosanna Newcom. He has had seven children, but only three are living.

Ethan Allen Smith, the eldest son, enlisted in the 116th Illinois Volunteers, during the late war, and died at Memphis, Tenn., of typhoid fever.

Charles W., Annie J. and Joseph Smith live at the homestead with their father. Albert, Mary Ellen and Lucinda J. Smith are dead.

Mr. Smith is about five feet and eleven inches in height, has brown hair, rather gray whiskers, and light grayish-blue eyes. He is broad-shouldered and very muscular. He has worked hard, has saved his earnings and never gone security for any one. He would rather pay a debt or lend the money than go security for it. He has never sued any one or been sued. He has a fine farm, well arranged, and certainly ought to enjoy life.

BLOOMINGTON TOWNSHIP.

John Hendrix.

John Hendrix was born December 9, 1790, in Virginia. His parents were Susannah and William Hendrix. The Hendrix family moved to Champaign County, Ohio, and there John Hendrix married Jane Britton, in about the year 1813 or 1814.

In the fall of 1821 John Hendrix and John W. Dawson came with their families to Sangamon County, Illinois, where they arrived about Christmas time, and there remained during the winter. In April, 1822, the Hendrix family came to what is now called Blooming Grove. Mr. Dawson came with them, but left his family in Sangamon County. An old man named Segar was also with the company. Mr. Hendrix settled on the place now owned by Oliver H. P. Orendorff. This was the first settlement made within the limits of the present McLean County.

Mr. Hendrix was therefore the first white settler with a family, and Mrs. Hendrix was the first white woman, who set foot upon this soil. Mr. Segar also made a claim and commenced work upon a place which he sold to William Orendorff. Mr. Dawson brought his family shortly afterwards and settled where Mr. Cox now lives. This was just north of Segar's, afterwards Orendorff's claim. The Hendrix and Dawson families lived about one mile apart, and visited each other every Sunday. Indeed they seemed two branches of one family. They could see no one else and they formed a world for themselves. The Hendrix family was very religious. Mr. Hendrix was a member of the Methodist Church and his house was for many years a preaching place for that denomination. The first sermon preached in what is now McLean County was delivered in 1823, in Mr. Hendrix's house, by James Stringfield from Kentucky, an uncle to Squire A. M. Stringfield of Randolph's Grove. Mr. Hendrix was for many years previous to his death a class-leader in the church. He was an industrious man and accumulated enough property to enable him to live in comfort. He never became wealthy, for he died before the land became valuable. Mr. Hendrix had eight children, of whom five lived to be grown. They are:

Nathan Evans Hendrix, who now lives in Monroe County, Iowa.

William Hendrix, who lives in Placerville, Eldorado County, California. He has been there since 1850.

Elizabeth, wife of Hiram Harbert, who died in 1842.

John Britton Lewis Hendrix, who lives in Monroe County, Iowa.

Sarah Lovina Sales Hendrix, now Mrs. Orendorff, lives at Blooming Grove.

Mr. Hendrix was rather above the medium stature and weighed perhaps one hundred and sixty pounds. His hair was rather dark and his eyes blue. He was very quiet in his manner, was always ready to do a favor, indeed always glad to do so. He died on the farm where he made his early settlement and was buried there.

John Wells Dawson.

John W. Dawson was born March 9, 1792, on a farm near Maysville, Kentucky. His father was of English descent and his mother was of Welch. He belonged to a family of eight children. His parents died when he was quite young. He served in the war of 1812 as a wagon-master. A few months after peace was declared he married Ann Cheney, who was born September 17, 1794, in Kentucky. John W. Dawson lived for some time in Alabama and afterwards in Clark County, Ohio. From the latter place he came with John Hendrix to Sangamon County, Illinois, in the fall of 1821, arriving about Christmas time. Their journey lasted six weeks. It was at times unpleasant because of the swamps, the wolves often came howling around them, particularly while cooking, but they came through safely at last. On the road they killed turkeys, prairie chickens and deer. In April, 1822, John W. Dawson came with John Hendrix and his family to Blooming Grove. The family of Mr. Dawson remained in Sangamon County at the house of Evans Britton, an uncle of Mrs. Hendrix. This was on account of the sickness of Mrs. Dawson. Sometime in June the family came on to Blooming Grove and made a permanent settlement on a farm now owned by David Cox about one mile from Hendrix's place. Here he remained four years, and the settlers came in rapidly. In March, 1826, he sold out for four hundred dollars and moved to Old Town timber. The land was not then in market, and when he sold his farm it was simply the claim and improvement to which he gave title. He made a settlement at Old Town timber on one hundred and sixty acres; but when the land came in market he entered nine hundred. It is now all cut up into farms.

Mrs. John W. Dawson was a jovial and witty woman. At one time while Harrison and Van Buren were candidates for president, an opponent of General Harrison declared that the latter had mismanaged his men at the battle of Tippecanoe, and that they were nearly all killed. "Oh no," said Mrs. Dawson, "enough are left to elect him." The stranger gazed at her for some time and then concluded to drop the discussion of political questions. Mrs. Dawson thought a great deal of her neighbors and liked to visit them. People, who lived a long distance

away, were neighbors. On a very cold day Mrs. Dawson mounted a horse and started with her babe in her arms to visit a friend ten miles distant. On her way she met a stranger, who came to look over the country. "Arn't you afraid of freezing?" said the stranger. "No," said Mrs. Dawson, "I am only going over to the neighbors."

During the winter of the deep snow the Dawson family lived happily, pounded their corn, of course, but had flour which lasted until March. Mr. Dawson amused himself during that long winter by teasing an elderly maiden lady and a bachelor by making propositions to unite them in the holy bonds of matrimony. His efforts were unsuccessful.

Mr. John Hendrix sometimes hauled goods for James Allin from Pekin. At one time, when he arrived at Bloomington, Mr. Allin examined the bill of lading and asked "Where is the box of fish?" "The fish were spoiled," said Mr. Hendrix, "and smelt fearfully, and I threw off the box at Mackinaw timber." "Why, Mr. Hendrix, they were codfish. Don't you know that codfish always smell." Hendrix returned for the box.

In about the year 1853 Mr. Dawson moved to Iowa about four miles from Fort Dodge. Only his wife and his youngest daughter went with him. He died there on the 7th of October, 1865, and his wife died during the fall of 1871.

John W. Dawson had ten children, of whom nine lived to be grown. They are:

Henry Dawson, who lives in Indianola, Iowa; Maria, who married Owen Cheney, who died some years ago. She is now the wife of Mr. William Paist of Bloomington.

John Dawson, whose sketch appears in this volume. Isaac Dawson, who was born in Sangamon County, when the family first came to Illinois. He is now dead. Nancy Jane, wife of William Harrison of Old Town, died some years since.

Lucinda, wife of Dr. A. H. Luce, lives in Bloomington.

Mary, wife of Daniel Stine, lives in Olathe, Johnson County, Kansas.

Clarinda, wife of Alexander Miller, lives in De Sota, Johnson County, Kansas.

Lewis Dawson died six or seven years ago.

Martha Ann, wife of Sillman Sherman, lives at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

John W. Dawson was of medium size, was heavy set, had black hair and black eyes and weighed one hundred and sixty or seventy pounds. He was very hospitable, and strangers always found a home there.

John Dawson, (*of Bloomington.*)

Among the earliest and best known settlers in McLean County was John Dawson. John Dawson was born August 14, 1819, on Buck Creek Farm, Clark County, Ohio. His ancestors were from old English and Welch stock, his grandfather, Henry Dawson, having emigrated from the old country at a very early day. Both his grandfather and his father, John Wells Dawson, were farmers, and from their out-of-door life acquired healthy, rugged constitutions. There were ten children in the Dawson family, six girls and four boys. One of the boys, the eldest son, now resides at Indianola, Iowa. He, too, is a pioneer.

John Wells Dawson came with his family to Sangamon County, Illinois, in the year 1821, about Christmas time, young John Dawson being then only three years old. In April, 1822, John W. Dawson and John Hendrix and family came to Blooming Grove about four miles from the present city of Bloomington and built three shanties. The present farm of David Cox and that of the widow of John Cox were Mr. Dawson's property. Hendrix settled one mile west of this, at a place now known as the Orendorff farm. It was here that they had a lively experience with "Lo," the poor Indian. The Kickapoo Indians were jealous of the incoming white men and their chief, Machina, ordered Mr. Dawson's family to quit the country before the leaves fell. This he did by throwing leaves in the air. By this and other signs he gave them to understand that if they were not gone when the leaves in the forest should fall, he would kill all the *bootanas* (white men). Mrs. Dawson replied to him that the time he had given would be sufficient to call together enough *bootanas* to exterminate all the Indians. The old chief was very "wrathy" at this and made some terrible threats which he had the good sense never to carry out. At the close of the summer of 1822 some Indians, about fifteen hundred in number, encamped in front of Mr. Dawson's farm-gate and remained during the following winter. Contrary to expectation they were

the best of neighbors and were on terms of perfect friendship with the Dawson family. The youthful John was highly delighted with his copper-colored friends and was a great favorite with them, especially with the squaws. Two of the old squaws, called aunt Peggy and aunt Nancy, dressed him up in a heavy suit of buckskin and made a fine looking *papoose* out of him. But the Indians could never stand before civilization, and in the winter of 1833 and '34 they were paid at Chicago the money due them from the government and removed to the far West.

When the Dawson family settled at Blooming Grove in 1822 there was not a single house between their place and Chicago; the whole country was wild prairie. Springfield, Danville and Peoria were their nearest neighbors. Mr. Dawson lived on the Blooming Grove farm until the spring of 1826, when he moved to Old Town timber or Dawson's Grove about fifteen miles east of the present city of Bloomington. Two miles southeast of his farm was the Indian village of the Kickapoo nation. The old Indian fort is still to be seen, and curiosities of all kinds, such as brass kettles, Indian brooches, etc., are still found there. The early settlers were anxious for the education of their children, and indeed a plentiful crop of school children is better for the material interest of the country than a crop of wheat or corn. There were many difficulties to be overcome, but the pioneers had learned never to hesitate at trifles. The school-houses were not the little palaces of learning in which the children now study their lessons; they were not so comfortably heated in winter, but on the other hand there was no lack of ventilation, for the fresh prairie breezes could come through the chinks between the logs without any patent appliances. There were no pale students driven into the early stages of consumption for want of pure air.

In 1828 Mr. Dawson (senior) built the first school-house in McLean County. It was made of logs and lighted with windows of white paper instead of glass. The first school-teacher was Delilah Mullen, who taught her young pupils at Mr. Dawson's house before the school-house was finished. The first house where the city of Bloomington now stands, was built by William Evans in 1827. But this house was not in the original town. The south part of the city was then scattering timber,

commencing from near Gridley's residence and running up to the Court House.

In the winter of 1830 and '31 Bloomington was chosen county seat of McLean County. Judge Lockwood held the first session of court in 1832; but as far as Mr. Dawson can remember there were no cases on the docket. The first Court House was a frame building twenty by thirty feet and stood on the site of the present Court House, but was afterwards moved away to make room for a finer building. The first sale of town lots in Bloomington took place on the Fourth of July, 1831. It was then that John Dawson bought a lot which was sixty feet by one hundred and fifteen for four dollars and thirty cents. In 1848 he built a house on it and sold it to a Rev. Mr. Perry for $800. It now belongs to Dr. H. Schroeder who purchased it of Perry for $5,500. The lot and house are east of Schroeder's Opera House and belong to the Postoffice Block. Of the original town of Bloomington only forty acres were laid out; all of the other parts are additions. The streets of the original town running east and west are Washington, Jefferson and North streets; those running north and south are East, Main, Center and West streets.

In early days the modes of travel were more picturesque than convenient. On land were ox-teams and on water were flat-boats. The railroad was a "down east" institution. Pullman had not then invented palace cars, and if he had done so, the early settlers could not have enjoyed their magnificence. The forest and the prairie were occasionally marked by solitary Indian trails, and these were all the guides from point to point. Old Town timber and Peoria, which was then called Fort Clark, were connected by an Indian trail.

The first train of the Illinois Central railroad ran into Bloomington from La Salle in the spring of 1853 and the Chicago and Alton road was finished in June of the same year. Bloomington had at that time fifteen hundred inhabitants and its progress has been rapid ever since.

The weather was a matter of greater moment to the pioneers than to us, as they were always exposed to its changes, and all of them have sharp recollections of the frosts of winter. The year 1830 was perhaps the most remarkable for the severity of

weather. During that year the snow commenced falling on the last day of December, until in the timber it laid three feet in depth while on the prairie the drifts rose to great heights. The wild animals became ferocious and the wolves killed nearly all the deer; the few deer that remained could scarcely find anything to eat. They were so poor and hungry that they could be caught by hand. They could be attracted by felling a tree and when the poor creatures came to pick the leaves they could be easily caught. Since that time deer have been comparatively scarce. But the year 1836 was perhaps the most remarkable for its sudden changes. Mr. Dawson relates that during that year he had a very severe experience. During the winter he went to William's mill which is located on Salt Creek, six miles south of Le Roy. He had two yoke of oxen drawing a load of wheat and corn to be ground. The snow was two feet deep; in the afternoon it commenced raining and continued until noon the next day. On that day Mr. Dawson started for home and at about three o'clock in the afternoon he was one mile from Henry Crumbaugh's place. Suddenly he heard a noise like the roaring of distant thunder and on looking around could see the approach of a storm. An intensely cold wind then came, freezing everything almost immediately. He had scarcely gone one hundred yards with his ox-team before the frozen slush would bear his weight, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he succeeded in getting back to Crumbaugh's and in preventing his team from slipping.

Of course Mr. Dawson has been married. This interesting event took place in the year 1842 at Albana, Champaign County, Ohio. The name of the happy bride was Caroline Wiley.

Perhaps the reader who has taken some interest in the experience of this pioneer may wish to know something of his personal appearance. John Dawson is well formed and is a little above the medium size. He has a very honest and intellectual countenance and his nose is sometimes ornamented with spectacles. He is not a man of much book learning, as the pioneers did not have the best facilities for education; but he has, as much as possible, educated himself. He possesses a jewel which we are sorry to say is somewhat rare, and that is good common sense. He is a man who commands respect among his fellows and is able to clear the way and contend with difficulties.

William Orendorff.

William Orendorff was born March 26, 1792, in Georgia. He is of German descent. His father's name was Christopher Orendorff and his mother was Elizabeth Phillips before her marriage. William Orendorff was the oldest of a family of twelve children, eight boys and four girls, all of whom grew up to manhood and womanhood and all, except one, were married. He visited Illinois first in 1816 and emigrated to the State with his family during the following year, to St. Clair County and lived there and in Clinton County until the fall of 1822. During the winter of 1822 and '23 he lived in Sangamon County. In the spring of 1823 he moved to Blooming Grove, Fayette County, in what is now the county of McLean, and arrived there on the second of May, 1823. Soon after his arrival he was ordered away by Machina and others of the Indians, but refused to go and was not molested. Mr. Orendorff was a man of first-rate judgment and very popular and in 1825 was appointed justice of the peace by Governor Coles. It is seen by his commission that he was first nominated by the House of Representatives, confirmed by the Senate and commissioned by the Governor, and held the office during good behavior. The following is the commission:

"Know ye that William Orendorff, having been nominated by the House of Representatives to the office of justice of the peace for the County of Fayette and his nomination having been confirmed by the Senate, I, Edward Coles, Governor of said State, for and on behalf of the people aforesaid, do appoint him Justice of the Peace for said county and do authorize and empower him to execute and fulfill the duties of that office according to law. And to have and to hold the said office with all the rights and emoluments thereunto legally appertaining during good behavior. In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the State seal to be affixed this sixth day of January in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and twenty-five, and of the independence of the United States the forty-ninth.

By the Governor:

[SEAL.] EDWARD COLES.

M. Birkbeck, Secretary of State."

He did not take the oath of office until the following Decem-

ber. When Tazewell County was cut off from Fayette, Mr. Orendorff was re-commissioned during good behavior, but when the new constitution of Illinois making his office elective went into effect, Mr. Orendorff was, at the first election held in Tazewell County, chosen justice of the peace and was commissioned Sept. 29, 1827. This election was held at William Orendorff's house.

The great hurricane, which passed through Blooming Grove, came late in the afternoon of the nineteenth of June, 1827. Mr. Orendorff returned soon after, and when he saw the destruction it caused and the trees in the timber piled up twenty feet high, he declared that he would sell out everything for $200, if he could get it, and move away. This great hurricane covered seven acres of land, which William Evans had planted in corn, with limbs and brush and it was considered utterly ruined. Then William Orendorff, who was one of the most generous and kind-hearted of men, gave Mr. Evans five acres of growing corn, provided only that the latter would cultivate it. Evans' corn, which was so injured, afterwards produced something of a crop, and he sold it for $100, and entered with the money eighty acres of land which he lived on near Bloomington and which is now included in the city. Mr. Evans always gave the credit for his start in the world to William Orendorff.

During the winter of the deep snow he helped Major Baker to build his mill, with "nigger head" stones for grinding. In the fall of 1832 Mr. Orendorff was sick with the cholera, so sick that his physicians gave him up. At one time he arose in his bed and said: "What is the use of a man's being dead and alive again," and from his flightiness it was thought he had but a few moments yet to live, but he rallied and recovered from the jaws of death. The disease was accompanied by a troublesome hiccough, and when the hiccough ceased the disease was broken up.

Mr. Orendorff was married four times. He first married in Kentucky in about the year 1811 Miss Sally Nichols. By this marriage he had three children, James, Elizabeth and William. She died not long afterwards. He next married in Illinois Miss Lovina Sayles, in about the year 1819, and by this marriage had five children, two boys and three girls. They were

Sarah, Oliver, Lewis, Mary J. and Nancy. His wife Lovina died November 9, 1831. In 1834 he married Miss Susan Ogden, and by this marriage had two children, Christopher and Margaret. She died not long afterwards. On his sixty-second birth-day Mr. Orendorff married Miss Naomi Abel and by this marriage had four children, Francis, Orrin, Emma and William. Four of his children are now living in McLean County. James K. Orendorff, Oliver H. P. Orendorff and John Lewis Orendorff live at or near Blooming Grove. Christopher Orendorff lives near Cheney's Grove.

Mr. Orendorff was a man of great popularity and had many friends. He took great pleasure in entertaining everyone who came to his house. He loved to see their friendly faces and probably thought that the most perfect happiness consisted in giving the people of the earth a good dinner and enjoying their smiles and friendly greetings. He had indeed a generous disposition, too generous for his own good. He was always ready to help and assist. This disposition made him a man of great popularity and influence. He became, not long before his death, a member of the Methodist church; he had previously inclined to universalism. He died May 12, 1869, in the seventy-eighth year of his age.

Thomas Orendorff and John Berry Orendorff.

Thomas Orendorff was born August 14, 1800, in Spartanburg, South Carolina. His father's name was Christopher Orendorff and his mother's, before her marriage, was Elizabeth Phillips. His father was of German descent, and his mother was American. His father had a family of twelve children, all of whom grew to be men and women. The Orendorff family left Spartanburg before Thomas was seven years old; nevertheless he remembers much of the place, and particularly calls to mind a fire in the thickly wooded pine forest. This fire was grander than any prairie fire he has ever seen in the West. Impressions made upon children are sometimes very lasting. Mr. Orendorff remembers a preacher by the name of Golightly, who did indeed go lightly upon his religion, for he became very worldly minded. Mr. Orendorff remembers very well the ne-

groes of South Carolina, who were very kindly treated and lived in comfortable quarters.

In about the year 1807 the Orendorff family moved west of the Cumberland Mountains, to Franklin County, Tennessee. The land there was owned principally by speculators, and had been surveyed in large tracts, so the Orendorff family took a new departure, and in 1811 came to Kentucky. The country was then very wild. He remembers that two little boys were lost in the mountains, one a white and one a negro, and were not found until nearly starved to death. Religious excitement sometimes became very high in Kentucky, and at revivals the most outrageous antics would be performed. People would dance and jerk and run and fall on the floor.

It was in the year 1811 that the earthquake of New Madrid occurred and the shocks were plainly felt in Kentucky. They felt the earth shake and heard noises similar to distant thunder. Mr. Orendorff afterwards saw many chimneys, which had been shaken down on the American bottom opposite St. Louis, but the earthquake did no particular damage in Kentucky. After raising one crop in Christian County, the Orendorff family moved to Henderson County, Kentucky, near the site of the present town of Hendersonville, and remained there until the spring of 1817, when they came to Illinois. They stayed one year on the Little Wabash, and in the spring of 1818 came to St. Clair, east of Belleville. In the spring of 1819 Thomas Orendorff went to Sangamon County, and the family followed in the fall. It was then called the Saint Gamy country, but the words were afterwards united by common usage and became Sangamon. Their occupation was fighting mosquitoes, breaking prairie, splitting rails, &c. At that time very few settlers had come to Sangamon County; but during the year 1820 they came in very fast. That part of the country was then very wet, and Thomas Orendorff determined at once to find a better location. In 1823 he and his brother William mounted their horses and came to Blooming Grove, then called Keg Grove, where they found two settlers, Dawson and Hendrix. They looked over the country for some time, and at last Thomas found a spot at Blooming Grove that suited him, and said: "There's my claim," and took it. This is the place now owned by Stephen

Houghton. William Orendorff bought a claim for fifty dollars in the southeast of Blooming Grove and settled there. Thomas Orendorff returned twice to Sangamon County, and the last time brought the family of William Orendorff from there to Blooming Grove, where they arrived on the second of May, 1823.

When Thomas and William Orendorff settled in McLean County the old chief of the Kickapoos came with Machina (afterwards their chief) and ordered them to leave. But the old chief spoke English in such a poor manner that Thomas Orendorff told him to keep still and let Machina talk. Then Machina drew himself up and said in his heavy voice: "Too much come back, white man. T'other side Sangamon." Mr. Orendorff told Machina that the latter had sold the land to the whites; but Machina denied it, and the discussion waxed warm, and the chiefs went away feeling very much insulted. Mr. Orendorff's friends considered his life very much in danger, and he was advised to leave the country by Judge Latham, the Indian agent, but he attended to his business and was not molested. At one time an Indian, called Turkey, came to Mr. Orendorff and gave him warning that Machina would kill him; but no attempt was made to put such a threat into execution.

The Indians in this locality were principally Kickapoos, but after a while some Delawares came, but they looked to the Kickapoos for protection. The Pottawotamies also passed through occasionally.

The Delawares were much like the Kickapoos. For the curiosity of the reader we give here a few words of the Delaware language, which were remembered by Mrs. Orendorff. They used the decimal system in counting, and the following are their numerals up to ten: Cota, nitia, naha, nawai, palini, cotosh, nishhosh, hosh, pashcon, telon.

The Indians, it is well known, never loved work, but occasionally they indulged in it by way of variety. One Indian, called Moonshine, chopped logs for Mr. Orendorff while the latter split rails. Mr. Orendorff paid him a twist of tobacco for each cut, which made fifteen or twenty rails. The Indian earned nine twists of tobacco and was rich. Mr. Moonshine also assisted Mr. Orendorff in putting up a cabin.

Among the Kickapoos were two Delaware squaws, who were really curiosities. They were Aunt Peggy and Aunt Nancy. The former was said to have been the wife of one of the Girtys, who, it is well known, left civilization, joined the Indians and fought against the whites. These were well educated squaws, and Aunt Peggy was a Presbyterian, but it is unpleasant to relate that, notwithstanding Aunt Peggy's education and her membership in the Presbyterian Church, she had the failing so common among Indians—she drank more whisky than was good for an elderly matron.

Mr. Orendorff says the Indians have the same little jealousies and heartburnings which trouble the whites, and these little feelings are sometimes manifested in curious ways. At one time he saw a Kickapoo and a Delaware talking together in a pleasant way. They seemed to be on the most intimate terms of friendship. They had been to a dance together during the evening previous, and it seemed that they were Damon and Pythias come to earth again, and that in their warm affection they would be willing to give their lives for each other. But a moment afterwards their backs were turned and the Delaware said to Mr. Orendorff: "Ugh! don't like Kickapoo; Kickapoo is mean"; and probably the Kickapoo had the same opinion of the Delaware.

Mr. Orendorff settled on his claim in Blooming Grove in the fall of 1824, and in October of that year married Mary Malinda Walker. The service was performed by Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes.

Mr. Orendorff's experience with the winter of the deep snow was very much like the experience of others. His stock walked over stake and rider fences, and he pounded corn as did the rest of his neighbors.

When Mr. Orendorff came to this country, the county was called Fayette, but shortly afterwards Tazewell County was organized, and the excitement over it was very great. The first election in Tazewell County was held at the house of William Orendorff, where Mr. W. H. Hodge was elected sheriff and Thomas Orendorff coroner.

Mr. Orendorff thinks he was the first who gave the name of Blooming to the grove. The circumstances are related in the sketch of John Rhodes. The two men were writing letters and

when Rhodes asked what name to give the grove, Mr. Orendorff looked up to the maple trees which were just coming out with blossoms and said: "It looks blooming here, I think we had better call it Blooming Grove.

In the year 1830 the county of McLean was organized. Various petitions were circulated for that purpose, and in order to show that no "snap judgment" was taken a small protest against it was presented from Waynesville. The petition was taken to Vandalia by Thomas Orendorff and Colonel James Latta. Mr. William Lee D. Ewing, a very fine man, who was the speaker of the house, interested himself in the matter. But Mr. Ewing was rather slow about it and the two men were obliged to wait for several days. At last Mr. Ewing called them into his room and asked what the name of the county should be. Colonel Latta wished it named Hendricks County after Mr. Hendricks of Indiana; but Mr. Ewing remarked that he was afraid to have it called after any living man, for no person's reputation was safe before he was in his grave, for if he was living he might possibly do some thing mean and the county would be ashamed of him. Mr. Ewing therefore proposed to call the name of the county McLean after John McLean, who had been their representative in congress and was very much thought of. This was done and the great county of McLean received its name. The bill was passed without any opposition through the Lower House in the forenoon and through the Senate in the afternoon. In the bill, creating the county, three commissioners were named to locate the county seat. They were Mr. Freeman and Jonathan Pugh of Macon County and Lemuel Lee of Vandalia. The commissioners appointed Thomas Orendorff the first assessor. The first assessment was made roughly on what each person was worth without specifying his property, and was completed in thirteen days. The lowest valuation of property was eleven dollars.

After remaining at Blooming Grove for some time, Mr. Orendorff began to take a philosophical view of the country and of the general prospect, and came to the conclusion that the groves would be well settled around their edges in the course of time, and he expected some day to see Blooming Grove surrounded by a cordon of farms. Then he began to ask himself

how in such a case the cattle could get out from the grove to the prairie to graze. After thinking the matter over for some time he moved to Little Grove about three-quarters of a mile east of the lower end of Blooming Grove, where he lives at the present time. But his expectations of always having range for his cattle have been blasted. The prairie has become thickly settled and is covered with farms, and the almost boundless pasture is gone.

Mr. Orendorff has had thirteen children of whom eleven grew up to manhood and womanhood. They are:

John Berry Orendorff who lives near his father.

David Owen Orendorff who now lives in Kansas.

Mrs. Mary Sophronia Able, wife of Daniel Able of Cheney's Grove.

Mrs. Catherine Scott, wife of John Scott of Bloomington township.

Mrs. Caroline Baremore, wife of John Baremore of Bloomington township.

Mrs. Sarah Margaret Orendorff, wife of Thomas Orendorff of Hopedale.

Thomas Walker Orendorff.

Mrs. Martha Malinda Luce, wife of Albert Luce of Bloomington township.

Charles Orendorff lives at home.

Ben Jay Orendorff, who lives in Chicago.

Mrs. Olive Jane Hollis, wife of Allen Hollis, lives at her father's house.

Mr. Orendorff is very tall, is six feet four and one-half inches high. It is pretty hard to give a clear idea of his appearance and expression. When he smiles, his laugh goes into his chin and he appears exceedingly amused. It is a pleasure to be in his presence and see him smile. He is kind to his family and his neighbors, and when he parts with them he says kindly "I wish you well." We are sure that everyone who knows him must wish him well, and even if old Machina, the Kickapoo chief, were living, he would be willing to forget their old animosity and "shake hands across the bloody chasm."

John Berry Orendorff.

John Berry Orendorff was born May 3, 1827, on the old Mason farm, in the south part of Blooming Grove, on the place now owned by Stephen Houghton. Although he was very young when the deep snow came in 1830 and '31, he clearly remembers it, and remembers the walls of snow which were thrown up to make a path from the house to the barn.

The sudden change in the weather which came in December, 1836, came when the little Orendorffs were out at play in the yard and nearly blew them away and froze their little noses before they could get into the house.

Mr. Orendorff's experience has been that of nearly all the old settlers. He has fought fire on the prairies when it threatened to take everything before it; he has at a single time been obliged to fight it for two miles and a half, when it rolled on between Blooming and Randolph's Grove.

Mr. Orendorff remembers very clearly, and gives a good description of the queer contrivances used by the people of early days. It was the duty of every settler to exercise his ingenuity in fighting against the common enemy of the farmers, the wolves, which carried off the chickens and sheep and little pigs. Traps were made for them of the most ingenious kind. A trap was made of logs or heavy poles, and was ten feet square and two and a half or three feet high. The floor was of puncheons, so that the wolves could not scratch out underneath. One of the top logs was hinged, and was raised up and braced with a trigger after the fashion of a rabbit trap. The trigger was inside, and had attached to it a piece of meat. The wolves would smell the meat for a long distance and come up to the trap cautiously and jump in and grab the meat, when the log above would fall and capture them.

The first plows used by the settlers were made of wood, the next of iron and the last of steel. The first plow which Mr. Orendorff used was called the Barshear. This was a plow having a piece of iron for a shear, which ran flat on the ground and had a bar attached which extended from the point several feet back, and held the plow steady. The mould board was made of wood, and the plow worked very well. Many hundreds of thousands of acres have been ploughed with the Barshear.

But after a while an improvement was made, and the Cary plow with an iron mould board was manufactured. But this would not scour, and a plow with a mould board of steel was substituted.

Corn was formerly ploughed by going three times through the furrow, but with the modern cultivator it is only necessary to go once. The wheat was formerly cut with a sickle, pitched with wooden forks and tramped out with horses. The first harrows were A shaped, and had wooden teeth, but now they are of various shapes and have teeth of steel. Wheat was cleaned by throwing it in the air, or slowly dropping it from some high place and fanning it as it fell, with a sheet which two persons raised and lowered. The people raised their own sheep, cut the wool, washed it, picked it to pieces and carded it, and the women spun it. Every farmer raised flax. It was pulled by hand and laid in piles, until it was bleached and rotted, then it was tied up and hauled in. When dry it was broken with a hand break and the shives (or bark) were separated by striking the flax with a wooden knife, as the flax was held over a board, called a scutcheon board. The tow was afterwards separated by a fine hackle or comb, and was used for coarse goods, while the flax was used for fine goods. It was spun and woven by the women. Ropes were made of tow by twisting the single strands with cranks, then passing them through holes and twisting them all together. Cotton was often raised and taken to Springfield to be ginned, after which it was spun and woven by the industrious women.

Mr. Orendorff is a man rather above the ordinary stature and is quite heavily built. He is a thriving and industrious farmer, a hard worker, and a good father to his interesting family. He likes to see his friends and usually keeps some good cider for them. He married November 18, 1847, Nancy Jane McCairn, and has had six children in all, five of whom are living.

James K. Orendorff.

James K. Orendorff was born December 28, 1812, near Hopkinsville, Kentucky. His parents were of German and Welch descent. His father, William Orendorff, was born in Georgia. He made a visit to Illinois in 1816, and in 1817 came with his

family to live here. He settled in St. Clair County and lived there and in Clinton County until the fall of 1822. He lived during the winter of 1822 and '23 in Sangamon County, within six miles of Springfield. During the fall of 1822 he made a visit to Blooming Grove, and moved there on the second of May, 1823. He first made a log cabin, then hewed puncheons and clapboards and made a house. These early houses were curiosities in their way. The door of Mr. Orendorff's cabin was, he thinks, pinned on with wooden pins. The shelves were made of boards held up with pins. The hearth and fire place were of beaten earth, and the chimney was made of sticks and clay. The first school teacher to whom he went was William H. Hodge, who understood how to teach the little pioneers their a, b, c's successfully. When Mr. Orendorff came here the country was an almost unbroken wilderness. A few miners were at work near Galena, and a few whites at the salt works about six miles this side of Danville.

Mr. Orendorff remembers the changes in the weather. These are matters more particularly noted by the early settlers, as they were more exposed to wind and storm and sudden changes. In the spring of 1827, by the middle of March, the grass was ankle high in the marshes, and the prairies had a greenish tinge, but not enough grass for cattle, except near the sloughs.

The people did their trading at Springfield, and there they went to mill. Every settler who went did trading for himself and his neighbors. People then had very little money to buy with, and nearly all business was done by exchange.

The people then practised the most rigid economy. They spun their own clothing and colored it with walnut bark, indigo and hickory bark. They raised their own cotton and flax and made their own sugar. They boiled maple sap in large iron kettles, which they bought by weight, giving for them maple sugar and trading pound for pound. The settlers made their own boots and shoes and clothing of all kinds. Mrs. Orendorff has a quilt made of cotton by hand before the deep snow. It is finely made and a great curiosity, and Mrs. Orendorff is justly proud of it.

The taxes paid by the people at first went to Vandalia, as that was then the county seat of the great county of Fayette. In 1831, on the Fourth of July, William Orendorff, the father of James, was the auctioneer to sell the town lots of Bloomington, as on that day the little town was born.

Mr. James K. Orendorff takes great interest in the peculiar customs of the first settlers and the devices used by them in their labor. Their wheat was first separated from the straw by tramping it out with horses. They cleaned the wheat by throwing it in the air and allowing the wind to blow out the chaff, or by letting it fall from some altitude and fanning it with a sheet which two persons waved in the air. The settlers would use a hollow log or one which they gouged out with an axe, for a sugar trough or as a convenient receptacle for pork. Old Ephraim Stout was most skillful in the work of making these troughs and used them for wash tubs. He put legs to them to hold them up and fitted pins in the bottoms to empty the water. An old Vermonter used a tin pan scoured up brightly, as a looking glass. One would think that a device of such a nature would have been discovered by a woman. The pitchforks used by early settlers were made of wood, and it was many years before the iron-toothed forks were seen in the West.

Mr. Orendorff was in the Black Hawk war and was a member of the company commanded by Merritt Covel. The company went first to Pekin, from there to Peoria and on to Dixon's Ferry. They had very few provisions. On their way to Dixon they joined the command of Major Stillman at Red Oak Grove. There Mr. Orendorff and six others lost their horses, but he came along on foot. When the command came to a high ridge, overlooking the Winnebago Swamps, they saw far off to the left down Rock River a smoke suddenly rising, which was supposed to be a signal made by the Indians of the coming of the whites. Major Stillman's men left their baggage wagons at the Winnebago Swamps, and made a forced march to Dixon's Ferry, where they arrived at night. The next morning their baggage wagons came in, and one of the soldiers (Bob Harbert) said, "they arrived more by good luck than good conduct." They remained for several days at Dixon, until the "Governor's troops" with Governor Reynolds came up. Major

Stillman's men there drew five days' provisions and went up Rock River on the famous expedition which resulted in "Stillman's Run." When the five days' provisions were drawn, the baggage wagons were empty. As Mr. Orendorff had no horse he did not go up Rock River with his company, but took the empty baggage wagons back to Winnebago Swamps to meet Captain McClure's company, and carried orders for Captain McClure to turn up Rock River with his men and provisions, in order to supply the men under Stillman. There Mr. Orendorff got his horse, which had been found by John Rhodes, Owen Cheney, and others. It was a fine, dark, chestnut sorrel, and he has the same breed yet. Captain McClure's company had no provisions, and they came immediately on to Dixon's Ferry, where they arrived the evening before Stillman's defeat. The second morning afterwards from two o'clock until eleven Stillman's men came straggling in. On that day the greater part of the army went up to bury the dead of Stillman's Run, but Mr. Orendorff was sent with some others down to the rapids, ten or fifteen miles distant, to bring up provisions which were taken up that far in keel boats. Nothing further of any consequence occurred, in which Mr. Orendorff took part, previous to the discharge of the men, and the re-organization of the army. The soldiers in the Black Hawk war were remarkable for their ingenuity and good management under the difficulties and hardships to which they were subjected. They mixed up their flour in a hollow hickory bark, put a piece of the dough on a stick and roasted it. They made meal soup of water, meal and gravy, after frying their meat; and they resorted to a thousand ingenious devices to prepare their food and make themselves comfortable under difficulties.

When the country was new, all lumber for building purposes was first hewed out with axes, but afterwards a great improvement was made when the whip saw was introduced. The log to be sawed was first made square, then raised high enough from the ground for a man to stand under it conveniently, and the whip saw was pulled up and down, one man standing above and another below. Two hundred feet of lumber could be sawed out in a day.

The land in Illinois was surveyed in October, 1823, but the sale did not take place until 1829, and then the settlers had to be active in securing their titles.

Game was plenty in early days. On the Okaw River Mr. Orendorff saw deer in droves of from fifty to three hundred, indeed the number of deer in the country was astonishing. When the settlers came in they cultivated corn, which stood ungathered during the winter, and the deer fed on it and came out in the spring in fine condition. In addition to this the settlers made constant war on the wolves, gave bounties for their scalps, and hunted them with dogs and horses, and as these pests of the earth became thinned out the deer multiplied more rapidly. The Indians went down to the Okaw in the fall to hunt deer and returned in the spring.

Mr. Orendorff remembers among the Indians two old squaws, Peggy and Nancy, who stayed in Blooming Grove during the winter while the tribe went down on the Okaw. Aunt Peggy was supposed to have been the wife of Simon Girty, the celebrated white renegade. Both of these squaws were splendidly formed women. Aunt Nancy was fully six feet in height.

James K. Orendorff is of rather less than the medium stature, has small, dark, expressive eyes, is a hard worker, gets on well in the world, has a fine farm well stocked, and appears prosperous. He is a man of positive ideas, and thinks he would rather rely upon the honesty of the old settlers than upon the obligations imposed by law. He thinks a great deal of his family, takes pride in them and makes great exertions for their welfare and comfort. He married, May 4, 1837, Miss Lovina Sales, daughter of Elias and Sarah Sales. They have had six children, of whom four are living. One died in infancy. The children are:

William Orendorff, born December 9, 1839, lives temporarily on his grandfather's place, about half a mile north of his father's house.

Perry Orendorff, born July 7, 1842, lives in West township, section thirty-six.

James Orendorff, born August 20, 1844, lives at home.

Mary Francis Orendorff, born, September 21, 1847, lives at home.

Sarah Adeline Orendorff, born January 21, 1854, died February 7, 1857.

Oliver Hazard Perry Orendorff.

Oliver H. P. Orendorff was born May 16, 1822, in Washington County, Illinois. When he was about one year old his father came to that part of Fayette County, which now forms the county of McLean, and settled at Blooming Grove. This was on the second of May, 1823. Mr. O. H. P. Orendorff has lived here ever since. The first school he attended was kept by William H. Hodge. Books were then scarce in the West and the one Oliver studied was an old fashioned almanac. He was rather a precocious youth and his memory goes back to an early period. He remembers when David Cox came to the country, which was in September, 1826. Mr. Orendorff went to school to Mr. Hodge, when it was kept about a mile distant. He was then very small, and at one time, when the weather was cold, he would have been frozen to death, had he not been dragged to the school-house by his sister and Maria Dawson.

The great hurricane, which swept through Blooming Grove came on the nineteenth of June, 1827. Although the house, where the Orendorffs lived, was not in the immediate track of the hurricane, it blew there fearfully. While it was coming up even the beasts of the field understood the danger. The Orendorff boys, who were at home alone, had just driven up the cattle, and when the dumb creatures saw the coming storm they took refuge in a new and unoccupied log house. The hurricane unroofed the houses of William Evans and William Walker, although they were not in its immediate track. It passed through the timber and piled up the trees in some places twenty feet high. Nothing in the forest could stand before it. The trees were broken and twisted and torn. About nineteen days afterwards as Mr. William Orendorff and some others were looking at the wreck of the scattered timber, they found a hog pinned fast to the ground by the limb of a tree and much bruised and unable to move. The logs were cut and it was released from confinement and afterwards made a fine porker. The width of the hurricane was about half a mile and its length no one knows.

Its direction was almost due east. It passed through Blooming Grove at about twilight in the evening.

During the winter of the deep snow Mr. Orendorff went to school to Cheney Thomas through the timber. After the heavy snow fell a road was broken and the little Orendorffs by passing back and forth kept the road clear. But outside of the timber no road remained broken longer than a few hours, as the snow drifted over it. The Orendorff family suffered very little during this winter, but many families were so distressed with the cold and lack of corn that they allowed their cattle to take care of themselves. The corn crop during the season previous was very fine, but the season following was so cold and short by reason of the length of time required to melt away the deep snow, that very little corn came to maturity. The suffering caused by the difficulty of obtaining food was sometimes extreme. A man named Rook, who lived on Rook's Creek about twenty miles north of Lexington, became short of provisions, and it seemed that his family must starve. He made himself some snow shoes, took a hand sled and walked twenty miles to where Lexington now is, and there found corn which he took home to his starving family.

Mr. Orendorff has a lively recollection of the Indians, and particularly of two squaws, Aunt Peggy and Aunt Nancy. These squaws were pretty well educated, and it is said that, while listening to a backwoods preacher, they amused themselves by criticising his grammatical blunders. They often came to the house of Mrs. Orendorff (mother of Oliver) and helped her wash and do her work. They were particularly pleased with children, and greatly admired every likely looking white *papoose*. They took a great fancy to Oliver, and wished to bring him up and make an Indian chief of him.

Mrs. Orendorff died on the 9th of November, 1831, and this sad event affected Oliver very deeply.

Oliver Orendorff had a somewhat adventurous disposition. When he was very young he went with his brother James with a six horse team to St. Louis for a load of goods for Greenberry Larison. They passed through Springfield, which was then a village of log huts. In 1834 he went with a party of drovers to White Oak Springs, near Galena, with a lot of hogs. They

crossed Rock River at Dixon's Ferry, and there Mr. Orendorff saw old Father Dixon, then the only white inhabitant at that point. At Kellogg's Grove, where during the Black Hawk war Colonel Dement had fought the Indians with his Spy Battalion, he saw the bones of horses and a human skull. Although Oliver was only twelve years of age, he was taken along with these drovers for something besides amusement; it was his business to take care of a team. He was then a "sassy" little driver, but hardy and tough. He had no remarkable adventure on the way. He often went to Chicago, was once seventeen days on his journey, and received only fifty cents a bushel for his wheat. Of course he always camped out on these expeditions.

During the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, Oliver Orendorff was at school. The ground was covered with slush and water, and young Benjamin Cox made a wish that the weather would turn cold, and freeze over the creek. It did turn cold, so cold that many of the scholars could not go home; the little Orendorffs were "weather-bound," and staid over night at William Michael's. The following morning Oliver went home on horseback, and while crossing a creek his horse broke through the ice at a riffle and at the same time went under a low hanging limb of a tree which brushed Oliver from the horse's back. Unfortunately he got his boot full of water, but he mounted his horse and rode home, a half a mile distant, on the keen run. When he arrived there his boot was frozen fast to his foot, and he had great difficulty in pulling it off.

During the famous wet season of 1844, Mr. Orendorff moved the goods and stock of an aunt of his to Iowa. He started on the 9th of May, walked the whole distance and with his cousin drove twenty head of cattle. They waded and swam the sloughs and creeks, and crossed the Illinois River by wading, ferrying and swimming. The horses attached to their wagon went through with much kicking, and scratching, but came out safe at last. He returned home by the fourth of June, and says that during all the time he was gone his clothes were never once entirely dry. He helped his uncle plant corn before he started, and on his return helped his father plant corn, as the ground had been difficult to plow on account of the wet.

The first camp-meeting Mr. Orendorff ever attended was held

on the place where he now lives. The Rev. Peter Cartwright was present, and preached in his most interesting and humorous style.

Mr. Orendorff married, April 1, 1847, Sarah Levina Hendrix, the daughter of John and Jane Hendrix, the first settlers within the limits of the present McLean County. The marriage was celebrated at the home of Mrs. Jane Hendrix, near where Mr. Orendorff now lives. They have had two children, one daughter and one son, both of whom are now living. They are:

Mrs. Mary Jane Cox, wife of William M. Cox, lives near the line between Bloomington and Randolph townships.

George Perry Orendorff lives at the homestead with his father.

Mr. Orendorff is five feet and ten and one-half inches high, is not heavily built, seems to enjoy a fair degree of health, and appears pretty muscular and well developed. He is very positive in his opinions, is a man of good sense, is very kind and sociable and ready to do a favor, thinks a great deal of old times and the old settlers, and is himself one of the best of them. He works hard, is careful and thrifty, and is blessed with a fair portion of the world's goods.

It will be seen from the sketches in this book that the Orendorff family has certain characteristics which are common to all of its members. They are all of them blessed with social and pleasant dispositions, and they all of them have that kindness of heart and genuine good feeling for which the early settlers were so distinguished.

Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes.

The information necessary to write the following sketch of Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes was furnished by Mrs. Jeremiah Rhodes, his daughter-in-law. Reverend Ebenezer Rhodes was born in 1780 in Holland. He has often said that when he was very young the people were obliged to go in boats to milk their cows. Mr. Rhodes was, even when a boy, very tender-hearted. At one time a widow lady came to his father's house and asked for a little corn. But provisions were scarce then, and the old gentleman was afraid of a famine, and refused. But when young

Ebenezer and his brother learned of the circumstance they took a bushel and a half of the old gentleman's corn to her, a distance of about four miles. The Rhodes family came to America when Ebenezer was very young, so that he was enabled to learn a few of the pranks to which the American youths were addicted. His father was very particular about the watermelon patch, but Ebenezer sometimes "lifted" it.

When he was about nineteen years of age he married Mrs. Mary Starr, a widow, who lived in Maryland. In about the year 1803 he moved to Champaign County, Ohio, near the present town of Urbana, on Derby Creek. While near there in 1806 the neighborhood was alarmed by threats of an Indian massacre, and the Rhodes family rode forty miles in one day to escape. But it proved a false alarm, caused by an Indian dance. In 1807 Mr. Rhodes moved to Buck Creek, six or seven miles distant. In about the year 1819 or '20 he was ordained as a preacher. In October, 1823, he came to Sangamon County, Illinois, and in April following he came to McLean County. As soon as three or four families could be collected together, Mr. Rhodes began preaching. He preached without receiving any salary or any hope or thought of reward. He belonged first to the Separate Baptists, but afterwards united with the Christian church. He and the Rev. Mr. Latta, a Methodist minister, often traveled together and frequently preached at the same place. Mr. Rhodes preached at Hittle's Grove, Cheney's Grove, Sugar Grove, Long Point, Big Grove, Twin Grove, Dry Grove, the head of the Mackinaw and other places. He was the first preacher in McLean County and for a long time the only one. He organized the first church within the bounds of the present McLean County at his house at Blooming Grove, and everybody in the county met there to celebrate the occasion. This was in 1829. No building for public worship had then been put up, but people met everywhere in private houses. While not engaged in preaching Mr. Rhodes made chairs and reels and wheels for spinning flax, cotton and wool.

In February, 1840, Mr. Rhodes met with an accident which made him an invalid the remainder of his days. While cutting a tree in the timber it fell on him breaking one of his thighs and mashing the knee of the other leg. He was obliged always

afterwards to go on crutches and lived only two years more. He died of consumption which was probably brought on by the accident in the timber.

In 1832 Mr. Rhodes and his son Samuel built a saw mill on Sugar Creek which they ran by water for two years. They made the mill, dug the race and ran it together. But young Aaron Rhodes was drowned there while swimming in the pond, and this sad event so disheartened the old gentleman that he tore down his mill shortly afterwards and sold his saw and the iron-work with it.

There were in the Rhodes family six boys and three girls, and of these four boys and one girl are now living. They are:

John H. S. Rhodes lives about two miles southeast of Bloomington on the Leroy road.

Samuel Rhodes lives in Iowa, near Winterset.

Mrs. Naomi Nigest, wife of Samuel Nigest, lives in Jones County, Iowa.

Jeremiah Rhodes lives three miles southeast of Bloomington on the Leroy road.

Rev. James Rhodes lives at Des Moines, Iowa.

Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes was about six feet in height, had a Roman nose, weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds, had a long, narrow face and was very stoop-shouldered. He was an earnest preacher and an active wide-awake man. He read the Scriptures carefully and was well versed in biblical lore.

John H. S. Rhodes.

John H. S. Rhodes was born October 16, 1796, on George's Creek in Maryland. His father, Ebenezer Rhodes, and his mother, Mary Starr, were of English and German descent. When he was three years of age he moved to Pennsylvania with his father's family, and at the age of nine years he came to Ohio. Here he grew up to manhood, and in course of time was married, as would naturally be expected. In 1823 all of the Rhodes family came to Illinois. During the first winter of their arrival they stayed in Sangamon County, and in April, 1824, came to Blooming Grove, then called Keg Grove. There are two explanations of the change of name to Blooming Grove; one is that its latter name was suggested by Mrs. William Orendorff,

and the other is that it was agreed to by Thomas Orendorff and John Rhodes. It is very probable that both of these explanations are correct, and indeed the evidence in favor of either cannot be disputed. Mr. Rhodes says that while he and Thomas Orendorff were writing letters they asked each other what they should call the place, and Mr. Orendorff, glancing at the maple trees, which were in full bloom, said: "It looks blooming here, I think we will call it Blooming Grove." It has kept the name ever since. Mr. Rhodes was very poor when he came to Blooming Grove, indeed his worldly possessions consisted at that time of almost nothing at all. The winter after he came to the Grove he went to Sangamon County and husked corn for Hardy Council and his brother-in-law, McClellan. He received his wages in corn, and was allowed two and a half bushels per day for himself and team. He husked corn until his wages amounted to a load and then started home. When he arrived at Elkhart Grove he ground his corn at the little horse mill belonging to Judge Latham, the Indian agent. He crossed Salt Creek and the Kickapoo during the following day. As the Kickapoo was high he took his load across in a canoe, took his wagon across in pieces, and swam his horses over. It was very cold and they were covered with a coating of ice. After going three miles he stopped over night at the house of a man named Lantrus, and the following morning started at day-break for home. After going about five miles he was obliged to walk on account of the cold; but after a few miles walking he found that the bottoms of his moccasins were worn off and his bare feet were pressing the snow, for in the meantime a severe snow storm had set in from the northwest. When he had gone half way home it seemed that he must freeze to death. Then he thought of his wife and children, who would starve for the want of the corn in his wagon; and the strong man began to cry. But the thought of his family nerved him, and he hung on to the wagon, and his horses walked home. It was after night when he arrived, and found his feet frozen to his ankles. He immediately put them in a tub of water, while his wife took care of the horses. For weeks afterwards his feet were all drawn up and he felt in them a burning sensation as if a hot iron had passed over them.

While he had been gone every one at home had been industrious; even the dogs had done their duty and killed fourteen wolves.

Mr. Rhodes has had many adventures while hunting. A few years after he came to Blooming Grove, he went on a hunt to Old Town timber. There he slept one night in a hollow log, and the next morning started a buck, and shot it a little too far back to kill it. After following the buck some distance, he saw it standing and tossing his head up and down as if in distress. Mr. Rhodes shot at the head, as the buck was not standing sideways to him, and down it came. The hunter incautiously ran up and struck the deer in the forehead with a tomahawk; but the deer sprang up and pitched Mr. Rhodes on the ground, and attempted to gore him with its horns. Mr. Rhodes grasped the antlers, and they struck in his stomach. The buck tried to draw back to come with force on the prostrate hunter, but Mr. Rhodes held it fast. Then it lifted Mr. Rhodes up on its antlers and tried to pitch him over its head, but the hunter's shoulder struck on the neck of the deer. Then the buck thrashed him around for nearly three-quarters of an hour and made a noise like the bellowing of a bull. But at last it tired of the contest and stopped to blow, with its tongue hanging out of its mouth. The second time he stopped to blow, Mr. Rhodes grasped his butcher knife and quickly cut the cords behind the deer's fore leg, and the next time the buck made a lunge it came down on one knee. Then Mr. Rhodes, with another stroke cut the cords of the remaining fore leg, and the buck fell, and the hunter rolled off of the horns. He was so badly bruised that he expected to die immediately, and was for a while in great pain; but he recovered himself soon after and killed his deer. After this contest he never approached his game without a loaded gun. The buck was one of great size, and when dressed his meat weighed nearly two hundred pounds.

Mr. Rhodes' experience with the Indians has usually been pleasant. He found them to be like their white brethren in many things; some were honest and some were dishonest. There were large numbers of Kickapoos when he first came, and afterwards a few hundred Delawares made their appearance, and stayed until the commencement of the Black Hawk troubles.

The Indians were usually very playful and loved fun and practical jokes. The old chief Machina was a very cunning Indian and had some strange peculiarities. He always denied selling the country to the whites. John Rhodes told him that he did sell the country to the whites, and that Boss Stony (the President) had it on paper. Machina replied: "D—n quick putting black upon white."

When what was called the Winnebago war was threatened, John Rhodes called out the company of men of which he was captain and responded to the call made by the Governor for troops: but the matter was soon settled and the troops never took the field.

During the Black Hawk war, which occurred a few years afterwards in 1832, Major McClure and Captain Rhodes called out a company, of which McClure was chosen captain and Rhodes first lieutenant. They marched to Dixon where they arrived the evening before the fight at Stillman's Run. After the fight they moved with the rest of the army up to the battle-ground and helped to bury the dead. From there his company went to Indian Creek where the families of Davis, Hall and Pettigrew were massacred. These they buried and John Rhodes himself carried out their bodies. It seems that these people had been told of the coming of the Indians; but Davis, who was a blacksmith and a man of great strength and courage, refused to heed the warning. When the Indians came they found him at a building at work and the families in the house. The families were massacred almost without resistance, but Davis had his gun with him and fought with desperation. He was found covered with a hundred wounds and his gun was bent and twisted in every direction. Shortly after the burial of these families the troops were discharged, and the army was re-organized, and John Rhodes and the most of his company came home.

In early days great attention was paid to military drill. At first a company was organized under the militia law of the State, and Mr. Rhodes was chosen captain; but afterwards the country became so well settled that the company grew to a regiment, of which Merritt Covel was chosen colonel, Robert McClure was made major and A. Gridley, adjutant. The regiment was obliged to drill five times a year, and whoever failed to come to training

was court-martialed. On these occasions the colonel presided and in his absence the eldest captain, which was John Rhodes.

Mr. Rhodes takes great pleasure in calling to mind the scenes of the early settlement. He helped to build the first mill on his father's place in 1825, with the grinding stones of nigger-heads. He has been a great hunter and often killed deer and wolves where the court house stands. While bringing up a lot of hogs from Sangamon County, he was followed by a wild boar. He shot the animal twice without killing it, when it attacked him and he was obliged to climb a cherry tree to escape. The wild hogs had once been tame, but had lost all the qualities of domestic animals, and were as wild as if their swinish ancestors had never known a pig-pen.

Mr. Rhodes was a natural hunter, and a sharp marksman and never felt the cold tremors or "buck ague" come over him when about to shoot. He was a man of steady nerve, and when his finger pressed the trigger the gun was covering the game. In his early youth he was a hunter. At one time while living in Ohio, and only seventeen or eighteen years of age, he was called to help kill a bear, which had been found not far away. The dogs drove the bear into a swamp and brought him to bay, and when Mr. Rhodes came up, the animal climbed a tree, the dogs hanging to him until he was ten feet high. The bear's jaw was broken by a shot and he came down when the dogs pitched into him. Mr. Rhodes joined in the melee, and struck the bear in the forehead with a tomahawk. The weapon stuck fast and the bear raked Rhodes' arm from the shoulder down. He succeeded in loosening it and struck again, when it again stuck fast, and he received another rake from the shoulder down. Then a hunter, who was looking on, called out: "John, a little lower," and Mr. Rhodes struck the bear just above the eyes, which killed it.

Unlike most hunters, Mr. Rhodes has acquired a great deal of property. He has purchased in all about two thousand acres of land and has five hundred acres under his own management.

John Rhodes is fully six feet in height and was formerly very straight and muscular. Although he is now far advanced in years, his eyes have a bright, expressive look when he is interested in anything. He is a good business man, and has as much

confidence in his ability to manage his financial affairs as in his ability to kill a deer or run a wolf. He appears younger than he is, and seems to be in the full possession of all his faculties. It would appear that he has many years yet to live, and his great vitality would even now bear him up under many hardships.

John Rhodes has been married three times, and has had thirteen children, seven of whom are living. He first married Mary Johnson, who died December 15, 1845. Five children of this marriage are living. They are:

Cynthia Ann, wife of Benjamin Turnipseed, born July 28, 1819, lives at the head of the Mackinaw.

Caroline Bellew, wife of William Bellew, was born February 6, 1823, and lives at the head of the Mackinaw.

William J. Rhodes, born February 16, 1825, lives a mile east of his father's.

Emily Brewster, wife of John Brewster, was born June 21, 1827, and lives one mile south of her father's.

Aaron Pain Rhodes was born April 28, 1833, and lives one and a half miles southeast of his father's, on the Leroy road.

John Rhodes married the second time to Mrs. Mary Ann Yazel, a widow, and by this marriage has two living children. They are:

Samuel M. Rhodes, born September 16, 1850, and Cinderella Rhodes, born August 15, 1852, live at home.

John Rhodes married, the last time, Mrs. Maria Ensminger, a widow, on the 13th of March, 1863. They appear to take the world comfortably. Mrs. Rhodes is a wide awake lady. She takes a great deal of interest in the history of other days, and is one of the most agreeable of women.

Jeremiah Rhodes.

Jeremiah Rhodes, son of Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes, was born February 11, 1806, in Champaign County, Ohio. There he received his common school education until he was eighteen years of age. School began there at eight o'clock in the morning and was kept eight hours during the day. He remembers the war of 1812 very clearly, though he was then very young. His father was a corporal in the army during that exciting con-

test. In the fall of 1823 the Rhodes family came to Illinois, to Sangamon County. They had no very exciting adventures on their journey, but when they arrived at their destination at Blooming Grove matters became interesting enough. The Indians came for them and ordered them away from the country. Mr. Rhodes, sen., was out in the woods making rails, when a party of Indians came to his house and sent one of their number to bring him in. Old Machina, the chief, then told Mr. Rhodes not to make corn there, but to go back to the other side of the Sangamon River. The chief declared he had never signed any treaty ceding the land to the whites, and that white men should not settle there. The facts relating to the treaty were, that Old Machina was sick at the time, but sent his son to treat with the whites, and the son signed the articles. When the Indian agent told Machina of this he acknowledged its truth, but said: "My heart did not go with it." Old Machina threatened to burn the houses of the settlers, but at last allowed Mr. Rhodes' family to remain until fall to gather their crops. Mr. Rhodes' recollection of the Indians is pretty clear. He remembers one time when the whole tribe of the Kickapoos went on a spree or drunken dance. They used up twenty gallons of whisky, and invited in their Pottawotamie friends. On this grand occasion one of the Indians showed that he had learned a beautiful lesson from civilization, for while drunk he beat his wife over the head with a whisky bottle. At the great dance, about six or eight Indians formed in twos and jumped around flat-footed, with tinkling bells attached to their ankles. Old Machina had a gourd with stones in it, and these he shook up and down to keep time. Another musical instrument was formed from a ten gallon keg with a deer skin drawn tightly over one end. This was carried on the back of a half-grown *papoose*, and was beaten with a stick. The dancers had their bodies painted black, but over their breasts was painted in white a pair of hands and arms crossed. Outside of the circle of dancers an Indian held up a stick cut in the shape of a gun. The stick was pointed upwards, and was supposed to be an emblem of peace. Another Indian held up a tomahawk, with his hand close to the blade, but what this meant is not easy to be seen. The Indians received a little assistance in their performance by old John Dawson, who danced and sang

with them. They were willing to allow his dancing, but stopped his singing, as it spoiled the exquisite music of the gourd full of rocks and the keg. The Indians kept time by repeating monotonously the words: "Hu way," "hu way," &c., and the squaws, who were gathered in a circle around the dancers, looked on admiringly.

The Indians were very superstitious, and their ideas sometimes took queer shapes. At one time a squaw died from some sickness, which brought on the lockjaw, and as she was drawing her last breath an Indian went out and fired his gun in the air to send her spirit up to heaven. The Indians believed in witchcraft. An old squaw was once accused of bewitching a child, which was sick, and it was said that she held communication with an Indian at Fort George, four hundred miles distant, and that they flew to each other as fast as a chicken, and held consultation as to how many people they were able to kill.

The Indians were very revengeful, and their quarrels nearly always resulted fatally. They sometimes practiced the duello to settle their difficulties. Mr. Rhodes remembers two Indians who fought a duel on the banks of the Illinois River. One of them was a Kickapoo and the other a Pottawotamie. One fought with a tomahawk and the other with a butcher knife; the one with the butcher knife was successful.

The Indians wished very much to prevent the settlement of the country by frightening off the whites, and succeeded in scaring away three families, who had settled on the Mackinaw, by firing guns and brandishing butcher knives. They threatened to kill Mrs. Benson's cattle and pigs if she went to her husband who lived at Blooming Grove, thirty miles away. But the brave woman replied to the threat by holding up one of her children and saying: "And my papooses too?" "No," replied the chief, Machina, "I would go to damnation if I should do that."

The Indians traded with the settlers giving them beeswax and moccasins in return for corn. In the fall of the year when they made preparations to move into winter quarters, they frequently buried their corn to keep it during the winter.

The Indians had occasionally some curiosity to hear the preaching of the gospel, and to learn something of the God of the white man. At one time the Kickapoos went so far as to

hold a meeting, and have an interpreter to tell them what the preacher said.

Among the various devices for grinding wheat and corn was the mill with grinding stones cut from nigger heads on the prairie. After the wheat was ground, the flour was separated from the bran by sifting in a box with a bottom of two cloths, through which the flour passed. Mr. Rhodes' father built one of these mills, which served the neighborhood for three years. The nearest mill besides this one was forty-five miles distant. It is not easy for us to appreciate the difficulties, which sprang from the absence of the common conveniences of life. The settlers were obliged to go to the Sangamon River to get their plough irons sharpened, a distance of fifty miles.

The old settlers being liable to all the ills that flesh is heir to occasionally stood in need of the attentions of the doctor or the surgeon. They could get along very well so far as the doctor was concerned, but the surgeon's skill was not easily obtained. Mr. Rhodes' younger brother was so unfortunate as to break his leg, and old John Dawson attended him and set the limb. The patient recovered, but his leg was always crooked.

The West was formerly subject to occasional whirlwinds and hurricanes, but it does not seem to have been visited by them of late years. A terrible hurricane passed through Blooming Grove and tore down many forest trees. Still another passed through in 1859, and was strong enough to pick up a mule out of a pasture and carry it over two fences.

The Rhodes family tell some curious things of the memorable change in the weather, which occurred in December, 1836. After being warm and rainy it turned so suddenly cold that the geese and chickens froze fast in the slush of snow and water. When they became frozen fast, they squalled as they always do when caught. Mrs. Rhodes thawed them out with warm water. Some of the chickens had their bills frozen full of ice. When the sudden change took place and the wind came, the cattle ran bawling for the timber and were not seen again for three days.

Mr. Rhodes has been a thrifty farmer, but his trade was that of a chairmaker. He built the substantial dwelling where he now lives, with the assistance of his eldest son.

Mr. Rhodes now feels the effects of age, though he enjoys a fair degree of health. He is about five feet and eleven inches in height. His hair was once dark, but is now sprinkled with gray. His eyes are dark, but have a mild, honest expression, and he is a kind-hearted, pleasant old gentleman.

Mr. Rhodes was married March 26, 1835, to Mathurza Johnson. He has raised ten children, five boys and five girls, and of these nine are living.

William Herron Hodge.

In writing this work the author has had some difficulty in getting such items as he wished; but whenever he made any inquiry he was always directed "to Mr. Hodge." "Hodge knows all about it. He remembers everything." If the writer asked information of any one concerning the Indians, the reply was: "Oh, ask Hodge, he knows as much about them as if he was an Indian himself." This reputation which Mr. Hodge has acquired for knowledge of the early history of the country has been fully sustained, and many of the most interesting facts and incidents related in this work have been furnished by him.

William Herron Hodge was born January 4, 1794, on a farm near the town of Windworth, the county seat of Rockingham County, North Carolina. His father, Francis Hodge, came from English stock, and his mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Walker, was of Scotch-Irish descent. His ancestors came from England and settled in Pennsylvania, about the year 1700, and moved from there to North Carolina. From here, his father, Francis Hodge, came to Tennessee in the year 1812. Young William received some slight education in North Carolina, but he afterwards took the matter in hand himself and became well enough advanced in his eighteenth year to teach school. He taught school in Tennessee and Kentucky, obtaining his scholars by the subscription system.

In 1820 he started for Illinois, where he arrived on the twentieth of February of that year. He settled first in Sangamon County, which he helped to organize. In 1824 he moved to Blooming Grove. Here he bought land quite extensively. At this time there were but twelve families in Blooming Grove and three at Randolph Grove. When the country was divided into

counties, Vandalia became the county seat, one hundred and four miles south of the present city of Bloomington. But as the State grew in population, these enormous counties were subdivided. Tazewell County was organized in 1827. Mr. Hodge assisted in its organization. McLean County was not organized until 1831, and in this organization Mr. Hodge also assisted. At that time he lived in a house situated in three counties. It was section ten, town twenty-three, range two east of the third principal meridian. Only four men are now living who were settlers in McLean County when it was organized in 1831. These are John H. S. Rhodes, Thomas Orendorff, John Benson and William H. Hodge, whose sketch we are writing.

The settlers first took their produce to the Illinois River, where it was shipped to St. Louis and New Orleans. Mr. Hodge saw the first shanty built in Pekin, on the Illinois River, in 1825. It was put up by three citizens of Blooming Grove, namely, John Hendrix, James Latta and a man named Egman.

Mr. Hodge is particularly eloquent over the growth of Chicago. He says that when he first saw it in 1834, it contained about fifty families, and was scarcely a fly speck compared with the great metropolis of to-day. The people of Chicago were always hopeful and sanguine of the coming greatness of their city, but it is doubtful whether any imagination has ever exceeded the reality. Ford, in his history of Illinois, reproves those who in early days had great expectations of Chicago, and said, while speaking of a certain man: "Politicians estimate the value of such a man as the speculators estimated the value of Chicago lots in 1836. Chicago was then a village, but it was believed that it would soon be a city, which made lots sell for more than they are worth, now that it has become a city of fifteen thousand inhabitants!" This was written in 1846 or '47.

Mr. Hodge remembers many interesting items about the weather; indeed, he is a perfect weathercock. He remembers particularly the circumstances of the deep snow which came in the winter of 1830 and '31. During that terrible winter the first great snow-fall, on the twenty-ninth of December, covered the ground three feet deep with snow, and from that time until the thirteenth of February it snowed nineteen times. When the snow began to fall on the twenty-ninth of December, Mr. Hodge

was fifty miles away from home, and it took him three days to return. The snow stopped nearly all communication between the settlers living at different groves, and people did not attempt to travel except in the most urgent cases. During this winter people suffered severely from want of food, and every old settler tells how he pounded corn in a pestle, or ground it in a coffee mill and made it into hominy. Mr. Hodge speaks of a man named Rock, who walked sixteen miles on the snow to get a bushel and a half of corn, and carried the precious burden home on a hand sled. The winter was very severe for all animals, both wild and domestic. The cattle bore the severity of the weather better than the hogs, the latter in many instances freezing to death. Many deer and other wild animals died of cold and starvation. They were easily caught but were very poor. Mr. Rowen, of Old Town, managed the matter well; he caught several deer and penned them up and fattened them on corn.

The season following the winter of the deep snow was a very late one, and frost came every month in the year. The crops were poor, as may well be supposed, and the corn did not ripen.

In June, 1826, four years before the year of the deep snow, the terrible wind storm occurred which passed through the south end of Blooming Grove eastward to Old Town. This terrible tornado swept down everything in its way; the trees were twisted off, and everything was leveled with the ground. At this time Mr. William Evans, of whose life we have written a sketch, had a crop of several acres of corn in Old Town. The hurricane passed over it and it was gone. But the old settlers were friends in need. Mr. Orendorff, whose place at Blooming Grove Mr. Evans had rented, gave the latter a patch of from five to seven acres of corn, so that, notwithstanding his misfortune, Mr. Evans was again encouraged.

All the old settlers remember the sudden change in the weather which occurred on the fourteenth of December, 1836, when the weather had been very moderate, and suddenly became so cold that many animals were frozen to death. Mr. Hodge says that the longest winter was that of 1842 and '43, when cold winter weather set in on the fourth of November, and lasted until the following April.

Mr. Hodge was sheriff, collector and assessor of Tazewell County from 1827 to 1831, which makes him a pretty old office-holder. At that time and until 1838, the sheriff was obliged to collect the taxes.

Mr. Hodge married in the year 1814, and was blessed with a fine family of eight children, seven of whom are now living.

Mr. Hodge is a man of medium height. His eyes are keen and penetrating, and his appearance would indicate that in his younger days he must have been a good man of business. He is sharp enough yet, and a person must rise early in the morning to take him in. While walking he uses a cane, as his right foot is crippled in consequence of a white swelling. His memory is still very good—remarkably good for his age. His hair is white and his head is a little bald. He is a man of very agreeable and pleasant humor. Taken altogether he is a fine example of the honest, jolly, hard-working, humorous old settlers.

We are sure the reader will be glad to see the following from the pen of Mr. Hodge himself, as it tells the condition of things in early days, and also gives some idea of the character of Mr. Hodge:

"I came to Blooming Grove in 1824, and found sixteen families within the present bounds of McLean County, all of us being in very straightened circumstances as to money or property, and far from market and very little to sell. Springfield, the nearest place of business, was composed of about twenty what we now call shanties. The place was chosen as the temporary seat of justice of Sangamon County in 1821. I voted at the organization of that county at the first election, which was held in February, 1821. I came to Sangamon County in February, 1820. During that year the first census of Illinois was taken, and the population numbered sixty-five thousand. When the first settlers came to the wilderness they all supposed that their hard struggle would be principally over after the first year; but alas! we looked for 'easier times next year' for about ten years, and learned to bear hardships, privations and hard living as good soldiers do. As the facilities for making money were not great we lived pretty well satisfied in an atmosphere of good, social, friendly feeling, and thought ourselves as good as those we left behind when we emigrated to the West. After a while

they began to come after us to teach us the way more perfectly, and we took such lessons as were most congenial to our views. I might here give an account of the cold winters we had to live through in open cabins, and the big snow of 1830 and '31; but these are past, and have been narrated so often that they are certainly worn stale and not entertaining. All who have helped to subdue the wilderness in any of the Western States and are yet living know that it is hard work, with great suffering and hard living, without church or school privileges, and to those who have not tried it let me say there are more wildernesses to settle, and if you wish to know what a pioneer's life is, put out and try it, if you think you have the pluck to stand it, for I assure you it takes a pretty good soldier to do so.

"There are yet living four of the sixteen men who first settled in this country, viz.: John Benson, aged ninety-five, John H. S. Rhodes, aged seventy-eight, Thomas Orendorff, aged seventy-one, and your humble servant, aged eighty-one. The two Mr. Funks (Absalom and Isaac), who were both single men, and Samual Rhodes, were not counted among the sixteen pioneers of 1824. The ministers of the Gospel of the Savior of the world hunted us up and preached to what few there were; therefore, we did not degenerate and turn heathen, as any community will where the sound of the gospel is never heard. I shall not give their names, though sacred in memory, for they were not after the fleece, but after the flock, because they had but little to say about science and philosophy, but spoke of purer things. I claim no honors for being an emigrant pioneer, for I came to bear the turmoil of the new country to better my own condition, and what little I have done toward advancing the public interest has been done freely. I do not wish to write my autobiography, for my life has been a checkered scene, with probably more to condemn than applaud, still I am willing to have my deeds brought to the light and reproved. My reason for writing these few lines is this: I have frequently been called upon to give some account of pioneer life, the seasons, the cold winters, and the storms of snow with which the early settlers had to contend, and give dates, and when I have tried to do this I have seen my statements come forth

in public print, garbled and incorrect, so I thought I would write a few lines myself, but hereafter I must beg to be excused from writing any more. W. H. Hodge."

William Richard Goodheart.

William Richard Goodheart was born December 1, 1780, near Edinburg, Scotland. Here his father farmed some land, and here William received his limited education. When he was about fourteen years of age the family emigrated to Holland. On their arrival there Mr. Goodheart was bound out to learn the stone mason's trade. But he had no affection for his master, and soon ran away with one of his companions, and took service on board of a merchant vessel. This vessel was shortly afterwards captured by the French, and William Goodheart served in the French navy. While he was in the navy the French became engaged in a war with England, and the French fleet was ordered to attack the English, after a consultation of the officers. On board of the man-of-war, on which Mr. Goodheart was serving, was an Englishman, who was captain of the forecastle. This Englishman did not wish to fight against his own country, and rather than do so he hung himself. Mr. Goodheart was not so sensitive, as he was a Scotchman, and the Scotch had not then much affection for England. He was selected to fill the place of the Englishman. He was in the service of the French for about seven years, partly on sea and partly on on land. He belonged to the cavalry, and was for several years with Napoleon in Italy. He rode a fine horse, of which he was very fond. At one time he had very little provision for himself or fodder for his horse. All he had was one pound of bread, but gave this to his horse and endured hunger himself. He was obliged at last to kill his horse while crossing a muddy stream, as the animal became mired down, and was likely to fall into the hands of the enemy. He was with Napoleon on the Russian campaign, and saw the destruction of Moscow.

After leaving the French service Mr. Goodheart went to England and entered into the English service against the United States during the war of 1812. He was taken prisoner in the naval conflict on Lake Erie, when Commodore Perry gained his great victory. A friend, while speaking of this, says: "In re-

lating to me the incidents of that terrific battle he told me the following anecdote: Three Indians, who had enlisted in the British service, were placed under Goodheart's command over one of the guns on the ship. During the heat of battle Goodheart was called below to receive some order, and before he could return, that part of the ship was shot away, and he thought the poor savages had perished. But after the battle closed he was surprised to see them coming out of the coal hole, where the rascals had fled as soon as their captain had momentarily left the gun. Many years after this, when Mr. Goodheart had moved to Blooming Grove, he saw a company of Indians, and one of them, advancing in front, called him captain, and said he was one of the Indians who had served under Goodheart on board of the man-of-war on Lake Erie." Mr. Goodheart was taken prisoner in this battle, and was landed on the coast of Pennsylvania. But he did not wish to be exchanged and go back to the British service, and he with two others escaped during the first night after they were brought to land. They walked all night into the interior of the country, as they thought, but when morning broke were surprised at beholding their own ship. They concealed themselves in a hay stack until night, and started again into the interior. After a hard travel they arrived at Lancaster, Pa. While there a great many troops came to a muster, and among them was a bully who conceived a particular aversion to Goodheart, and would not rest content until they tried their muscle. Mr. Goodheart wished to avoid a personal encounter, but it was forced upon him, and he had no choice in the matter. He was a man of great strength, and defended himself successfully. He enlisted in the American army and fought under General Harrison.

On the 2d of August, 1814, Mr. Goodheart married Sarah Ann Clouse, at Franklin, Ohio. He made a claim there, and in order to pay for it, made a trip to New Orleans on a flatboat. He was gone six months, was very sick a part of the time, and from his prolonged absence, his wife despaired of ever seeing him again. In 1819 Mr. Goodheart had his leg broken by the falling of a tree. During the illness which followed he meditated on religious matters. He was converted to the cause of Christ at a camp-meeting, under the preaching of Elder Wright.

About that time he sold his home and prepared to come West, but his wife refused her consent for several years. During the fall of 1824 Mr. Goodheart and his wife and six children started for the West and arrived at Mackinawtown, in what was then Fayette County, Illinois. He was warmly welcomed by the settlers, who built him a cabin and did everything in their power to assist him. He left his wife and children and made a visit to Blooming Grove. The Indians annoyed his family somewhat during his absence. On his return he put his things into the wagon to go again to Blooming Grove, and also tied his horses to it. Just then a party of drunken Indians came up at full speed on their ponies and were yelling and whooping with their loudest voices. Mr. Goodheart's horses were so frightened that they upset the wagon. He spoke to them, but they paid no attention until he addressed them in the French language. This they understood at once and stopped their noise. When a party of Indians become intoxicated, they place themselves under the control of some sober Indians, in order to be well taken care of. The party which came up to Mr. Goodheart was under the control of two Indians, who were sober.

The Goodheart family settled at Blooming Grove, near the present Central depot, on a farm now owned by Judge J. E. McClun. On this farm are to be found some apple trees planted by Father Goodheart more than fifty years ago. They still bear fruit. He made his claim here on the tenth section, and sold it in 1827 to a man named Canady, who entered it. On this farm Mr. Goodheart made the first brick manufactured in McLean County. After this the people began building chimneys of brick instead of sticks and clay. In 1827 he moved to Old Town timber, where he lived until 1830, when he entered land at Blooming Grove. He afterwards moved to the north side of Bloomington to the place now known as the Davis, Allin and Flagg Addition. There he stayed two years, then sold out to Samuel Durley, moved to Sugar Creek to a farm since known as the Robert McClun place, and now in the possession of Colonel Rouse. Here he lived two or three years, and then moved to Bloomington, where he lived until the time of his death, which occurred in 1842.

Mr. Goodheart is well described by his old friend and admirer, Judge J. E. McClun, as follows:

"He was large, robust and of dark complexion, like his son, our fellow-citizen, James Goodheart. He had served in the great European war, both on the side and against Napoleon the Great, and having a fine memory and a talent to communicate, it was a treat to hear him tell of the incidents of those great campaigns. He was at one time quartered in the city of Rome, and gave me the most satisfactory account of the cathedral of St. Peter I had ever heard. He had stepped the great edifice, and told me its dimensions with great particularity. He received his wages in coin and carried them in a belt around his body until he became galled by its weight. When the wars and wanderings of Mr. Goodheart were ended, he embraced the religion of the Savior, and often said that though he loved Napoleon and General Harrison very much, yet he loved Jesus Christ far better. Every person had confidence in Father Goodheart. He told his religious experience with an earnestness and sincerity that enlisted the attention of all and carried the conviction to every heart that this good old man's profession was an honest and sincere one. After a life of great purity and uprightness he died in Bloomington, and has without any doubt been for more than thirty years in the heavenly kingdom."

Mr. Goodheart was for many years an exhorter in the Methodist Church, and his license given by Rev. Peter Cartwright is yet in the possession of his son, James Goodheart.

William R. Goodheart had ten children. They are:

Jacob, who died in June, 1855.

Elizabeth C., wife of William H. Rankin, lives in Belleflower township.

Mary Christina, wife of Loyal T. Johnson, lives in Kansas.

George W., who lives near Lancaster, Keokuk County, Iowa.

William R., who died of cholera in 1850.

Ann Catherine, wife of Joseph Douglas, lives near Michigantown, Indiana.

Sarah Maria, wife of Durham Livingston, died in February, 1849, and is buried by the side of her father.

John H. was a soldier in the army during the rebellion, was second lieutenant of company C. Second Illinois Cavalry, and was killed at Merryweather's Ferry in Tennessee, in July, 1862. He was a brave soldier and worthy of his father's reputation.

His widow and two daughters live in Pekin. Even in early boyhood he possessed a peculiarly fearless iron will; in business he was energetic and industrious; in society rather quiet, and to his family he was a kind and tender-hearted father.

James Goodheart, the ninth child, lives in Bloomington. He and his amiable lady gave many interesting items for this sketch. He has many of those attractive qualities for which his father was distinguished.

The youngest child, Julia Ann Perry Goodheart, is the wife of Denison Douglas, of Padua township. The name Perry was given to her because she was born September 10, 1832, the anniversary of Perry's victory on Lake Erie in 1812.

William Evans, Sr.

One of the oldest of the old settlers was William Evans. He was born September 1, 1775, near Carlisle, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania. His father was a soldier in the American army during the Revolutionary war. While the war was raging young William and his mother lived for a while in one of the American forts on the Juniata River. Here he caught the small-pox and so severe was the attack that one of his eyes was made sightless forever. The strength of his other eye was also much impaired and rendered his power of vision always dim. Being possessed of a strong constitution he triumphed over the sickness of infancy.

We hear nothing more of the childhood of William Evans. After Wayne's treaty with the Indians his father's family moved to Pittsburg, Ohio. Here young William showed that daring, adventurous disposition which afterwards made him one of the most successful of the early pioneers.

It was customary for the people on the upper Ohio to load their flatboats with goods or lumber and pole them down the stream to New Orleans. After disposing of the cargo the enterprising traders walked back through the unsettled wilderness to the upper Ohio. Young William Evans made this journey twice on foot. This was the stern education which prepared him for the success of after life. While living near Pittsburg he cleared two farms of forty-five acres each; one of these he lost because he could not redeem it from an incumbrance of fifty dollars;

the other he sold for one hundred dollars in cash and twenty-five dollars in goods and started for Illinois. This was in 1825. He first settled in Old Town in McLean County, but in 1829 he moved to his farm which is now a part of the city of Bloomington. He was the first settler on the ground now occupied by the present city of Bloomington, although when the city was first laid out it did not include within the boundaries the house where Mr. Evans lived. Mr. James Allin was the first settler on the original site of the city. Both of these men may be considered the founders of Bloomington. On Mr. Evans farm, where now stand the residences of Dr. Wakefield and others, he broke the first sod in Bloomington and in 1828 raised a splendid crop of winter wheat, the yield being thirty bushels to the acre. The wheat brought forty cents per bushel and was sold to settlers moving into the country.

The first addition to Bloomington was laid out by James Allin. The second addition was laid out by Jesse W. Fell and a certain Mr. White. The land was bought by them of William Evans and was a part of his original farm. Mr. Niccolls and Judge J. E. McClun bought thirteen acres of Mr. Evans and laid out a third addition.

Mr. Evans married in the year 1800 Miss Effie Winebriner. He had a pleasant family of children. His wife Effie died in 1839 after thirty-eight years of happy wedded life. In 1840 he married Mrs. Martha Day. He lived with her a contented and happy life until the year 1868 when he died at the advanced age of ninety-three years two months and seven days. Mrs. Evans is still living, and resides with her youngest daughter, Mrs. Haywood, who almost worships her.

William Evans was of mixed Welch and Irish descent, his father being Welch and his mother Irish. He had a tolerable common school education which he obtained at a district school near his birthplace in Pennsylvania.

William Evans was a quiet, unassuming man. He had in him a great deal of the "milk of human kindness." His good acts were done without ostentation; he never allowed his right hand to know what his left hand did; and there are many who will remember his generosity until their latest day. He gave many building lots to poor widows and it is probable that all of

his generous deeds will not be known until the final day when the Lord makes up his jewels. Mr. Evans possessed a remarkable influence over the Indians. These wild men of nature are wonderful in their quick and accurate estimate of character. They saw instantly that Mr. Evans was a man in whom they could trust. They rested often before his door and delighted in his presence. They often slept on his floor at night and sometimes covered it, and he always made them welcome. He was a man who would have many friends wherever he went. The Rev. Mr. McElroy, who preached his funeral discourse, said:

"He was wont to say: 'A man always takes his neighbors with him wherever he goes;' and was fond of relating the following anecdote as illustrative of the truth: "Two men had emigrated at an early day to the West. They put up together at the same tavern at night. The landlord inquired of one where he was going and why he came to the West. "I am going to settle in the bottom here," said he, "and I came West to get rid of my troublesome neighbors." "You will have bad neighbors where you are going," said the landlord, and turning to the other he asked the same question. "I came West," said he, "because my farm was small and I desired to get more land, as I have a large family of children. I am going to settle in the bottom, and the only regret I have in leaving my old home is, I have left many good neighbors." "You will have good neighbors where you are going," said the landlord. "How is this?" said the first, when we are going to the same place?" "Simply," replied he, "a man takes his neighbors with him when he goes.'"

This quaint little story shows the influence of character and a kind and neighborly disposition.

Mr. Evans was a man of God, a quiet, earnest, devoted Christian. He united with the Methodist church in 1835 and patiently upheld the cross of Christ until the day of his death.

As to his personal appearance, William Evans was quite heavily set and weighed perhaps two hundred pounds. He was careful in business matters, and in his old age when sight and hearing had partially failed, his mind was always sufficiently clear to allow him to manage his business. All who knew Mr. Evans speak of him as a kind and excellent neighbor. He took

great delight in playing the violin which was nearly always the musical instrument of early days. Music was a rare treat to the early settlers and the old airs played by Mr. Evans were gladly received.

William Dimmitt.

William Dimmitt was born on a farm in Alleghany County, Maryland, about eight miles from Cumberland, in June, 1797. His father emigrated from England, but his mother was American born. When he was three years of age his father died. After that he lived with his grandparents until he was married at the age of nineteen. He received his very moderate education partly in Ohio, where his grandparents removed when he was ten years of age, and partly in Illinois. He was considered rather an old scholar, as he did not remove to Illinois until he was twenty-eight years of age. He came to Illinois in 1825, and stayed the first summer on the Vermilion River, near the present town of Danville. In the fall he came to Blooming Grove, and located on the present site of Bloomington. Here, with the assistance of another party, he entered one hundred and thirty acres of land. He found, as settlers here, William Orendorff, William Walker, John Benson and the Rhodes family, consisting of John, Jerry, Samuel, Aaron and James.

When Bloomington was laid out in 1831, Mr. Dimmitt had no thought of its future greatness and prosperity. But he lived to make six additions to the city. He sold these additions gradually as the demand for lots increased. He says that when the city was laid out the land was worth from five to six dollars per acre, but now much of it is worth from five to seven hundred dollars per foot. He says that at the sale of lots in 1831, forty dollars was a high price to pay for a lot.

When Mr. Dimmitt first came here the people suffered from that most disagreeable but not very dangerous disease—fever and ague. The changes in the weather were then more sudden and more severe than at present. He thinks the coldest winter was in 1843. On the tenth of March of that year people were crossing the river at Ottawa on the ice.

Mr. Dimmitt speaks well of the Indians. He always lived at peace with them; they were good neighbors. All trade with

them was exchange. He served six months in the Black Hawk war. He went to Dixon's Ferry, where the volunteers were gathered together, but after the unfortunate defeat at Stillman's Run, about twenty-five miles northeast of Dixon, he was mustered out with the entire force, as the term of their enlistment had expired. He was well acquainted with John Dixon, one of the early pioneers of the West, and the founder of the pretty little village which bears his name. He was also well acquainted with Colonel John Dement, who was a Major and who made for himself so honorable a record during the Black Hawk war.

But those stirring times are gone. Nearly all of the early hard working pioneers, who are now living, have acquired a fair competence. Mr. Dimmitt has made some money by his good sense, good management and hard work, and he now enjoys the fruits of his labors. He has raised a family of ten children, three sons and seven daughters, all of whom are living. Although he is seventy-five years of age he is enjoying most excellent health, and we may indulge in the hope that, on account of his vigorous constitution, it will yet be many years before he is gathered to his fathers.

The "times" with the first pioneers were not flush. They received at first but a small return for their labor. Oats and corn brought from eight to ten cents per bushel; wheat brought from forty to fifty cents per bushel, and pork ranged from $1.25 to $1.50 per hundred.

As to personal appearance, Mr. Dimmitt is about five feet and ten inches in height. His face is full; his hair is white, but he has plenty of it, and his eye-sight is still pretty good. He made a fortune without expecting to do so by the sale of town lots. He has never held a public office, and never sought one. His taste has never led him in that direction; he is a good American citizen; he has lived a useful life, and the community where he resides is the better for his exertions.

Robert Guthrie and Rev. Robert Elton Guthrie.

Robert Guthrie was a native of Pennsylvania, and was of Scotch and Welch descent. He was born November 1, 1795. His wife was Catherine Spawr, also a native of Pennsylvania, and a daughter of Valentine Spawr, late of McLean County,

Illinois. She was of German descent. In the fall of 1826 Robert Guthrie moved with his family to Funk's Grove in McLean County, Illinois. His family then consisted of his wife and five children, named John, Margaret, Robert Elton, Jacob and Adam. He made his first improvement where the Chicago & Alton Railroad now enters the north end of Funk's Grove, before the land was in market. He had when he came but fifty cents in his pocket, and was fifty dollars in debt. He husked corn for Isaac and Absalom Funk for fifty cents per day and split rails for twenty-five cents per hundred, and it was very hard to support his family during the first winter. He was helped very much by his good luck in killing two fine bucks that had been fighting and had locked their antlers together so tightly as to be unable to get loose. He considered this a special interposition of Providence. These fortunate circumstances occurred when he had just lost some of his stacks by a prairie fire and when he felt very much depressed. The fire was one of the grandest and most terrible ever known in the West. It extended around the whole north and west sides of Funk's Grove, and the walls of flame moved rapidly forward. The whole heavens were lit up, and at midnight everything was almost as easily and clearly distinguished as at mid-day. In the morning the whole country was black, and many stacks and rail fences were simply smoking cinders.

At the end of two years Mr. Guthrie had a farm opened up, but was obliged to sell it in order to pay a note of fifty dollars, which fell due. It was given for fifty dollars which he had borrowed of Mary Cox in order to come West. But she had in the meantime become Mrs. Kimler, and needed her money in order to get her outfit for housekeeping.

While Mr. Guthrie lived at Funk's Grove he had his corn ground at a mill at the north end of Twin Grove near the present M. E. Church on the old Dan Munsell place, then owned by Mr. Matthew Harbord. He shelled his corn by scraping the ears on the edge of a fire shovel held over a wash-tub, and his sons took it to mill on horseback. There they were obliged to wait to get it ground, and when their turn came they hitched their horses to the mill and ground their grain. These boys, John and Robert Elton Guthrie, aged respectively twelve and

nine years, sometimes had a hard time of it going ten miles on horseback to mill, but the children of the early settlers learned to be men when they were very young. At the mill was nearly always a crowd of men and boys waiting their turn to grind their grain. They passed their time in racing their horses, running foot races, wrestling, jumping and fighting. They felt obliged to exercise their muscle in some way all the time.

After selling his claim and improvements in 1829, Mr. Guthrie moved to Money Creek, about nine miles northeast of where Bloomington now stands, on a place now owned by Benjamin Ogden. Here he built a hewed log cabin, fenced and broke from forty to sixty acres of land, and began to get a good start once more. But the land came into market in the meantime and Mr. Guthrie was unable to enter it and was again thrown out of a home.

The winter of 1830–31 is remembered by all as the winter of the deep snow. Three days before the snow began falling, Mr. Guthrie and Frederick Trimmer started for St. Louis with teams and wagons to haul goods for James Allin, who had opened a small store where Bloomington now is. They intended to be gone only ten days or two weeks, but they did not see their families again for five weeks. They were obliged to leave their goods, wagons and Mr. Guthrie's oxen about fifteen miles the other side of Springfield, and came through with Mr. Trimmer's horses to break the way. During this time their families were in a state of anxious suspense, and were obliged to live on boiled corn; indeed, during the whole winter they had very little to eat except pounded meal. During that winter Mr. Guthrie sent his children to school, though they had to work their way for a mile through snow that reached nearly to their necks; but when it became packed they walked over the crust.

In the spring of 1831 Mr. Guthrie moved to Major's Grove near where the Chicago and Alton railroad shops now stand. There he improved a farm for Mr. James Allin. But in the fall of 1832 he gave up farming, built a house on the southwest corner of Front and Lee streets and began the business of plastering and carpentering, and continued it until the day of his death, which occurred in the spring of 1846. He was buried in the Bloomington cemetery. His wife who died in 1856 now rests

beside him, and four of their children, Jacob, Rebecca, Thomas Haines and Catherine Elizabeth are laid there also.

Robert Guthrie was about five feet ten inches in height, was slenderly built and a little stoop-shouldered; had dark hair in his younger days, dark eyes and swarthy complexion. He was not a very excitable man, was a kind father but strict with his children, and was a sincere but unostentatious Christian. He was temperate in all of his habits except the use of tobacco.

Rev. Robert Elton Guthrie.

Robert Elton Guthrie was born in Pickaway County, Ohio, on the Fourth of July, 1819. His life is pretty well shown in the foregoing sketch of his father. When his father took up the business of plastering and carpentering, the eldest son John was apprenticed to Lewis Bunn to learn the trade of blacksmith, while Robert learned his father's trade. He was a stout lad and soon became quite skillful in the use of tools, and a great support to the family. His services were so important that he went very little to school, only five months to Mr. Amasa C. Washburn in an old log school-house that stood in the crossing of Main and Olive streets.

In the spring of 1835 Mr. James Miller and his brother-in-law, Mr. Moore, came to Bloomington, and this so strengthened the Methodist community that they built a church and finished it in the fall of 1836. This was done under the charge of Rev. Zadoc Hall now of the Central Illinois Conference. Before this all religious services had been held in the court house. In the fall of 1836 Rev. S. W. D. Chase was stationed at Bloomington under Rev. John St. Clair as presiding elder. During the following winter the community was awakened by a great revival and among the converts were John, Margaret, Robert and Jacob Guthrie. This revival had a great influence upon the morals of Bloomington.

After his conversion Robert Guthrie determined to be a minister of the gospel and considered this his solemn duty. He studied, when he could snatch a moment's time from his work, and recited to Rev. Richard Haney, who had succeeded Mr. Chase as pastor of the church at Bloomington. At the Illinois Annual Conference held at Jacksonville in September, 1841,

Mr. Guthrie was admitted on trial on the recommendation of the quarterly conference of Bloomington station. He was appointed to travel the Wauponsett mission and his work that year had for its outposts the Mazon settlement, South Ottawa, Vermilionville, Long Point, Pontiac and Indian Grove, where the town of Fairbury now stands, and all the intermediate territory. He made this circuit every three weeks, with nineteen regular and from two to six extra appointments. This kept Mr. Guthrie very busy, and he was obliged to read and study in the saddle while going from point to point. For his year's salary he received fifty dollars from the missionary fund and twenty-five or thirty dollars collected on his circuit, paid principally in articles of clothing, money being almost out of use at that time. At the close of his pastoral year he was presented with some half a dozen pairs of socks and fifteen pounds of wool. He carried the wool to Ottawa on horseback and sold it for an order on a store for three dollars. The result of his first year's work was the addition of twenty-five or thirty members to the church. The following year was marked by a sweeping revival, which extended over the whole circuit. The next five years were spent by Mr. Guthrie in the traveling circuits in the southern part of the State, which was then all within the Illinois Conference. He was many times troubled with regard to his financial matters, as his salary was barely enough to keep him in the necessaries of life. The great flood was in the year 1844, and as his work embraced the section of the country bounded on the south and east by the Mississippi and Big Muddy Rivers, and on the west by the Kaskaskia, he had great difficulty in traveling from one point to another. He was often obliged to ride through water on the bottom lands for many miles, and sometimes was compelled to swim his horse. His salary for this labor was one hundred dollars a year, and was paid by the people in calves, pigs, corn, oats, castor-beans, pork, hoop-poles, barrel staves, barrels, and orders on stores; nevertheless he was happy, knowing that he was engaged in a useful and blessed work. In 1844 he was appointed to the Jonesboro circuit, in Union County, and received only forty-five dollars for his salary. At the close of the conference year, on the twenty-sixth day of August, 1845, he was married by the Rev. S. W. D. Chase, his presiding elder, to

Miss Lucy Kelsall, at the residence of her father, in Randolph County, and she has been his good and helpful wife ever since. At the next conference Mr. Guthrie was elected and ordained an elder. For the next year he was appointed to the Nashville circuit, and during the following year to the Sparta circuit, where he promptly began his labor. But at the second quarterly meeting he found his pay so small that he was obliged to resign his charge and work for his support. He rented a small farm, the one formerly owned and occupied by his father-in-law, then recently deceased. His worldly goods were then very few, and he and his wife and child were forced to live for some time on corn bread. But he was fortunate enough in February to kill three deer, which greatly assisted him. He worked hard and succeeded well, and by the next conference he was free from all financial embarrassments and again went into the work of the ministry. He was appointed to Rushville station, in Schuyler County, but at the end of the year was again in financial difficulty. The year following he was appointed to the Beardstown circuit, but his financial embarrassments became so great that he requested to be located, and went to work at his trade, carpentering and plastering. He worked at Beardstown in the winter, during the day, and preached every other evening, as a great revival of religion was in progress there. Rev. Mr. Rucker and himself conducted the exercises, and great good was accomplished. By the time the conference met during the following summer, he had relieved himself of his financial troubles by his hard labor, and was again ready to work in the ranks of the itinerants. He was appointed to the Springfield station, where he labored with success for two years. After this he was appointed to fill the East Charge in Jacksonville, which he did for one year very pleasantly and successfully. In the following year he was appointed agent to sell scholarships for the Illinois Conference Female College. This was done against his better judgment, at the request of Rev. J. F. Jacques, the President of the institution, and B. Newman, the financial agent. After this appointment was made, while Mr. Guthrie was returning from Jacksonville, in company with Rev. William Hindall, Dr. J. C. Finley and Samuel Elliott, Dr. Finley said: "Guthrie, I th-th-think the B-Bishop has spoiled a t-t-tolerable good pr-preacher

to m-make a v-very poor agent," to which Mr. Guthrie replied: "I fear so, Doctor." The appointment was not a success, and that year ended his work as a financial agent.

The following year he was appointed presiding elder of the Quincy district, and traveled it for three years in succession. He felt greatly encouraged with the prosperity of the church in most of the pastoral charges. Rushville, Mt. Sterling, Clayton, Columbus, Menden and Plymouth all had special visitations of grace and a large increase in membership. But the salary was small, and after three years he was changed to Decatur station. Here he spent one of the happiest and most successful years of his life. The church enjoyed a revival and paid off a debt on its property of more than four hundred dollars. He says "there is no more warm-hearted people for a minister to labor with in the Illinois Conference than is found in the Methodist church and congregation of Decatur." In the fall of 1858, Mr. Guthrie was appointed to the charge of the Bloomington district as presiding elder, and was continued at that work for four years. During that period nearly every charge in the district enjoyed revivals. The charge at Bloomington, under Rev. I. C. Kimber, and afterwards under Rev. L. C. Pitner, and the charge at Leroy, under Rev. Ira Emerson enjoyed very extensive revivals.

During those four years Mr. Guthrie laid up enough money on a salary of nine hundred dollars to buy a quarter section of land to which he could retire when age or infirmity should prevent him from continuing his labors in the ministry. It is the southwest quarter of section eleven, in Belleflower township, McLean County, and cost four dollars per acre.

In 1868, at the urgent solicitations of his friends, Mr. Guthrie became a candidate for the office of Circuit Clerk of McLean County. He was elected and held his office four years. He never held any other public office, and at the expiration of his term did not come forward for re-election.

Robert Elton Guthrie is five feet and eleven inches in height, is well set, well proportioned, and has a broad chest and broad shoulders. His hair was dark when young, but now is rather gray. He has a high forehead, hazel eyes, good countenance, and a healthy constitution. As will be seen in this sketch, he

prizes very highly his Christian experience, and wishes to see the power and influence of Christianity extended.

Adam Guthrie.

Adam Guthrie was born March 10, 1825, in the town of Circleville, Pickaway County, Ohio. His father was Scotch-Irish, and his mother was German. He was one of a family of twelve children, eight boys and four girls. It is worthy of remark that nearly all of our old settlers were members of very large families, the children usually numbering from eight to twelve, and in one case twenty-one. Adam's father came to McLean County with his family in September, 1826. He bought and sold land claims in McLean County until 1832, when he came to Bloomington and invested some money in town lots. After building a house he began to work at plastering, but never accumulated much property. Adam, being only one year old when his father came to McLean County, received the education of a pioneer school boy. Mr. Washburn, of whose life we have written a sketch, was one of his teachers. Young Adam attended school in winter and helped his father in the plastering business during the summer. In 1846 his father died, and Adam learned the trade of plastering of a Mr. Lawrence, usually called Squire Lawrence. After two years' service for Lawrence he went to work on his own account, and has continued at this business until the present time, when not interrupted by the duties of public office. From 1865 until 1873 he has held the office of assessor, and has performed his duties carefully. Mr. Guthrie also acted as deputy recorder from 1868 to 1870 for his brother, who was clerk of the Circuit Court, from 1868 to 1872. In 1870 he took the United States census in district number seven.

Adam Guthrie married, in 1849, Miss L. L. Butler, of Bloomington. The marriage service was performed by the noted Wesleyan minister, Thomas Magee. He has now an interesting family of three children, two boys and one girl.

Adam Guthrie has plastered or helped to plaster nearly two hundred houses, and has indeed earned his bread by the sweat of his brow. The price paid for plastering is now much greater than it was twenty years ago, nevertheless Mr. Guthrie says that

more money could be made by the contractor in early times, because the price of labor and material was so much less. In early days the wages of the best workmen were from $1.00 to $1.50 per day, while they are at present from $3.00 to $3.50.

During the late rebellion Adam Guthrie enlisted as a private in the Ninety-fourth Illinois, and was soon made corporal, but after serving eight months he was discharged on account of ill-health. He participated in one engagement, that of Prairie Grove, on the seventh of December, 1862.

Adam Guthrie has the feeling of an old settler, and takes pride in the growth and development of the country, and in the fact that he is identified with it. He takes pleasure in recalling the incidents of early life, and any little event awakens this feeling. He even takes satisfaction in having attended the first funeral in the old cemetery, that of Mrs. Pennington. He says she lived in the house now occupied by L. Matern, carriage maker, the same in which Mr. Hill printed the first newspaper published in Bloomington.

As to personal appearance, Adam Guthrie is well formed, and nearly six feet in height. His constitution is not very good. His features are strong and his nose a little Roman. He has never been much of a speculator, although he understands the value of property, and knows how to make the assessment.

David Cox.

David Cox was born January 12, 1811, about four miles from Circleville, in Pickaway County, Ohio. His father's name was Benjamin Cox, and his mother's was Philena Dye. He thinks his mother was of Welch descent. He went to school in Ohio, but in this respect differed little from other boys of that time. Educational advantages were not remarkably good. He was a very industrious boy, his father never allowed him to be idle, and the habit of industry became so fixed that it has remained in his old age. In 1825 his father came to McLean County and bought of John W. Dawson an improved claim with a log cabin, a barn and seventy acres under fence, for two hundred dollars. He returned to Ohio to bring out his family, but died within two or three weeks afterwards. But Mrs. Cox, the mother of David, brought out the family, which consisted of eight children, four

sons, three daughters and one nephew, John Kimler. They left Ohio August 29, 1826, and arrived September 23. The season was pleasant and the roads were good, until they came to the beech woods of Indiana. There they were troubled by mud, but when they came to the prairie they had a pleasant road once more. They saw only three houses between the Vermilion Salt Works (twelve miles this side of Danville) and Blooming Grove, then called Keg Grove. This is a distance of about seventy miles. They had no particular adventure or trouble, except that once their horses strayed away, and the Indians took them, and the animals were not recovered for some time. They came back poor from neglect and hard Indian fare. The family settled on the east side of Blooming Grove, where David Cox now lives. It is near the track of the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railway.

The Cox family had a hard time during the winter of the deep snow, as all the settlers had, and pounded their corn, of course. Mrs. David Cox (then Miss Walker) says they parched corn and ground it in a coffee mill, and thought it good living.

David Cox was more of a worker than a hunter; he says the deer always saw him first, and he preferred the certainty of the reward of toil to the uncertainty of finding game which could see him first. The falling of the meteors in 1833 was quite an era for the old settlers. The meteors came by millions, and made the night much lighter by their falling. It is said that James Rhodes thought the world was coming to an end, and arose and began reading his Bible.

Mr. Cox never lost much by prairie fires, being always careful to guard against them. The vegetation of the country has been changed by settling it up. The prairie grass has disappeared, and the blue grass has taken its place. Mr. Cox tells of some peculiar vegetables, called the ramps, which formerly grew in the timber. They tasted like onions, and were liked by the cattle, but gave a bad flavor to the milk. They flavored everything they touched and were very disagreeable, but are now nowhere to be seen.

David Cox married, May 29, 1833, Miss Sophrona J. Walker, a very amiable and pleasant lady. Mrs. Cox is a good house-

wife, and takes care of her household goods. She has coverlets which were woven before the Black Hawk war. She has in constant use the table, the stand, the cupboard and the chairs, which were made in the days of the early settlement. She is a very entertaining lady, as may he seen from the following, which she writes of the early settlement:

"Only a few white families were settled in Blooming Grove when we came, but the Indians were plenty. The squaws called on us occasionally for the purpose of trading beads, bead baskets and trinkets of various kinds. I thought it very amusing to be visited by the red ladies of the forest. Though I was but a child I took particular notice of their language. They always wanted something to eat, and would sometimes call for *husquel* (corn) and for *cookcush* (meat). When we came here our family was in limited circumstances, and when I wanted a nice dress, something better than father felt able to buy, I would take my basket and hoe and hunt through the woods and dig ginseng, which was dried and sold. Our way of visiting was different from what it is at present. We thought it no trouble to walk seven or eight miles to go to a spinning party. The schoolmasters in the early days thought it necessary to be more severe in their punishments than at present. I remember well when I was going to school to Mr. H——. He left the school house during one noon, and when he returned he made the boys think he had been on the house-top watching their proceedings while they thought him absent, and he called them up one by one, and asked what they had done. He called up one boy and said: 'Henry, what have you done?' The reply was: 'I took after one of the girls and tried to hug her, and chased her out in the rain.' He was severely whipped. Every boy had to draw his coat for each trifling offense. I wonder if Mr. H. ever thinks of it? My parents were very pious people, and tried to bring up their children in the fear and admonition of the Lord. They often had preaching at their house."

Mr. and Mrs. Cox have had six children, of whom five are living. They are:

Mrs. Martha M. Rhodes, wife of Aaron Rhodes.

William Marcus Cox, born August 9, 1836, lives two miles south of his father's.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Sweeney, wife of Dennis Sweeney, lives in Bloomington.

Leander Melville Cox was born April 18, 1841, and at present lives in Bloomington.

Mrs. Huldah M. Deems, wife of George Deems, lives with her father.

Cora Ellis Cox, born February 17, 1854, died in infancy.

Mr. Cox is a man rather less than the medium height, weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds, is always busy, too busy to ever weigh much. He is always on the move, and is quite noted for his ceaseless activity. He is a pleasant and somewhat humorous man, very kind to everyone, and quite noted among the old settlers. His neighbors are always glad to see him, but they never catch him idle. Mr. Cox has been very temperate in his habits, and never was intoxicated in his life, though he lived in times when it was the custom to use ardent spirits. He has never used tobacco nor made use of profane language. He is a very hardy old settler, and can bear a great deal. In 1854 or '55 he was on board of a railroad train which was snowed up near Mt. Pulaski. The snow came so thick and fast that many people were lost while at home feeding their stock, and it was so deep that they could not travel with teams. Mr. Cox walked through that snow from near Mt. Pulaski to Funk's Grove, a distance of thirty miles. Mr. Cox was an Old Line Whig and afterwards a Republican; nevertheless, he voted for Jackson, who was certainly the most powerful political man in the United States.

William McCullough.

William McCullough, son of Peter and Levina McCullough, was born September 11, 1812, in Flemingsburg, Kentucky. Peter McCullough was a noted character. He was a man of remarkable shrewdness. The McCullough family came in the year 1826 to what is now McLean County, Illinois, and settled at Dry Grove. Here Peter McCullough kept for a while a house of entertainment. A queer incident is related of him which shows his disposition and character. At one time a stranger stopped with old Peter and used some profane language without any occasion. Old Peter paid no attention for some time, but at last

he said: "Stranger, I generally do what little swearing is necessary on these premises!" At another time, some years later, while Peter McCullough was in Bloomington, some merchants insisted on selling him some fine clothes. This happened while the bankrupt law was in force, and while so many men were taking advantage of it to pay their debts. These merchants had themselves been through bankruptcy, and when they asked old Peter to buy some fine clothes he refused, saying that, if he did so, people would think him a miserable bankrupt.

In early life William McCullough worked on a farm. He was a boy of remarkable spirit, and his great resolution was plainly seen even in his youth. In 1832 he enlisted as a private soldier in the company commanded by Merrit Covel, and went to the Black Hawk war. There he was distinguished for his great personal courage. He was so unfortunate as to lose his gun, but made good the deficiency by snatching a gun from the hands of an Indian on the ground of Stillman's Run. This affair is a matter of great notoriety; but to one unacquainted with the matter it seems almost incredible. But it is certainly true that McCullough took a gun from a hostile Indian on the field of Stillman's Run. The gun, however, was not a very good one, as it exploded in his hands after the close of the Black Hawk war, while he was firing on parade.

In December, 1833, William McCullough was married to Miss Mary Williams. They had been in their youth schoolmates and were taught by Milton H. Williams, the father of Mrs. McCullough.

In 1840 William McCullough lost his right arm in a threshing machine. After it was torn off, the stump was amputated. When the amputation of the arm was about to be made, McCullough was asked whom he wished to hold it, and he chose Osborn Barnard. During the operation McCullough sat quietly smoking, but he thought he saw Mr. Barnard tremble a little, and cautioned the latter to be careful and steady. This incident is given by Mr. Barnard himself.

In the fall of 1840 Mr. McCullough was elected sheriff of McLean County, and held this office for three successive terms. He was then elected Circuit Clerk of the county, and held this office for four successive terms. He was an exceedingly popular man, and had the warmest of friends.

In August, 1861, Mr. McCullough entered the army and was commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry. With only one arm and a defective eye, he nevertheless, performed his duty fearlessly and efficiently. He was at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, at Shiloh, and at Corinth. On the fifth of December, 1862, Colonel McCullough was killed in the engagement with the rebels near Coffeeville, Mississippi. His body was brought home and buried in the Bloomington Cemetery. When the news of the death of Colonel McCullough reached Bloomington, the bar of McLean County held a meeting and passed resolutions to his memory, as he continued to hold his office of clerk of the Circuit Court. The following is taken from the report of this meeting:

"William McCullough entered the military service of the United States in August, 1861, and was immediately commissioned lieutenant colonel of the Fourth Illinois Cavalry. From that time he gave his whole heart to the cause of his country, and put all his energy to the suppression of the foulest rebellion that ever disgraced the pages of history. He was present with his regiment at the operation which resulted in the capture of Fort Henry, and in the taking of Fort Donelson he rendered such efficient and valuable service that he attracted the attention of his commanding officer (the lamented General Wallace) whose official report acknowledges and commends his gallant conduct. He was also in the battle of Shiloh and in all the movements of the army that led to the evacuation of Corinth by the rebels under General Beauregard, and from that time until his death he was always present where danger was to be met, or laurels won, and was ever a brave, faithful, energetic and accomplished soldier.

"In consideration of the service he has rendered the country, and inasmuch as he was long officially connected with this Court, the members of this bar in perpetuation of his memory, pray that this paper together with the following resolutions be spread upon the records of this Court:

"*Resolved*, That we, the members of this bar, have heard with the deepest regret of the death of Lieutenant Colonel William McCullough, the clerk of this Court, who fell in battle, bravely contending for the liberty and laws of his country, against a causeless and most *wicked* rebellion.

"*Resolved*, That in the death of Lieutenant Colonel McCullough, we feel that we have lost a warm-hearted, faithful friend, but our greatest regret is that the Government has lost a brave, accomplished and patriotic soldier, and liberty a valiant champion.

"*Resolved*, That we take this solemn occasion to renew, with a firmer purpose, our unalterable attachment to the Constitution and laws of the country, and to again pledge to the Government our unswerving support and warmest sympathy in all its efforts to suppress this infernal rebellion.

"*Resolved*, That the clerk of this Court, furnish to the family of Lieutenant Colonel McCullough a copy of these resolutions.

"Colonel Gridley then addressed the meeting, referring to his long acquaintance and intimacy with the deceased, touching upon many tender incidents of his life, demonstrating the kind and social feelings, the sterling integrity and true bravery of the man. That he was not ambitious, yet always by the choice of the people filling important positions of trust. He spoke eloquently and feelingly of the great cause of our country to which Colonel McCullough had so unhesitatingly given up his life.

"His Honor, Judge Scott, also spoke to the same effect, testifying from his long and intimate acquaintance, to his goodness and nobleness of heart, and of the kindness he had received, both from him and his family, when, some years ago, he made his home with them, and of the many endearing reminiscences that crowded upon his mind in this sad hour of bereavement.

"Hon. Leonard Swett commencing by saying: 'At a time like this silence seems most eloquent,' referred to our many brave and good citizens that had before fallen by the hands of this terrible rebellion. He spoke particularly and at some length of the history of Colonel McCullough in connection with this war, of his bravery and noble bearing upon the battle-field and of the loss this community and the country have sustained in his death, and that 'those gaps that death makes are not easily filled.' He spoke most feelingly and tenderly of the family of the deceased, of his bearing to them the sad message of death.

"The meeting was further addressed most eloquently and appropriately by Messrs. W. H. Hanna, Jesse Bishop, David Brier J. H. Wickizer, R. E. Williams, James Ewing and M. W

Strayer, all giving some pleasant incidents of kindness which they had received at the hands of the deceased, and all bearing testimony to the uniform urbanity, sociability, kindness, generosity, fidelity and integrity of Colonel McCullough in all the walks of social and public life.

"Upon motion, the preamble and resolutions were then unanimously adopted.

"Also upon motion, W. H. Hanna, Esq., was appointed a committee on behalf of the bar to present these resolutions to the Court and to ask that they be spread upon the records of the same. W. P. Boyd, President.

Jesse Birch, Secretary."

William McCullough had eight children, four of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. They are:

Mrs. Nannie L. Orme, widow of General William W. Orme, who, during the rebellion, entered the United States service as colonel of the Ninety-fourth Illinois Infantry, and was afterwards made a general. He died September 13, 1866, of sickness contracted while in the army.

Mrs. Fannie M. Orme, wife of Frank D. Orme, lives in Washington, D. C.

William A. McCullough, died September 2, 1869. He was, during the war, a soldier in the Fifth Illinois Cavalry.

Howard M. McCullough died July 1, 1871. He was, during the war, a soldier in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Infantry.

Colonel McCullough was of medium height, was very pleasant and polite in his manners and warm-hearted and generous in his disposition. His hair in his younger days was dark, afterwards gray, and his eyes were black and expressive. He was one of the most bold and fearless of men, and it may be doubted whether he ever had the feeling of fear or really knew what it was. He was frank and outspoken in his manner and a warm friend. He was one of the most popular men in McLean County, for he had those bold and generous qualities which men and women admire.

Dr. Isaac Baker.

Dr. Isaac Baker was born September 13, 1783, in Fairfield County, Connecticut. The ancestry of Dr. Baker was Puritan and is traced to the settlement of the Plymouth colony. He was educated at an early day for a physician and studied seven years.

He married in Ohio in the fall of 1803, Susannah M. Dodge. In 1810 or '11 the Baker family moved to Marietta, Ohio. During the war of 1812 he lived at the block house at Marietta, and it was his duty for a part of the time to watch from a tree top for Indians, while the men were at work in the field. He learned surveying in Ohio and became quite skillful in the use of the instruments. He was also an architect and superintended the construction of many buildings. "In 1820 he went from Ohio to New York to aid his brother-in-law in the erection of steam works for a factory, and from there he went to Bath, in Maine, where he built the first steam mill ever erected in that State."

On the eleventh of July, 1827, he came to what is now McLean County, Illinois. The journey was made in wet weather over muddy roads and corduroy tracks through the swamps. He settled first at Harley's Grove and there built a house. But after some calculation he concluded that it would never be sufficiently settled to support a school to educate his children and he sold his claim, having lived on it only a few months. He next settled in the southwestern part of Funk's Grove, where he remained two years and sold out to a man named Rankin and bought a claim a little south of William Orendorff's at Blooming Grove. When the land came into market, he entered his claim of one hundred and sixty acres.

In the spring of 1831 Mr. James Allin came to Isaac Baker and said: "Come, get your chain and compass and let's lay out a town." Then Allin and Baker and William Orendorff laid out the town upon land which James Allin had given to be used for that purpose. Mr. Allin was very enthusiastic about the future of Bloomington and took out a map to convince the gentlemen of the favorable situation of the place. He put a hazel-switch across it and said it was on the direct route from Chicago to St. Louis and that it was between Columbus, Ohio, and Flint Bluffs (now Burlington), Iowa, and he was very positive that it

would be a great city in the future. The town was finally located and called Bloomington. Isaac Baker surveyed the lots and laid them out. It had been decided before this that the place should be a county seat.

When the first Board of Commissioners of McLean County met, Isaac Baker was chosen clerk of the County Commissioners Court, which position he held for fifteen years. He was afterwards postmaster of Bloomington and held this office for some years, and "his old residence still stands on South Centre street, hard by which was the old post-office and which then marked the commercial center of the city." Dr. Baker helped in building the first house put up in Bloomington, after it was laid out.

While Dr. Baker was county clerk, some incidents occurred, which show how difficult it was sometimes to procure money. A young man, who wished to get married, made application for a license, but had no money to pay the fee. After some discussion Dr. Baker gave him a license, and the man promised to pay the fee in maple sugar in the following spring. It was a sweet transaction for all concerned. Another young man, who experienced the same difficulty, promised to pay for his license in wolf-scalps.

Dr. Baker was a liberal-minded man and would not allow anything like persecution or ostracism, if he could help it. At one time, a Mormon preacher wished to deliver a sermon, but the people refused to listen and seemed disposed to use violence. But Dr. Baker took the Mormon home and kindly cared for him and entertained him in the best of style, shod his horse, gave him money and sent him on his way rejoicing.

The first Methodist conference was held in Bloomington in 1836, and in this Dr. Baker took great interest.

In 1853 or '54 he moved to Leroy, where he lived until the time of his death, which occurred April 28, 1872.

He was married three times and his domestic life was always very happy. He married, the second time, Mrs. Ruth Greenman, the widow of John Greenman, and the third time, Mrs. Nancy Miller, a widow. By his first marriage he had eleven children. They are: Seth, Elliot, William, John, Susannah, Charles, Sidney D., Mary Ann, Solomon D., Hiram and Albert. By his second marriage he had two children: Laura W. and Julia A. Baker.

The following description of Dr. Baker was written at the time of his death by one of his intimate friends, and was published in the *Bloomington Pantagraph:*

Dr. Baker was of medium height, and rather corpulent. Sidney Baker, Esq., of Leroy, is a very good type of what his father was in the days of his prime. Dr. Baker was a quiet, unpretending man, and the honesty and uprightness of his character was never called in question. Such was the general confidence the people reposed in him while in office that he was consulted as an oracle, and his opinions taken for law. He was a man of literary taste and very extensive reading and information. Scarcely any subject within the range of human investigation but had to some extent come under the knowledge and observation of Dr. Baker. He was communicative and interesting in conversation, and always impressed you with the sincerity of his opinions. He was a friend of peace and a lover of concord, and passed through his long life without having any trouble with his fellow-men; and in addition to this he healed up the difficulties of others and poured oil on the troubled waters wherever he went. He was benignant and kind to everybody, but especially to the poor. The fatherless, the widow or the needy were never turned empty away from Dr. Baker's door. He believed in immortality and eternal life, and lived and died in hope through Christ of a brighter and more beautiful world beyond the grave. Thus after a long and eventful life of four score and nine years, the wheels of his mortal life stood still, and Dr. Baker passed over and now lives beyond the river. Peace to his memory here, and glory and immortality hereafter.

George Hinshaw, Jr.

George Hinshaw, Jr., was born December 26, 1820, on a farm two miles from the town of Monroe, the county seat of Overton County, Tennessee. He came from old English Quaker stock, his ancestors having emigrated from England to Ireland at an early day and from there to America. The majority of his relatives are still Quakers, though Mr. Hinshaw does not belong to that honored sect.

His father's name was George Hinshaw, and his mother's maiden name was Susannah Johnson. Mr. Hinshaw, sr., the father of George Hinshaw of whom we are writing, came to Blooming Grove, McLean County, Illinois, in July, 1827. He had visited Illinois during the year previous, in company with Stephen Webb (now living at Twin Grove), and had made a claim of some land on the Kankakee River not far from Joliet. But when the family moved to Illinois the country was very wet, and it was impossible to go up to the Kankakee. More than that, some difficulty had occurred between the whites at the mining country near Galena and the Winnebago Indians, and the settlers feared an Indian war in the northern part of the State. All of these considerations determined Mr. Hinshaw not to go up on the Kankakee. The weather during their journey was terrible, and they were seven weeks in traveling. It rained very hard and the whole face of the country seemed covered with water. They crossed the Sangamon River at Newcom's Ford, this side of Urbana, on a raft, which they were obliged to build. They were delayed there one week. When they came to Cheney's Creek, they had great difficulty in crossing, and stopped to camp, and there a great hurricane came near blowing their horses and wagon away. Mr. Hinshaw, sr., bought a claim of twenty acres with a cabin and growing crop, in the south side of Blooming Grove, and there he built a house. He gave a wagon and yoke of oxen, worth in all about fifty dollars, for his claim. Money was then scarce. The price of a good cow was only five dollars. When he settled in Blooming Grove the government had surveyed the land, and shortly afterwards it was brought into market, and he bought two hundred and twenty acres for $1.25 per acre. This was all the money he had and he was thought to be rich! At that time the Kickapoo and Pottawotamie Indians were plenty, and both tribes lived together in friendship. But they moved West about the time of the Black Hawk war. The Indians were always ready to trade, and exchanged buckskin and moccasins for pork, flour, tobacco, &c., &c. Mr. Hinshaw thinks these savages very polite people. When they make a visit, only one talks at a time, and in this respect they differ somewhat from the ladies of a sewing circle or a mite society. But these barbarians resemble the ladies in one respect,

they are fond of display and love jewelry and trinkets, which they wear in their ears and sometimes in their noses. The Indians sometimes cultivated the ground and raised what they called squaw corn. This they buried in the ground when they went hunting in the fall, and sometimes did not dig it up until the following spring. They ground their corn by putting it into the hollow of a log and beating it with a pestle, as the settlers were obliged to do during the winter of the deep snow.

The early settlers were generous and hospitable. The "latch-string was always out." They kept no locks on their doors, a simple wooden latch was used, but only for the purpose of keeping out the wind and storm. They were more sociable than people now, and were always anxious to help their neighbors. There was not so much hunting after money then, for they had little money to hunt after. A word was as good as a bond, and they had no promissory notes, no bills, no banks, no newspapers and very little news. A letter from Tennessee was four or five weeks on the road, and postage was twenty-five cents.

Mr. Hinshaw went to school during the winter of the deep snow and spent his Saturdays in gathering corn and pounding it in a mortar. He thinks children learned more in those early days in a given length of time than they do at present, for then the teacher made them fear the rod.

Mr. Hinshaw has done his share of hunting, especially after wolves, which were a common pest. He has hunted them towards a pole put up in some central locality, when all the settlers would turn out from various parts of the country.

Mr. Hinshaw has had his experience, too, with fires on the prairie. He remembers one hard experience when he was going to mill with oxen and was overtaken by a fire. He tried to drive his oxen through it, but they refused to face the flames and turned and ran away in spite of all his efforts. At last he saw a place where a part of the fire had gone faster than the rest, leaving a gap in the road. Into this gap he rushed with his oxen and got through.

The year 1844 was the wet season. During that year he drove a herd of cattle from here to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. He swam creeks and rivers of all kinds and sizes. He was delayed at the Kankakee and was fifteen days in crossing it. He

frequently drove his cattle in the river, but when they struck the swift current they turned for the shore from which they started, and came back. But at last he found a tall ox, which touched bottom, and went across, and the rest followed. Mr. Hinshaw has had a varied experience with stock. About three years ago he went to Kansas and invested in Texas cattle with rather bad fortune. He had one hundred and thirty head of cattle in the fall, and only fifty-three of them were left in the spring. The remainder died.

Mr. Hinshaw has lived in Bloomington for about ten years, but he has owned a farm ever since he was twenty-five years of age. He now lives at Sulphur Springs, in the outskirts of Bloomington, on the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

Mr. Hinshaw was married July 1, 1848, to Polly Maria Toliver, daughter of James Toliver. He has had ten children, of whom four are now living. As to personal appearance he is tall and portly. When he was twenty-seven years of age he had a severe sickness, was ill for a long time with the typhoid fever, and since then he has been very stout in appearance. He has a large head and a large brain; has small sparkling eyes, and a pleasant, genial countenance; he is full of fun and appreciates a joke. He has a firm, resolute character, combined with a mild and pleasant disposition. He is always ready to meet his friends with real English cheer, and indeed he appears a "fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time."

His children living are:

Ida May, born January 1, 1857.

Ezra, born July 11, 1862.

Toby, born April 16, 1865.

Rollo, born August 21, 1867.

They are all living at home.

Dr. William Lindley.

William Lindley, son of John Lindley, was born November 16, 1803, in Christian County, Kentucky. At the age of twelve he was apprenticed to learn the boot and shoe trade and worked at this until 1827. On the 26th of July, 1822, William Lindley married Unity Warren in Christian County, Kentucky. She was then only fifteen years of age.

In the fall of 1827 he moved to Sangamon County, Illinois. There he raised one crop. In the fall of 1828 he came to Blooming Grove in what is now McLean County, Illinois. He settled in the southern edge of the grove and commenced farming. The first divine service he attended here was held at the house of John Hendrix at Blooming Grove. The sermon was preached by James Latta. In November, 1828, he cast his first vote for General Jackson. The voting was then done by word of mouth as they had no tickets. He did his trading at that time in Springfield; but after Bloomington came into being he bought his store goods there. He worked on his farm using the Carey plow with its iron shear and wooden mould-board. On his first arrival at Blooming Grove he worked for good wages, rather better than people could expect. He worked during twenty days receiving ten bushels of corn per day for his labor. He first entered eighty acres of land and gradually acquired more. Dr. Lindley followed farming until 1862. He then resided for a year in Bloomington. He then sold out his farm and bought another near by and has lived on it ever since. Dr. Lindley has always had a liking for horses, has done a great deal of trading and has studied the diseases to which horses are subject. By this means he has become a very skillful veterinary surgeon. He has been very fortunate in his treatment of horses and has acquired a considerable reputation.

Dr. Lindley has had eleven children, but only four are living. They are: John, a physician, who lives at Clinton, Illinois; Stewart Lindley, who lives at Blooming Grove: Lucinda, wife of Walter Smith, who lives in Pike County, Illinois, and Robert, who lives at home.

Dr. Lindley is about six feet in height, weighs about two hundred and ten pounds, has good eyesight, never wears glasses, has a rather heavy head of hair, which was rather light colored in his younger days, but now is turning gray. His beard is sandy. He is a well-formed, muscular man. He has succeeded in acquiring some property, but has lost a good deal of it, as people sometimes do.

Hon. James Allin.

James Allin was born January 13th, 1788, in North Carolina. When he was ten years of age his parents moved to

Boone County, Kentucky. Young James bore all the hardships of travel manfully, riding over the mountains on horseback and sustaining all the perils of the journey. The family, after remaining one year in Kentucky, moved across the Ohio River into Dearborn County, Indiana. Here young James lived, and in the year 1817 he did as all active, vigorous young men should do, got married to a kind and affectionate woman. Her name was Catherine Livingston. He has been blessed with seven children, three of whom are now living. Two years after this important event he moved to Edwardsville, Madison County, Illinois, where he remained until 1821, when he removed to Vandalia, which was then the capital of the State. In November, 1829, he came to the present site of Bloomington, and moved his family there in the following spring. Mr. Allin's removal to Bloomington was not the result of accident but of calculation. He saw that a line drawn from the rapids of the Illinois River to Cairo would pass through Blooming Grove. It was also on a direct line from Chicago to Alton and St. Louis. He admired the country for its natural beauty and fertility, and it seemed to him that as the country grew in population and wealth a town situated in Blooming Grove would not fail to have before it a brilliant future. In March, 1830, Mr. Allin built the first house in Bloomington. It was a double log house, one part being used as a dwelling and the other part for a store. In the session of the Legislature of 1830 and '31 Mr. Allin succeeded in getting a bill passed laying off the county of McLean. When the commissioners came to lay off the new county, Mr. Allin offered twenty-two and a half acres of land for a county seat. The offer was accepted and the county seat was named by him Bloomington. The twenty-two and a half acres given by Mr. Allin are bounded by Front and North and East and West streets. The first court held in Bloomington was at Mr. Allin's dwelling, the log house which stood in the edge of the timber, nearly opposite the present location of the First Presbyterian church.

Mr. Allin was a man of business. He brought to Bloomington the first lot of goods and drove his business as a merchant, with great energy. His public spirit and his energy made him very popular, and in 1836 he was elected to the State Senate.

This election was afterwards repeated, confirming Mr. Allin's influence and popular strength. He died on the fifth of May, 1869.

James Allin was a man of medium stature; in build he was slim; his hair was light brown; his eyes were gray and penetrating in expression, but his eyesight was not good during the latter portion of his life, and he was obliged to wear spectacles. His complexion was healthy, but this was a deceptive appearance, as he was during his whole life a feeble man, and his health was delicate. He had extraordinary business capacity, and the energy and determination with which he followed out his plans were wonderful. The man's strength of will was once shown when his son William Allin was sick and not expected to live. Mr. Allin said to him: "William, I would not die if I were you, I would not give way." His public spirit, his qualities of heart as well as of head, will make him remembered as long as the city of Bloomington, which he founded, shall stand.

The following is taken from the *Bloomington Pantagraph* of an early date, and relates to an old settlers' dinner where James Allin was present:

"Mr. Allin's health is poor, and he has never recovered from a fall on the ice which severely injured him about three years ago. He walks on crutches, and was assisted up stairs by two men. He was complimented by the speakers as the man whose superior foresight pointed out Bloomington as the site of a future city, when all around was an uncultivated wilderness. According to what Governor Moore and Colonel Gridley said, Mr. Allin, in his younger days, was very much such a man as we occasionally hear of now in frontier places.

"He used every honorable endeavor to induce emigrants to locate in this county. If they wished to settle in the new town, Mr. Allin would sell them lots at a low price, if they had money, and would sell them at a lower figure if they had little money, or would give lots outright if they had no money, always stipulating that improvements should be made. It was such unremitting care and exertions, which, in the course of a few years, gave this settlement a start that made it out of the question for any neighboring town to compete with it, and made it eventually a point to be aimed at by railroads, which have now made

Bloomington one of the thriftiest and best business places in the State.

"It must have been a proud day to Mr. Allin to meet so many old friends and neighbors, not one of whom bears the slightest grudge against him, and to listen to such eloquent and appreciative tributes to his life-long public spirit. With all his opportunities for building up a large fortune, Mr. Allin's valuable lands slipped from his hold in one way and another, to parties who could not or would not pay much for their lots, and to parties who afterwards speculated upon the rise of town lots, until when property came to be really valuable he had little left to sell. He, however, acquired a comfortable competency, so that his old age is pleasantly passing in the midst of a community he took such pride in drawing together. A more grasping man would have so hesitated to sell property that settlers would have been driven away, and a less honorable man, if he had made more money, would have had fewer friends in his old age. Bloomington owes a debt to Mr. Allin which it can never repay."

William H. Allin.

William H. Allin was born in 1818, in Indiana. When he was quite small his father removed to Vandalia, Illinois, where he remained until the spring of 1829, when he came to Bloomington, Illinois. Mr. Allin was a great favorite with all with whom he was acquainted. He was remarkable for his business talent, and he was pre-eminently remarkable for his *honesty*.

One of his friends has happily described him thus:

"Possessing naturally a strong and vigorous intellect, with good discriminating powers both as to men and measures, and with a large development of the moral faculties, he seems to have entered upon the active duties of life with the fixed purpose of hewing his way successfully through by an adherence to that great cardinal virtue, *honesty*, which is the only sure basis of ultimate success, and which was undoubtedly the leading trait of his character."

Mr. Allin was remarkable not only for his honesty but for his energy. When he was only ten years of age his father sent him on horseback to Springfield to enter some land. At that

time the roads were scarce and the bridges were scarcer, and young William was sent across the prairie. It was necessary to do this, as his father had heard that a neighbor of his was trying to get the start of him, and enter the same land. Young William made the journey successfully, and entered the land. Just as he was coming out of the land office the rival neighbor met him and asked "how he got there?" Young William replied that he came across the prairie. The gentleman did not feel pleasant at being outwitted by a child ten years of age.

In the year 1850, the Whigs of McLean County nominated Mr. Allin for the office of Circuit Clerk. At their earnest solicitations he accepted the nomination, as it was impossible for them to agree on any other man, and he was elected. But after one year's service he resigned in favor of his brother, who was deputy.

In the winter of 1838 Mr. Allin married Miss Judith A. Major, and his married life was remarkably happy. He was a kind and faithful husband and a loving father.

Mr. Allin was a man of medium size, slenderly built, healthy complexion, rather light hair, sharp-pointed nose, and dark, penetrating eyes. He was very polite in his manners, and a favorite with all with whom he had anything to do.

Jonathan Maxson.

Jonathan Maxson was born June 11, 1820, on a farm about half a mile from the town of Freeport in Harrison County, Ohio. His ancestors were of Scotch, Irish and French descent. He was one of a family of ten children. His mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Kinsey, was twice married, and he had four brothers, two sisters and four half sisters. Jonathan was intended by his father to be a farmer, and while a little lad he learned the duties of that laborious but independent calling. Farmers' boys do not usually pine away for the want of work, and Jonathan could always find plenty to do. His education was not very well attended to, as educational advantages were not to be had where he lived. He went to school only two terms and learned to read and spell. Some time after the death of his father, David Maxson, his mother married a very worthy man named Jesse Hiatt, and moved to Clinton County, Ohio. Short-

ly after this the family determined to move to Illinois, and in the fall of 1830 started on their journey to Tazewell County, (of which McLean was then a part), as they had friends and relatives there. They went in two wagons, one under charge of Mr. Hiatt and the other driven by Christopher Kinsey, Jonathan's grandfather. They had also five hundred sheep and four milch cows. Their journey of two hundred and fifty miles occupied twenty-one days, because of the difficulty in taking charge of their large flock of sheep. They camped out every night of their journey, except one, and by day they traveled from point to point without any road to guide them. It was necessary every night to guard the sheep from the wolves, but this was easily done as the frightened sheep huddled closely together. The entire expense of the journey was ten dollars spent for food, which was less than a dollar apiece, as the caravan consisted of eleven persons. They had a very easy and pleasant journey, with no remarkable adventures. One of the party caught in the White River, with his hands, an eel about four feet long and weighing six pounds. It made a supper for the whole party. Jonathan says this is not a fish story. The party arrived at Stout's Grove on the twenty-first of September, 1830, but after a few days' of rest proceeded to Dillon's Settlement (now in Tazewell County). After spending two or three weeks in taking observations of the country, Mr. Hiatt returned to Stout's Grove and bought a farm of one hundred and sixty acres, (twenty acres under fence) with a log cabin, for four hundred dollars. One half of the farm was prairie and the other half timber. Here the family succeeded very well. Mr. Hiatt followed his trade as a blacksmith, and the boys attended to the farm, and they all did well. Jonathan went to school sometimes during winters, for five years. His teacher was Hosea Stout, the nephew of Ephraim Stout, the founder of the settlement at the grove which bears his name. The school was attended by thirty or forty children, who came great distances and boarded with the farmers near by. He also went to school to Richard Rowell, a most excellent teacher from New England.

Jonathan remembers some strange peculiarities concerning Ephraim Stout, the most eccentric man in that part of the country. Ephraim Stout was a great hunter, greater than Nimrod,

or Esau, or Daniel Boone, indeed the latter had been a companion to Ephraim, and many were the stories told by him of their adventures together. When Ephraim was a young man he became married, of course, but no sooner had he done so than he regretted it bitterly. He loved his wife with all the love of a young husband, but he happened to meet with Lewis and Clark, government agents, who were going to explore Oregon Territory, and his marriage prevented him from going with them. Then there was wailing and gnashing of teeth, and he declared he would give five hundred dollars to be unmarried! (Some persons would give more than that). Mr. Maxson tells a curious story of the old hunter, showing his ingenuity. The hunter, with a party of men, went out searching for bee trees, and they had such luck that they filled their pots and pails and kettles with honey, and there were not enough to hold it all; and it seemed that they must leave a large part of it to be spoiled. But Ephraim's ingenuity never failed him; he cut down a butternut tree, cut off a section in the shape of a cylinder, split it through the middle, made a trough of each half, hooped them together and had a water-tight barrel which he filled with honey. All this was done with an axe and a jack-knife. That was ingenuity.

Ephraim Stout was a Quaker, and when he settled in Stout's Grove he thought he would make of it a Quaker settlement. He collected Quakers from far and near and everything seemed "merry as a marriage bell"; but in an evil hour he allowed Squire Robb, who was a Cumberland Presbyterian, to come in to the settlement. Now Squire Robb had married a daughter of a gentleman named McClure, and when the former settled in Stout's Grove the McClure family insisted on settling there too, and they were followed by some one else, and these by still others until that Quaker settlement was swallowed up, and the soul of poor old Ephraim Stout was racked within him. He was accustomed to live in the wild woods, and did not like to see so many people around him. When he was married he had promised his wife that he would always live in the forest *where she could pick her own fire-wood*, and when so many people came there and broke up his Quaker settlement, he picked up his gun and all his hunter's accoutrements and started for Iowa Territory and then for Oregon. In 1830 he was an old man, leaning on

his staff for support, and when he told the stories of his adventures with Indians and with all the wild animals of the forest, it certainly seemed that it was time for him to rest from his labors and live the remainder of his life in peace; but there was no peace for him within the bounds of civilization, so he gathered together his worldly goods and went out to the still farther West.

Jonathan Maxson never saw any candy until he was eighteen years of age. How terrible this must have been for a boy. People spun and wove their own clothing. A calico dress to wear on Sunday was a piece of unwarrantable extravagance. The family was always quite independent of the market. Their tea was made from roots and herbs, their sugar from maple sap, and they kept twenty swarms of bees for honey. Jonathan Maxson states that during the winter of the deep snow (1830) he and his brother went out into the woods where it did not drift nor blow away and took a careful measurement of the depth of the snow with a stick and found it four feet deep. During the early part of that terrible winter deer were very numerous, but when the deep snow came they were starved and hunted by famished wolves and by settlers with snow-shoes, until they were almost exterminated. Shortly after the snow fell Mr. Jesse Hiatt killed a very large deer, which he was unable to carry home. He buried it in the snow and covered it with his coat to keep the wolves away. But the snow afterwards fell so deep that he was unable to visit the spot for two weeks. At last he put a harness on one of his horses and went to drag it home. On his return with the deer he killed three others and attached them also to his horse. But the load was so hard to drag that he did not return until late at night, when he found the frightened neighbors collected at his house, about to start on a search for him. They had collected on horseback with trumpets and horns and various things with which to make unearthly noises, and were no doubt disappointed to find that there was no occasion for their fearful shrieks. The remainder of the night was spent in dressing the deer.

Some of their neighbors caught deer alive by putting on snow-shoes and running them down, but towards the latter part of the winter they were so poor and emaciated that they were hardly worth catching.

Jonathan's stepfather, Jesse Hiatt, kept for a long time a gun which went through the Black Hawk war. The circumstances were these. At the outbreak of the Black Hawk war a man named William Ament resided near what is now the village of Bureau in La Salle County. He was informed by a friendly Indian that some Indians had determined to kill him and his family and burn his house. He at once took his family and what furniture and provision he could carry, to the house of his father-in-law, Jonathan Hodge, who lived in Stout's Grove. After staying there a fortnight Mr. Ament decided to go back and look at his property. His father-in-law went with him, and on the road they took with them about a dozen men. On arriving at the house they found everything untouched. They all had a good supper and discussed what seemed to them to be the hoax played by the friendly Indian. The next morning the first man who stepped out of doors was shot. The party grasped their guns, and after reconnoitering found that some Indians, who had been concealed among some hazel bushes, had retreated leaving some blankets and two guns in their haste. The party returned, and when the news reached Stout's Grove a company of volunteers was formed under Captain McClure. The latter borrowed Mr. Jesse Hiatt's gun and carried it through the Black Hawk war, and when that exciting and troublesome campaign was finished, returned the gun to its owner.

When Jonathan Maxson was eighteen years of age his stepfather died and upon the former devolved the duty of overseeing the farm. For five years he was the head of the family, but at the end of that time the responsibilities of the farm fell upon the younger brothers, and Jonathan was married and had responsibilities of his own. He married Amanda Curtis, the daughter of Squire Eber Curtis, on the sixteenth of April, 1843. He moved to Bloomington on the first of January, 1844, where he lived on a farm.

Jonathan has been a foreman in a reaper factory for five years; he has been a carpenter, builder, millwright and now has the position of engineer and janitor in the Court House. He has had a family of eight children, two of whom are dead.

It is very easy in this country for friends and relatives to be scattered about; some of Jonathan's relatives are here and

others there, some are in South Bend, Indiana, some in Kansas and some in California.

In personal appearance Jonathan Maxson is healthy and good looking. He is strongly built, is about five feet ten inches in height, has broad shoulders, pale blue penetrating eyes set wide apart showing his mechanical skill, his hair is dark and turning gray, and his head is a little bald on the top. In the evening when he reads and writes he wears spectacles. He enjoys the best of health and is a fine specimen of the old pioneers.

David Simmons.

David Simmons was born July 15, 1802, in Monroe County, Virginia. His father's name was Ephraim Simmons, and his mother's name before her marriage was Elizabeth Calloway. To the best of his knowledge, his father was an American, and his mother was of English descent. When Mr. Simmons was about twelve years old, the family went to Ohio, then back to Nicholas County, Virginia, and from there to Cabell County, where old Mr. Simmons died. David Simmons was then only eighteen years of age, and had only five dollars and a half in his pocket. He moved the family to Decatur County, Indiana, where he remained nearly nine years. When he arrived there he had not five cents in his pocket. His mother was afterwards married, and he was at liberty to work for himself.

On the 11th of November, 1824, he married Elizabeth Jones. He was not worth a hundred dollars. His wife had a cow, a spinning wheel and a bed. They took some of the feathers from their bed and traded them for three knives and three forks.

In the fall of 1830 Mr. Simmons came to Illinois and arrived at the south side of the grove on the 7th of November. He traded his team, two yoke of oxen, his wagon and all of his money, except $2.15, for eighty acres of timber land with a cabin on it. He afterwards sold forty acres of timber for the purpose of entering prairie. But by reason of the Black Hawk war he wasted his money and was obliged to borrow and pay twenty-five per cent. interest in order to enter land.

During the Black Hawk war Mr. Simmons was the third sergeant in Captain Covel's company. They went up to Dixon's Ferry, where the troops were for some days drilling and getting

themselves in order for fight. On the 13th of May, 1832, the troops started on the famous Stillman's Run expedition. Major (afterward general) Stillman had two hundred and six men with him, all told, according to Mr. Simmons. They went about five miles during the first day, to a little grove, and there camped. The next morning they traveled on until noon, when they stopped for dinner. Then the guard in front discovered moccasin tracks, and a false alarm was raised. The men jumped on their horses and ran up to the tracks, which were perhaps two or three miles from the place where they stopped for dinner. They rode very excitedly, and some lost their tin cups and other articles. The tracks were fresh and clear on a sand ridge, but no Indians were found. The men waited there until the baggage wagon came up. The baggage master had great difficulty in crossing sloughs with his heavy load in his little two-horse wagon, and it was therefore determined to lighten the wagon by issuing the ammunition and whisky to the men. The men filled their powder horns, and some of them tied up powder in their handkerchiefs. They filled their canteens and coffee pots and bottles with whisky, but were not able to take it all and left some in the barrel. Then they took up their line of march, and during the afternoon while on the route some of them passed along the line offering whisky out of their coffee pots to whoever would drink, for it was as free as water and more plenty just then.

They went into camp in the evening on the north side of Old Man's Creek, and hobbled their horses, and the advanced guard came in. Just then about ten or a dozen Indians appeared on a high hill about a quarter or a half a mile distant. The officers and men were inquiring what they were, and some thought it was the advanced guard. David Simmons said to Stillman: "No, the advanced guard came in a while ago. General, it's Indians." Then the men commenced catching their horses, and some started without putting on the saddles, and went at full speed to where the little squad of Indians appeared. All the Indians retreated except two, who claimed to be Pottawotamies. Covel then turned to Stillman and said: "It's all nonsense, they are friendly Indians," and said that enough of the boys had gone to take the others, as they were pursued by

twenty or thirty men; the two were then brought into camp. While the Indian prisoners were coming into camp they said: "Me good Pottawotamie," but pointed over the hill and said: "Heap of Sac." The Indians then offered to trade for a gun belonging to David Alexander, from Pekin, who was commissary. Then David Simmons brought out his double-barrel gun for the Indians to look at, and while they were poking their fingers first into one barrel and then into another, a man came running back at full speed, calling, "Parade, parade." Then the officers had their men formed into companies. David Simmons was ordered to guard the prisoners, but George Wylie took his place. The men moved forward leaving the prisoners guarded in the rear. Before going far they met a few men coming in with an Indian prisoner. The twenty or thirty men had pursued the Indians and killed one and captured another. The captured Indian had fought hard, and Mr. Hackleton had been speared in the hands. The whites moved on, after sending the Indian prisoner to the rear. They went to where twenty or thirty whites were stationed, near a big slough, and there were told of an Indian who came out and offered his hand in friendship, and that McCullough extended his hand and snatched the Indian's gun. Mr. Simmons saw the gun, but did not see McCullough snatch it. McCullough snapped at the Indian, and Vandolah shot but missed. The officer halted and said that if the Indians did not want to fight they would not rush on them, but would see what the Indians did want. The officers then went on across the slough to the top of a bluff beyond. Then Gridley came back with orders to march across the slough, and the men started, and the officers came dashing back. Captain Eades of Peoria came riding up, and said he was not easily fooled, and that there were not less than a thousand of the Indians. The officers ordered the men to countermarch, and fall back across the slough. The front of the line obeyed orders, but the rear broke back ahead of those in front and made confusion. They went back across the slough to high ground, and there the officers tried to form a line, but the men were in poor order and in bunches, so that they could not shoot without hitting some one in front of them.

The Indians then began to pour out of the timber, and Mr. Simmons said it reminded him of the pigeons in Indiana flying

over one another and picking up mast. The Indians began firing and the flashes of their guns could be seen, as it was just becoming dusky in the evening. The whites fired in return, but were so mixed up that some fired in the air, as they could not shoot ahead without hitting some of their own number. They were then ordered to retreat to their camp ground and there form a line. They went back on a gallop. Simmons and Coffey and Murphy agreed to go for Dixon's Ferry, when they arrived at the creek, Captain Covel tried to form the men on the north side of the creek; but an order was given to shoot the prisoners and go back across the creek and form a line on the other side. Mr. Simmons started for the lower crossing and met Jim Paul putting on his saddle and said to him: "What are you about?" He replied with an oath that he would have his saddle. When Mr. Simmons crossed the creek the whites were shooting at the Indians and the latter were shooting at the whites. Simmons went a little above the ford after crossing and stopped when a bullet whistled close to his ear. There was then the greatest confusion and yelling. Some were calling "halt and fight," some said "don't leave us," and some called "murder." But in a moment or two an order was given to retreat to Dixon, and that order was obeyed. They took the trail back at the top of their speed. Some Indians came in on the left and tried to outflank the party, but the whites went too fast, and did not stop until they came to Dixon. The next day the greater part of the army went up to Stillman's Run and buried the dead. On their return horsemen were sent down to meet the boats coming up with provisions, and their baggage wagons came up in a few days. The governor then started up the river with troops to fight the Indians, and left a part of the army to guard the families at Dixon. During that evening an express came from Ottawa asking for men. This express was sent on after the Governor, and he sent back an order for Colonel Johnson to take several companies and go on to Ottawa and build a fort, which was done. Covel and McClure's companies were among those that went to Ottawa. They started and camped within three or four miles of where the three families were murdered on Indian Creek, but knew nothing of the matter at the time. They went on to Ottawa next day and saw a little squad of whites. Each

party supposed that the other were Indians, and stopped and formed lines, but discovered their mistake. The party was a squad of men going out to bury the dead at Indian Creek. They went on to Ottawa, where a great many families were gathered for protection. They built a fort there. Mr. Simmons and some thirteen others then came home, as they heard that the Kickapoos in the rear were going to make trouble, and that the people were going into the forts for safety. A few days after this the troops, who had been called out for thirty days, were all discharged, Mr. Simmons among the rest. At Bloomington they had talked of forting, but had not done so, but at Pekin a fort was built. A company of rangers was formed for sixty days, to traverse the frontier of McLean County.

Mr. Simmons has lived in Bloomington township ever since his first settlement here, living sometimes in town and sometimes in the country. He still owns one hundred and eighty acres of land in the county. He also owns some city property. He was for a while supervisor of Bloomington township.

Mr. Simmons has had ten children, of whom six are living. They are:

Levi Simmons lives on a part of the old farm.

Annie, wife of Isaac Lash, lives in Hudson township.

Margaret, wife of James Dozier, lives in Blue Mound township.

Benjamin Simmons lives in Missouri.

David Simmons, jr., lives on the old homestead.

Mary, wife of William H. Fielder, lives at Funk's Grove.

Mr. Simmons is about five feet and ten inches in height, has a strong constitution, a sanguine complexion and light blue eyes. He is very muscular and one of the hardest of workers. His clear statement of the fight at Stillman's Run is perhaps the best ever given of that celebrated affair, and its correctness may be seen at a glance.

Hon. John Moore.

John Moore was born on the eighth of September, 1793, at Grantham, Lincolnshire, England. He received but little education at school. Up to his fourteenth year he attended the common school, and all his subsequent education was obtained

by study without a teacher. He often studied while at work at his trade as a wheelwright, keeping his open book on his bench. His parents, who were not well to do in the world, died when Mr. Moore was quite young, and he was left to take care of himself. At an early age he moved to Sibsey (England) and was apprenticed to a Mr. Teesdale to learn the trade of wheelwright. The *Spalding Free Press* (English paper) says of him: "There are some now living in that village who well remember John Moore as an apprentice, and who can bear witness to his sterling good qualities as a young man at that time."

In 1817 John Moore concluded to try his fortune in a new country. He came to America in a sailing vessel as our pilgrim fathers did a great many years before. He was three months on the way, but at last the vessel came into port. He settled first in Virginia but remained there only a short time when he removed to Harrison, Hamilton County, Ohio. Here he began to work at his trade as a wheelwright on his own account.

On the ninth of March, 1820, he married a widow, Mrs. Misner. She was a Kentucky lady and had one child, a daughter, with her at the time of her marriage with Mr. Moore. Mr. Moore has had a family of eight children, five sons and three daughters, and of these three sons and one daughter are now living.

In October, 1830, Mr. Moore came to McLean County, Illinois, and settled on a farm at Randolph Grove. There he entered forty acres of land and did some farming and worked at his trade. He often bought land but never owned any large tracts. He was always ready to sell, especially to his old friends who came with him from Ohio. In 1831 William Lindley, one of the old settlers, proposed that Mr. Moore should be elected justice of the peace because he had made himself already quite popular. This was the first office Mr. Moore held. In 1835 he was elected to the legislature, which then held its sessions at Vandalia. In 1839 he was elected to the senate of the State and in 1840 was chosen lieutenant governor of Illinois. This office he held up to 1846 when the Mexican war broke out. As he had strongly favored the war he enlisted as a private in the fourth regiment of Illinois volunteers. He was almost immediately chosen lieutenant colonel, and when the army took the

field he participated with it in several engagements. He was at Rio Grande, Vera Cruz and Cerro Gordo. When he returned from the Mexican war the State of Illinois presented him with a sword to show its appreciation of his distinguished services. This sword is now in the possession of his son Enoch J. Moore, and of course is prized very highly. This sword bears the following inscription:

"Presented to Lieutenant Colonel John Moore by the State of Illinois for his services during the late war with Mexico and especially for his gallantry at the battle of Cerro Gordo."

In 1848, on his return from Mexico, Mr. Moore was appointed treasurer of the State of Illinois by Governor French to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. Milton Carpenter. At the expiration of the term in 1850 Mr. Moore was elected to hold the same office and was re-elected in 1852. In 1854 he was again a candidate but was beaten by James Miller on account of an absurd prejudice, which was felt at that time by many against foreigners. Being an Englishman by birth Mr. Moore was obliged to suffer. It is a matter of pride to his friends to know that his reputation for ability and honesty was as high as ever. In 1853 Mr. Moore was appointed by Governor Matteson to investigate and settle the difficulty between the firm of Thompson & Foreman and the State of Illinois, growing out of a contract by which the English firm was to deliver to Illinois a certain amount of railroad iron. This difficulty was arranged by Mr. Moore to the entire satisfaction of all parties. He was one of the trustees of the Illinois Central Railroad up to the time of his death which occurred on the twenty-third of September, 1866. His death was occasioned by a surgical operation performed upon his eyes for cataract. The operation gave such a shock to his system as to cause his death.

Some queer incidents are related of Mr. Moore when he was beginning his public life. When he was first proposed as a candidate for justice of the peace Mr. William Lindley said of him that he was a "pretty piert fellow and guessed he'd do." When Mr. Moore was a candidate for the legislature his opponent was Judge Davis. At one time Davis was asked what his chances for election were. He answered that he expected to be defeated because Mr. Moore could adapt himself to the different

classes of the people. If he met some Methodists he could pray with them, and if anyone in the neighborhood became sick and died Mr. Moore could make a coffin for him!

During the winter of the deep snow, which was the first of Mr. Moore's settlement in Illinois, he went every day to Mr. Randolph's house and obtained corn which he pounded into hominy on shares (one-half). He endured the privations of the early settlers and was as cheerful as the bravest among them. The first elegant team which he drove to town was a yoke of oxen, but when he attended the legislature he had become wealthy enough to go on horseback!

Mr. Moore was about five feet and ten inches in height and was heavily built; a few years previous to his death he weighed about two hundred and thirty-eight pounds. His shoulders were broad and his carriage erect. His hair was orange color and was turned a little gray; his nose was aquiline and his complexion was fresh and healthy. His health was remarkably good which no doubt contributed to his cheerful, happy disposition. A lady friend thus describes him: "He was a large, fleshy man, very refined in his feelings, and especially so in the society of ladies. He was too large to be graceful, but he was above all things a good man." An old friend speaks of him thus: "He was a man of naturally great force of character. He was an honest man, and the State of Illinois never had a more faithful guardian of her interests. His ability to remember and his powers of conversation were wonderful. Although his education at school had been neglected he read a great deal and could tell what he had read in a pleasant way. He was a fine presiding officer and the chair of the senate has never been filled by a more accomplished parliamentarian."

Governor Moore made no pretensions to great oratory, nevertheless he was an effective public speaker when occasion called him out. At his death his remains were brought from Boston to the old burying-ground at Randolph's Grove. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. Dr. Ballard and were attended by Judge Davis, General Gridley and many other old citizens.

Amasa C. Washburn.

Amasa C. Washburn was born May 25, 1807, on a farm, in Putney township, Vermont, His ancestors came from England.

He was the only son, but he was by no means at a loss for playmates, as he had four sisters. He was educated in Putney, that is, he attended a common school there until he was eighteen years of age. At that time he started on his career as a schoolmaster, and taught school in various districts in Vermont for twelve dollars a month and boarded around.

After having taught for five years in Vermont and New York he determined to come West. He went to Albany, New York, where he met a company of about thirty persons, bound for the West, and joined with them. On the fifth of May, 1831, the party went aboard of a canal boat for Buffalo, and Mr. Washburn was fairly started on his way to the Great West. The journey was interesting and full of adventures. Mr. Washburn's trials began at the start. There was very little room on the canal boat for the party to lie down at night, so they took turns in sleeping. They arrived at Buffalo on the fifteenth and the next day started for Detroit in a steamboat. The steamboat was crowded. Mr. Washburn slept during the first night on some trunks, and the second night on deck on buffalo skins, with some others of the party. About two o'clock in the morning it began to rain, and the party were drowned out. That night they came to Cleveland and the next day started out for Detroit but put back on account of high wind. A second time they started, although the wind blew violently. The boat rolled fearfully and the women and children on board were sea-sick. They arrived at Detroit on the nineteenth. Here a part of the company, among whom was Mr. Washburn, hired three wagons and teamsters and eight horses to carry them to Chicago, but after they had been for some time on their journey they changed their minds and went down the St. Joseph River. They started on the twenty-fourth of May. During their journey they fared very hard and their horses fared harder. On the second night the poor brutes ate up a part of the side-board of one of the wagons. The party had many difficulties in passing through sloughs, swamps and creeks, and sometimes they were obliged to lift the wagons out of the mud. When they came to the St. Joseph River, near Montville, they dismissed their teams, bought two log canoes, lashed them together, put their baggage aboard and started down stream. They went down sixty miles

and then had their canoes and baggage transported by land six miles across to the Kankakee River. This stream was small, crooked and narrow, and after one day's sailing down it they were almost in sight of their starting point. The country was desolate and marshy, and when they touched the banks with their poles they were usually saluted with rattlesnakes. During the evening of the third of June they came to where the river widened into a lake, and as darkness approached they were lost, and clouds of mosquitoes surrounded them, and it seemed as if their troubles all came at once. But they built a fire and drove off the insects, and were made to feel that they had at least some company, for the croaking of bullfrogs on every side was varied by the squealing of wild geese. At last they found where the lake became narrow and the river flowed on. But they could not land because the banks were lined by thick grass, which prevented them from coming near the shore. Soon afterwards the wind arose and the waves rolled high. In the morning the wind became more violent and drove them on with fearful velocity, and it required all their skill to save themselves from upsetting. About noon they were soaked through and through by a thunder storm. Towards night they entered a lake and became lost a second time. The lake was full of trees that grew up out of the water. But after some difficulty they found their way out and came to where the stream was narrow and rapid. Here they ran against breakers (trees in the water) but happily found a shore where they could land. On shore they were saluted by the howling of wolves in all directions, which did not make them at all cheerful. On the sixth of June they killed a deer, and felt very much encouraged. In the afternoon they saw half a dozen Indians, the first they had encountered during their journey. They sailed nearly all night being aided by an extraordinary light which appeared in the West. Mr. Washburn said it made him think of the pillar of fire which guided the children of Israel. On the eighth of June they came very near being shipwrecked by the high winds and the large waves. At night they tied up to some small bushes by the shore and made their supper of slippery-elm bark, as their provisions were now almost gone. On the next day they mixed a little wheat flour (the last they had) in water and divided it among the party.

This they ate at three different times. In addition to this they had only a few roots and some shoots of grapevines and briers. That day they passed several rapids and many dangerous shoals, sand-bars and rocks. At one time they ran against a rock in rapid water and were pressed against it sideways; they became free from the rock, but had only time to turn their craft straight with the current when they went over some falls a few rods farther down. Soon after this they came to what appeared an inclined plane. The water ran swiftly, and after descending for about a hundred rods, the stream united with the Desplaines River, and formed the Illinois River. In the evening they spread out their buffaloes and tried to get some sleep. But they were wet through again and again by successive showers, and could do nothing but stand around the fire. In the morning they started on and came in sight of some Indian wigwams. They learned from the Indians that there was a white settler five or six miles below and they joyfully started on. About eight o'clock they "heard the lowing of cattle and the crowing of roosters." At a log hut they obtained some milk and hasty pudding. They passed the dangerous rapids of the Illinois River, and came in the evening to a house where they received hospitable entertainment. On the tenth of June they passed the Fox River and went to the head of steamboat navigation, a little below the mouth of the Vermilion River. From there they went to Bailey's Grove where the company wished to settle.

On the eleventh Mr. Washburn started in a wagon for Fort Clark (Peoria), where he arrived on the evening of the twelfth. The next day was Sunday, and there being no church to attend, Mr. Washburn listened to the preaching of a man called Live Forever. This old gentleman had made appointments to preach five hundred years in the future. He said it was not God's intention that man should die, but, if they would exercise faith in Christ, they might live on the earth during all eternity.

On the fourteenth Mr. Washburn walked to Pekin, and there learned that a school teacher was wanted at Blooming Grove. Going back to Fort Clark he expected to take a stage, but being disappointed, started for Blooming Grove on foot, and arrived there on the seventeenth of June, 1831. By the twentieth he had obtained enough scholars at two dollars per quarter to com-

mence teaching, and on that day he opened school in a log hut with "no floor, no door, and a crack all round." In the afternoon he chose his boarding place with Mr. William Lucas, for which he was to pay thirty-seven and a half cents per week. It was the best house in the neighborhood, but it contained only one room, and in it lived Mr. Lucas and his wife, ten children, three dogs, two cats, and the school teacher! On the twenty-sixth Mr. Washburn opened a Sabbath-school at Mr. Lucas' house; it being the first ever held in Blooming Grove. He was very much shocked at the ignorance of the children with regard to religious matters; one little boy declared he had never heard of such a being as God.

The crowded condition of Mr. Lucas' house made things appear a little strange, sometimes. He had a daughter about eighteen years of age, who received a great deal of attention from a young man in the neighborhood. He made lengthy visits sometimes, and as the house contained only one room the lovers got their stools together and carried on their conversation in whispers. Sometimes the young man stayed all night and, when he did so, the school teacher was somewhat wakeful! On one occasion Mr. Washburn heard the Lucas children discussing among themselves as to which they preferred should marry their sister, the young man or the school master, and the school master received the most votes. But the fates decided that neither of them should have her.

The country was wild and game was plenty. There were prairie chickens and deer and wild turkeys. On one occasion Mr. Lucas killed a deer without stepping out of the doorway.

In September, 1831, the Methodists held a camp-meeting at Randolph's Grove, which Mr. Washburn attended. The sermons preached at this camp-meeting were more remarkable for force than elegance. One of the preachers enumerated the offences which they should beware of, and spoke of the liar and said that to "be a liar was to act the part of a poor, mean, black devil, and for any one to be a devil was degrading!" Another preacher wished to have something done for the children and thought he must alarm the parents on the subject; he said: "How sportive they are in vice, and you often laugh instead of weep; the devil has got your children, the fiend of hell has got

them and is leading them captive at his will and you smile!" The next day Mr. Latta preached, and made some very queer observations. He said: "There is a certain class of people who cannot go to hell fast enough on foot, so they must get on their poor, mean pony and go to the horse-race! Even professors of religion are not guiltless in this respect, but go under the pretense that they want to see such or such a man, but they know in their own hearts that they went to see the horse-race!" But he preached a strong sermon, and when he was through one man jumped up and said he was as light as a feather, another clapped his hands and went around shaking hands with everyone; some laughed, some cried, and some shouted. Reverend Peter Cartwright then arose and said, he had been requested to preach a funeral sermon but would say what he pleased. He was peculiarly severe on Eastern men because of their low opinion of Western intellect and Western character. He said: "They represent this country as being a vast waste, and people as being very ignorant, but if I was going to shoot a fool I would not take aim at a Western man, but would go down to the sea-shore and cock my fusee at the imps who live on oysters!" But his sermon had a great effect and he concluded by giving a description of the glories of heaven. When he finished, some people fell down, some screamed, the children were frightened and Mr. Washburn says that he never before heard such a noise and saw such confusion. The camp-meeting was a great success and, it is to be hoped, did great good.

Mr. Washburn continued teaching and charged as quarterly tuition two dollars per scholar. But he was usually obliged to take his pay in chickens or calves, or some kind of "trade." In December, 1831, he began teaching in the town of Bloomington. Here it had been the custom of the scholars to study their lessons as loudly as they could shout and this was the custom everywhere, for parents thought this the only way children could learn. Mr. Washburn, after teaching in Bloomington for three months in this manner, told the parents he would do so no longer. He convinced them with great difficulty, but had his own way at last.

On the fifteenth of April, 1833, Mr. Washburn started for a visit to his native home in Vermont. On the twenty-seventh he

arrived at Chicago and put up at Beaubien's Tavern. He said that at that time he "considered Chicago a very important station." On the twenty-eighth, which was Sunday, he was shocked to see people go about their common business. A large number were engaged in shooting pigeons in the streets of the town. (Was this their common business?) On the thirtieth he visited the place where the soldiers of General Scott's army who died of the cholera the year previous, were buried. It is said that one poor fellow, who was detailed to dig graves, cursed and swore a good deal; he was taken with the cholera that day and died before night, and was buried in one of the graves which he himself had dug. On the first of May Mr. Washburn went aboard of a sail vessel for Detroit, which place he reached on the evening of the ninth. On the eleventh he started for Buffalo on the boat, Sheldon Thompson. The crew got to racing with another vessel and were much the worse for liquor, but they came safely to Buffalo on the eighteenth. He started for Albany by canal but walked the last thirty-three miles of the way. He went by steamboat to Troy, and walked from there to his old home in Vermont, a distance of eighty-six miles and—found that his father had sold out and moved away. On the twenty-seventh he found him and the whole family, all well. On the fifteenth of August he married Miss Paulina Parker. On the twenty-seventh he started for the West.

Mr. Washburn was a very religious man, and about this time he read one quite remarkable passage in a book called "Flavel on Keeping the Heart," which made a serious impression on him. "A man had taken great pains and made great efforts to amass wealth, and had been very successful. He had only one son, and this property was all designed for him. When the old gentleman was laid on his death bed he called his son to him and asked him if he loved his father. The son replied that the bonds of nature, as well as the kind indulgence he had met with obliged him so to do. Then, said the father, manifest it by holding your finger in the candle while I say a Pater Noster. The son made the attempt, but could not endure the pain. The father replied: "I have risked my soul for you and must burn in hell forever, instead of a finger in a candle for a few short moments."

Very little of importance occurred on their journey home. At Chicago they found a great many Indians who had come there to make a treaty with the government and get their pay and go to the far West. While coming from Chicago to Bloomington Mr. Washburn had very little adventure; he was once soaked with rain, and the teamster was at one time incautious enough to break a wheel, but these were trifles. At Bloomington he began teaching once more. On the thirteenth of July, 1834, Mrs. Washburn, who seems to have been a very amiable lady, died.

In the spring of 1834, Mr. Washburn taught school at Buckles Grove, near Leroy, but returned to Bloomington in the fall, where he has resided ever since. On the thirtieth of September, 1834, he was elected Secretary of the McLean County Bible Society, and agent for the purpose of distributing Bibles. He was very active in the work. In 1835 he was appointed the agent of the American Sunday School Union for Illinois, and worked to establish Sunday-schools all over the State.

On the thirtieth of April Mr. Washburn married Ann Packard, who has since shared with him the difficulties and trials of pioneer life. From the year 1835 to 1843, Mr. Washburn followed various pursuits. For a while he kept a meat market. He kept the first regular provision store in Bloomington, and continued in that business for twenty-five years. In 1868 he retired from business.

Mr. Washburn was one of the eight members who organized the First Presbyterian Church. This was in 1832. In the spring of 1833 he organized the first temperance society in McLean County. In 1833 the first Sabbath-school in connection with this church was organized with from fifteen to twenty-five scholars, but now it has from a hundred to a hundred and fifty. He has always been connected with schools and churches. His seven friends who worked with him to organize the church are now all dead, and the pastor, too, has long since joined the church above. Mr. Washburn is about five feet six or eight inches in height. He is very muscular, and has all his faculties unimpaired. He has a very honest looking countenance, and is a man of sincere piety. His hair is a little white and the crown

of his head is rather bald. He never meddled with politics, has always lived very quietly and has "done unto others as he would have others do unto him."

Dr. Stephen Ward Noble.

Dr. Noble was born at North Bend, Hamilton County, Ohio, March 9, 1826. He came to Illinois with his parents in the fall of 1831, and settled at Randolph's Grove. He obtained his schooling there, and there began the study of medicine with his uncle, Dr. Noble, under charge of Dr. Colburn, of Bloomington. At the age of twenty he took his first course of lectures at the medical institute at Cincinnati. He afterwards attended another course, and in 1849 commenced practice as a physician in Leroy, in partnership with Dr. Cheney.

He married February 21, 1854, Miss Amanda M. Greenman, daughter of John Greenman, of Leroy. It was a very happy marriage. Four children were born, of whom two are living. They are:

Frank Noble, born December 8, 1854, died in infancy.

Mary D. Noble, born December 14, 1859, lives with her mother.

Carrie Noble, born June 4, 1864, died in November of the same year.

Nellie Ward Noble, born March 27, 1871, lives at home.

Dr. Noble died of consumption in 1871, and was buried in Bloomington Cemetery. He had moved to Bloomington in 1865. He was about five feet and ten inches in height, was squarely built, but rather stoop shouldered. He had dark brown hair and almost black blue eyes. He was a very popular man, and very successful in his profession. He was several times President of the McLean County Medical Society, once President of the Medical Society of the State, and frequently a delegate to the Medical Society of the United States. He was a very kind husband and father, and is remembered by the friends who knew him and delighted in his society.

Abraham Stansberry.

Abraham Stansberry was born June 19, 1807, on a farm about thirteen miles from the town of Greenville, in Greene

County, Tennesse. His ancestors were of German and Welch stock. He was one of a family of fifteen children, eleven boys and four girls, all of whom grew up to manhood and womanhood. Eleven are now living. The youngest son served in the army for three years; after receiving his discharge, and while on his way home, he visited an old mill, and was there killed by the rebels.

Abraham's education was not very extended. He was obliged to work very hard, and attended school very little, and when he did so he had a much more thorough acquaintance with the schoolmaster's rod than with his books. The schoolmaster thought a great deal of his rod, and used what was called leather-wood, which grew in the clefts of the rocks. This wood was very tough and pliable and made a barbarous instrument of torture; but the schoolmaster was obliged to flog unmercifully in order to keep up his reputation as an excellent teacher.

When Abraham was about seven years old his father died, and his mother took charge of the farm. When he was twenty-two years of age he was a strong, healthy man and loved horses better than books. He wished to go West and lead an active life, where his vigorous nature could have play. Although only a young man, he did not wish to live in a slave state, and could plainly see the evils brought about by this system. He said it resulted in forming three distinct classes, those who owned slaves, those who were rich, but owned no slaves, and the poor whites, who had neither negroes nor money. All these causes induced Mr. Stansberry to leave for the West. He had heard a great deal of Illinois through various pamphlets setting forth its fine climate and rich soil. He started as the driver of a five-horse team for a man named Henry Pain, who emigrated with his wife and seven children to the Vermilion and Big Wabash Rivers. Mr. Pain left for Illinois because he was anxious to have his family grow up in a free state. The journey lasted forty-three days, and it rained almost incessantly. They first came to Bear Station, in Tennessee, from there to the Clinch Mountains, crossed the Tennessee River, went to Cumberland Gap, crossed the Cumberland River, went to Crab Orchard in Kentucky, then to Danville, then to Louisville, crossed the Ohio to New Albany and went to Salem, thence to Greencastle, thence to Blooming-

ton, Ind., and to Rockville. Between those places they crossed Salt Creek by putting their wagon in canoes lashed together, as the creek was high. Although it was rainy, Mr. Stansberry enjoyed the trip, as there were two young ladies in the family, and of course they made matters pleasant for him. They crossed the Big Wabash about six miles from Rockville and went to Newport on the Little Vermilion, and from there to the town of Eugene, the point of destination. There Mr. Pain expected to find a brother who had lived in the place some time before, but his brother had died a short time previous to Pain's arrival. Abraham celebrated his first year in the West by working on a farm, but from the fall of 1830 to the spring of 1832 he carried the mail between Eugene and Fort Clark(Peoria). He traveled, on an average, forty-five miles per day, and could make the trip to Fort Clark and return in seven days. At that time the streams were not provided with either bridges or ferry boats, and Mr. Stansberry was obliged to cross them by tying his clothes and mail bag to his shoulders and swimming over with his horse. He often met Indians on his route, and they were always glad to see him. He had three stations where he stayed over night on his journeys; these were Ponge Station, Cheney's house and Robert McClure's house. The number of letters carried varied from one to a dozen. Postage was twenty-five cents per letter. Mr. Stansberry received for his services twelve and one-half dollars per month.

On the sixth of June, 1832, Mr. Stansberry married Mary Cheney. He had formed her acquaintance while carrying the mail. He lived on a farm in Cheney's Grove until the year 1864, when he moved to Bloomington. He has had two children, a son and a daughter, who both grew up to years of discretion, but both are now dead. But he has three grandchildren who will inherit his property. His son died while fighting in the army. His wife died of consumption on the ninth of August, 1866.

When Mr. Stansberry commenced farming at Cheney's Grove, he entered thirteen hundred acres of land, a part of which he sold for twenty-three dollars per acre, a part for thirty dollars and his timber land for fifty dollars. He afterwards bought three hundred and twenty-four acres, which he has divided into three farms.

On the twenty-seventh of April, 1869, Mr. Stansberry married Mrs. Matthews, a widow lady, a daughter of Esquire Robb. She is one of the most agreeable of women, and has that politeness of the heart, which comes from wishing well to others.

Mr. Stansberry never held a public office, and never sought one; he was an "old line Whig," and is now a Republican. He is a man of medium stature, strong and well proportioned, his hair is light brown, turning gray. His eyes are gray and he wears spectacles when he reads or writes. He was always very fond of horses and greatly enjoyed riding. During the fall of 1827 he rode to Tennessee on horseback, and returning brought his mother and niece to Illinois in a carriage. Afterwards three brothers and three sisters came to the West, and one brother and three sisters are still living at Cheney's Grove.

James C. Harbord.

James C. Harbord was born in Wayne County, Kentucky, December 16, 1803. His ancestors were of English and Irish stock. When James was about six years of age his father emigrated to Indiana, where he lived until October, 1832. His education was limited. He went to school in Indiana, but the educational advantages were poor and he received very little benefit from his schooling. He remembers clearly the war of 1812 and some of the incidents connected with it. The Indians took advantage of the unsettled condition of affairs to make their stealthy attacks upon the isolated settlers on the frontier, and he remembers clearly the terror inspired by their ravages. Many of the settlers fled across the Ohio River into Kentucky. During the war a company of soldiers were forted near the house of Mr. Harbord (the father of James). This company visited different parts of the country at different times, and did its utmost to protect as large a district as possible. In 1824 Mr. Harbord came to Illinois to look at it, and see what its prospects were. He found one house about six miles this side of the present city of Danville, but with that exception the country bounded by Danville, Blooming Grove and Peoria was a wild and dreary wilderness without any settlement to relieve the monotony or cheer the traveler. The powers of nature were wasted. The rich soil sustained only the prairie grass, which afforded a

cover for rattlesnakes, and in the fall the fire swept over it and made desolation more desolate. He visited Blooming Grove, Stout's Grove, Twin and Dry Groves, but no settlement was found in any of these places. He laid a claim in Twin Grove on what is now known as the old Dan Munsell farm. Some time afterwards his uncle came on and took up this claim. Mr. Harbord also bought a farm of Major Baker. Upon this land was a mill for grinding wheat, built by Major Baker in the fall of 1830. It is still a great curiosity and shows what can be done in case of necessity. The stones in this mill were made of the hard "nigger heads," that are found on the prairies. They were made into the shape of a coffee-mill, and while in motion the lower stone was the one that revolved. It ground wheat very slowly, but the settlers came to it from twenty-five miles around, as the nearest mill besides this one was at Springfield. The mill was not long in use, but soon was superseded by others with more modern improvements. The farm on which the old mill stands lies about four miles south of Bloomington and still belongs to the Harbord family.

After visiting various points in his tour of 1824 Mr. Harbord returned to Indiana, and being a sensible man, got married. This event occurred on the twenty-seventh of January, 1825. In October, 1832, he came to McLean County, Illinois, and settled on the south side of Twin Grove on a place now known as the Johnson place.

Every old settler has something to say of the schools in early days. The first school-house at Twin Grove was in the middle of the grove. It was a round-log house with a door cut through it, greased paper for windows, and a fire-place which extended across one entire end of the building. It had a puncheon floor and seats made of hewed logs with legs to them.

The court house is described by Mr. Harbord as a little, old, struck-by-lightning looking building (it really was struck by lightning), but the justice administered within its walls was very substantial, and many of our modern communities would be glad to take that old court house, if they could have the justice which was obtained within it.

In 1832 the State was Democratic, but Mr. Harbord was an uncompromising Whig. He voted, for the first time, for John

Quincy Adams and for every Whig afterwards nominated, and since the demise of the Whig party, for every Republican candidate for president until 1872, when he was too unwell to attend the polls. His sympathies were for the re-election of President Grant.

After coming to the country in 1832 Mr. Harbord lived for seven years at Twin Grove and then moved to a farm which he purchased in the southeast part of Blooming Grove. There he lived for twenty-nine years when he removed to Bloomington where he resided until his death, which occurred on the eighth of March, 1873.

Mr. Harbord related some strange experiences with regard to the prices paid for produce during the early settlement. Everything the farmers produced was sold cheap, and for everything they bought they were obliged to pay dear. During the year 1840 or '42 (Mr. Harbord cannot remember precisely which) the farmers of Blooming Grove became much dissatisfied with the prices paid for pork by Depew & Foster, who were dealing in that line and who bought and shipped farm produce. So dissatisfied were the farmers, that they clubbed together and took their pigs to Chicago and obtained for them one dollar a head! Mr. Hiram Harbert sold seven hogs for three dollars! They had better have dealt with Depew & Foster. The latter firm broke up in their attempt to give the farmers good prices.

Every old settler has a particular experience to relate concerning the sudden change in the weather, which occurred in 1836. One day, during the latter part of December, it had been raining, and the good house-wives were anxious to catch as much water from the eaves of the house as possible. Their tubs were full when a gust of wind came from the North, and Mr. Harbord says it was so intensely cold that the water in the tubs froze almost immediately; the change took place instantly. Such a phenomenon has never been known before or since. During the winter of 1842 and '43 scarcely any snow fell and the ground became so deeply frozen that winter weather did not break up until in April. Farmers often struck frost while ploughing on the north sides of fences in the early part of May.

Mr. Harbord has had eleven children, of whom four are living:

Martha A. Harbord was born January 21, 1827, and was married to John Wesley Walker, August 17, 1848. Mr. Walker was born in Sangamon County, January 9th, 1819, and while yet a boy moved to McLean County with his father. He died January 1, 1858. He never was out of the State of Illinois.

Moses G. Harbord was born July 3, 1837. He lives near Portland, Oregon. He married Jane Price, the daughter of George Price, and has four living children.

George W. Harbord was born October 22, 1840, lives in Pettis County, Missouri; he has a wife and three children.

Mahila Cassandra Helen Harbord was born September 22, 1846. She was married to James A. Hunt, and died July 8, 1873.

One may read the foregoing sketch of Mr. Harbord without obtaining much of an idea of his character. He was very decided in his opinions and had that fine feeling and sense of honor for which so many of our early settlers were distinguished. He was tall and somewhat slenderly made, and his appearance and expression showed his honesty and uprightness.

The orthography of Mr. Harbord's name has been the subject of some discussion, and he has near relatives who spell their name "Harbert." It seems that one of the ancestors of the family unfortunately was obliged to sign his name by making his mark, and as other parties wrote the name as it happened to sound, it became signed to various documents in different ways. His descendants did not agree upon any one signature and consequently spell their names differently.

The greater part of the items of this sketch of Mr. Harbord were given by him a short time before his death, which occurred March 8, 1873. He was then so sick as to talk with difficulty, but the spirit of the man was as firm and honest as ever. It seemed to afford him great satisfaction to know that he was to be remembered, and indeed he well deserved to be, for this world is made better by the examples of men, who by honest labor have triumphed over all of their difficulties.

Ephraim Platte.

Ephraim Platte was born in Monmouth County, New Jersey, September 22, 1804, near Barnegat Inlet. His father, Jonathan

Platte, was of French descent and his mother, whose maiden name was Emilia Brindley, was of English. Jonathan Platte was a sailor and owned a small trading vessel. At the opening of the war of 1812 his vessel was three times intercepted by the British and once was stopped, while he had a cargo of pig-iron covered with lumber. The iron was afterwards melted into cannon balls. Mr. Platte's vessel was at last burnt by the British, but he was allowed to go. Nearly all of his property was invested in this vessel, and when it was burnt he went into the service of the United States. He was a lieutenant under the command of Col. John Fieldenhousen and was stationed at Paulus Hook, near New York. At the close of the war he bought a vessel, with which to engage in the coasting trade, as before. When Ephraim Platte was ten years of age he was appointed a cabin boy. But Mrs. Platte did not wish the family brought up in that way, as she did not believe the morals of the children would be improved by a life on the water. She insisted that the family should try their fortunes in the West, and her influence prevailed. In 1816 the family went to Green County, Pennsylvania, and there worked a farm for two years. Then they moved to Licking County, Ohio.

Ephraim Platte married on the 15th of December, 1824, Susan Platte, a distant relative, in Licking County, Ohio. In the spring of 1833 he came with his family to McLean County, Illinois. During that year he traveled from Bloomington to Fox River and made a claim on Indian Creek. There he intended to settle. On his travels nearly every family he saw was stricken down with fever and ague. Mr. Platte's wife died December 11, 1833, and his youngest child died a few weeks previous. Mrs. Platte was a remarkably good woman, very amiable in her disposition and anxious to please. She died on Money Creek and was buried at Haven's Grove. Her death changed the plans of Mr. Platte. His two children were sent back to Ohio. In the fall of 1836 he came to Bloomington and worked at the carpenter's trade. This has been his business principally ever since.

Ephraim Platte married Mrs. Sarah Woodson, March 7, 1837. She was a widow and had four children. She is still living and the marriage has been a very happy one.

Jonathan Platte, the father of Ephraim Platte, died in about

the year 1849 in Washington, Tazewell County. After his death his wife received a pension. This continued until her death, which occurred in 1860. She had then reached the age of nearly eighty-four years. Of her family of ten children, four boys and two girls grew to manhood and womanhood. At present only two are living, one besides Mr. Platte.

Ephraim Platte had six children by his first marriage, but only one is living. This is Calvin W. Platte who now resides in California. He was a soldier in the Mexican war. By his second marriage Ephraim Platte has had seven children, of whom five are living. They are:

Susan, wife of John R. Stone, lives in Bloomington.

Charles D. Platte lives in Bloomington and is foreman of the establishment of Gillett & Case, jewelers. He was a soldier in the army during the rebellion, served first under the call for three months. He enlisted in the Thirty-ninth Illinois and served during the war, was wounded in the left shoulder and yet carries the ball. He was in many of the great battles on the James River.

William H. Platte was a soldier in the Fiftieth Illinois Volunteers and was discharged on account of disability. He died in Arkansas near Little Rock.

Albert L. Platte lives in Bloomington.

Maria, wife of Louis A. Burk, lives in Bloomington.

George D. Platte lives at home.

Ephraim Platte is about five feet and seven and one-half inches in height and weighs about one hundred and ninety-eight pounds. He has a sanguine complexion and white hair and beard. He was never much of a speculator, has had property, which is now very valuable, but he did not keep it, as he had no idea that Bloomington would grow to its present proportions. He was a warm supporter of the Union cause during the rebellion and wished to enter the army, but age prevented. Mr. Platte possesses a great deal of mechanical talent, and his son, Charles D. Platte, is very much like him in this respect. The latter is a skilled workman in Gillett & Case's establishment and his skill really amounts to genius. Ephraim Platte is very liberal in his religious belief, but insists on strict morality. In political matters he was originally a Jackson Democrat, afterwards

a Free Soiler, and was a member of the Republican party when it was organized.

Hon. James B. Price.

James B. Price was born July 24, 1792, on a farm in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, about fifteen miles from the town of Charlotte. His father was Welch and his mother Irish. In 1804 his father emigrated to Kentucky. Mr. Price's life has been the life of a hard-working farmer, with plenty of work, and otherwise not very eventful. He heard a great deal of the beauty and fertility of Illinois, and obtained a book which particularly set forth the advantages of this territory. It told what reliable people and good neighbors the Indians were, &c., &c., and when Mr. Price read this book he at once decided to come to Illinois.

He visited Illinois every year from 1829 to 1833, when he moved here with his family. During his visit in 1829 he bought a claim consisting of a log house and a few acres of land, and on his road home he stopped at Vandalia and entered one hundred and sixty acres. He came to Illinois to settle in 1833, with his brother-in-law. Mr. Price entered a good deal of land at various times, worked hard, raised stock, and throve well.

Mr. Price assisted in organizing McLean County, and has fulfilled his duties as a citizen in a public capacity as well as in private. He has been School Commissioner and School Treasurer for many years. He served one term in the Legislature, at Springfield, in 1849 and '50. He was then fifty-seven years of age. During that session he assisted in getting the Illinois Central Railroad bill passed. Stephen A. Douglas made two great speeches in favor of it. It was during this session that General Shields and Sidney Breese had their great contest for the United States Senate, which resulted in the election of Shields.

Mr. Price lives two miles southeast of Bloomington, on the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railway. When he came there he found only a few families, the Rhodes family, the Orendorff, the Hendrix and the Baker families. He was always on good terms with the Indians, and sympathized with them very much. He says that when they were paid off and moved West,

many of them passed his house and wept bitterly at the thought of leaving. This was before Mr. Price settled in Illinois in 1833.

Mr. Price received his little schooling in North Carolina and Kentucky, and it was little enough. His study and application certainly did not drive him into consumption. He appears like a man southern born, is about six feet in height, and walks erect. He is somewhat hard of hearing, but all his other senses are good. He has always been very honest in his dealings, is very kind-hearted, and would not knowingly injure the smallest creature. He looks as if he would live another ten years. He is much respected, and is almost worshipped by his granddaughter and her husband, who keep house for him.

He married, February 10, 1814, Mary H. Wall. It was a remarkably happy marriage, and both parties possessed always the confidence and respect of each other. They had five children:

George Price, whose sketch appears in this work, lives on his farm, next adjoining that of his father.

Robert D. Price was born April 5, 1818, and died September 27, 1842.

John Price, whose sketch is in this volume, now lives in Bloomington.

Rachel C. Price was born October 25, 1825. She was married first to Dr. Short, of Bloomington, and after she became a widow she was married to Mr. Dent Young, who lives now on the plains near Cheyenne. She is now dead.

Charles Luther, who is unmarried, lives with his father.

George W. Price.

George W. Price was born October 3, 1816, on a farm in Warren County, Kentucky, ten miles east of Bowling Green. His ancestry was Welch and Irish. He received the usual education of those days, that is, was sent to school three months in the year until he arrived at the age of seventeen.

In the year 1829 his father, James B. Price, moved three families from Kentucky to Missouri, in a four-horse wagon. On his return he visited the country around the present city of Bloomington, as a sister of his wife lived there. The soil pleas-

ed him so well that he bought a claim consisting of a log house, log stable, and one hundred and sixty acres of land. He returned to Kentucky, and on his way he entered the land at the office at Vandalia. In 1833 he sold out in Kentucky and came to Illinois. He now lives, at the age of eighty-one, on the land he first entered. He has bought much land since that time, principally timber. He brought with him from Kentucky two whipsaws, which were put to good use by George Price and his brother Robert. These young men sawed by hand from two to three hundred feet of lumber per day. At one time, in a race, George Price and a negro sawed two hundred feet of white walnut lumber in five hours and seventeen minutes. From November, 1833, to November, 1835, he helped to saw thirty-two thousand feet of lumber; but by this time the steam-mill was built, and the whip-saws were hung up to be kept as relics of early days. After the building of the steam mill, Mr. Price went into partnership with Mr. Platte in making chairs and other furniture.

On the sixth of April, 1836, before George Price was twenty years of age, he started on horseback for Warren County, Kentucky, to attend to that most important matter, his marriage. The horse he used had never been ridden before without throwing the rider, and when he mounted the animal it made powerful efforts to unseat him by jumping stiff-legged and kicking and springing, but at last became subdued. During the evening of the first day he came to Salt Creek, and found it overflowed, but crossed in a canoe, swimming his horse. He then attempted to replace the saddle, which he had taken off, but the horse was cold and frisky, and sprang in every direction. At last he tied the horse between the forks of a tree which had fallen, and saddled and mounted the animal. Then it commenced bouncing and jumping stiff-legged, but at last became quiet and he proceeded. The next day he crossed the Sangamon River. On the night of the eighth occurred a great rain storm; the sloughs became creeks and the creeks rivers. In the morning he started, and at one place he traveled six miles with the water from six inches to a foot and a half in depth. He kept the road by the dead weeds, which stood high on each side. He swam two creeks that day, becoming wet to the waist. In the afternoon the weather be-

came very cold and snow fell fast and thick, and Mr. Price lost his way in the blinding storm. But at night he came to the house of a "down-east" Yankee, who took care of him in the kindest manner. He received the best in the house, a brandy stew and some dry clothes. During that night a man died of cold near Farmer City. In the morning the ground was frozen hard and Mr. Price went on to the Wabash, over which he was ferried by a woman, Mrs. Taylor. The boat was leaky, but Mr. Price bailed for life, and for the handsome young lady in Kentucky. Towards evening Mr. Taylor came home, and Mr. Price stayed there overnight. The latter climbed up a ladder, and made his bed in the loft of the house. Soon after he retired he was awakened by the fall of his saddle stirrup on the floor of the room below. He looked through a crack and by the dim light of the fire place he saw Taylor trying to pick the lock of his saddle bags. He sprang up, and Taylor immediately hung up the saddle and jumped into bed. Mr. Price kept a sharp lookout during the remainder of the night, as he had fifty dollars in silver money in his saddle bags. In the morning Taylor acted as though nothing had happened, and charged only thirty-seven and one-half cents for entertainment. He directed Mr. Price to William's Ferry, on the Big Wabash. Mr. Price was told to take the right hand road; but when he came to the forks he concluded to take the one on the left. After going twelve miles he made inquiry at a house, and was told that the right hand road led far from the true direction, and was simply a wood road. He learned, too, that Taylor was a dangerous character, and probably had his own purposes in view in attempting to mislead the traveler. Mr. Price went on to Williams' Ferry, which he crossed with great difficulty in a ferry-boat. As the boat left the shore the overhanging branches of a sycamore came near brushing his horse into the water; but the intelligent animal laid down in the boat and went under the limbs of the tree. After crossing he went to the Ohio River at Mt. Vernon, Indiana. The river was overflowing and large trees were carried down by the current. He went up twelve miles to find a ferry, and came to a little village, where the people were all on a spree. But eight men were hired to take him across. They had a boat which they worked with four oars and four pike poles. After

drifting down the stream four miles the boat was landed on the Kentucky shore. There they found the bank twelve feet high, very difficult for the horse to climb; but it was taken up by passing a rope around it and pulling, while the horse scratched and scrambled. The eight ferrymen received a dollar in silver, with which they could enjoy themselves on a spree for some time; for a little money in those days would buy a great deal of whisky. He went from there to Bowling Green, Kentucky, and on the road met his intended father and mother-in-law, Jesse Adams, F. R. Cowden, and John Price, who were traveling to Illinois. He stayed with them over night and went on the next morning bright and early. He "steered for the object of his visit, about fifteen miles away, and at about ten o'clock his object saw him alight at the gate and walk to the front door." This was on the twenty-third of April, 1836. On the fifth of June his intended father and mother-in-law returned, and on the fourteenth of that month he married Matilda B. Prunty, an old schoolmate. On the thirteenth of September following he started back to McLean County, in a two-horse wagon. He crossed Mud River, Kentucky, by swimming his horses and taking the provisions and wagon in a ferry-boat. The boat sank when it reached the western shore, but the wagon was drawn out after great exertions. At Shawneetown he had great difficulty in crossing the Ohio River on a horse ferry-boat, but at last succeeded. He went on to Saline River, near Equality, and found the stream very high and no ferry. He took off his goods, tied the wagon box down firmly to the running gear, tied some of his goods to the top of the box, and went across, swimming the horses. He made five trips, and on the last one brought over his wife. He then went to the Sangamon River. A heavy rainstorm came up during the night before he crossed it, and it was very high. He unloaded his goods and swam back and forth with one horse, carrying a bundle of goods above the water each time. The most difficult bundle to transport was a feather bed with fifty-four pounds of feathers. When his goods were across he hitched up his wagon, put in his wife, and came across. On the third of October, 1836, he arrived safely home. He was occasionally serenaded on his journey by the howling of wolves, but did not mind them much.

George Price worked for his father for two years after his marriage, and then built himself a house, where he now lives.

On the twenty-sixth of December, 1836, occurred the sudden change in the weather, when, Mr. Price thinks, the mercury must have fallen from forty degrees above zero to twenty degrees below in less than fifteen minutes. The ground was covered with a slush of water and snow, and suddenly a wind came from the west, a fine flour of snow fell to the ground and the cold became most intense. By the time Mr. Price could run two hundred yards to his house, the slush was so frozen that it bore his weight. The change was so sudden and severe that some geese, which had been playing in a lot near by; had the points of their wings frozen in the ice and it was necessary to cut them loose.

The first tax paid by Mr. Price was in the spring of 1839, and it amounted to $1.57. He paid, up to the year 1861, in the aggregate, $885.49, but during the last twelve years he has paid $3,741.19, and he thinks this has been due, in some measure, to the Republican administration.

Mr. Price has been a life-long Democrat. He voted for Martin Van Buren, James K. Polk, General Cass, Franklin Pierce and for James Buchanan under protest (Douglas was entitled to the nomination). Mr. Price voted for Douglas in 1860, with a good will, in 1864 for McClellan under protest, and in 1868 for Seymour under protest. Mr. Price thinks the Democratic party has been sold out by August Belmont on two distinct occasions, and that it is now time for the latter gentleman to retire from politics altogether.

Mr. Price has had fourteen children, of whom ten are living, five boys and five girls. They are:

Ann, born February 22, 1840, wife of Stephen Triplet, lives in Normal.

Hetta, born September 22, 1841, wife of George Horine, lives in Bloomington.

Jane, wife of Moses G. Harbord, born February 8, 1845, lives in Oregon.

Chase Price, born September 24, 1846, lives at home.

Belle, born September 13, 1848, wife of John M. Payne, lives in Oregon.

Scott, born March 23, 1854; Ada, born January 12, 1856; Perry, born May 25, 1858; Minor, born March 12, 1861, and Frank Price, born August 6, 1863, live at home.

George Price is of medium height, is strongly and squarely built, has black hair and beard, though slightly sprinkled with gray. He seems to enjoy the best of health, and the physicians' bills he has paid on his own account cannot have been many. He has been very upright in his dealings and careful in the management of his property, and as a result has succeeded remarkably well in life. "Fortune favors the brave," and Mr. Price's success has undoubtedly been greatly due to his pluck. Not many men would face the storms and swim the creeks and rivers as he did, though his accomplished lady was in every way worthy of his exertions. His lady, Mrs. Price, who came on the romantic wedding journey from Kentucky, is a woman of fine taste and quick perceptions.

John J. Price.

John J. Price was born April 13, 1823, ten miles east of Bowling Green, in Warren County, Kentucky. His parents were of Welch and Irish stock. He had three brothers and one sister, and of these, two brothers, George and Charles Luther are living. John J. Price was brought up to be a farmer. His father's family came to Illinois, October 15, 1833, and his father still resides where he then settled, about one and a half miles southeast of Bloomington. John J. Price worked for his father until the former was twenty-one years of age. He then began life on his own account. He traded in stock and horses and drove them to Chicago. For the last eighteen years he has been engaged in buying and shipping grain, principally for the Eastern markets. During 1852 and '53 he was engaged in the boot and shoe business, but with that exception has been engaged as before stated. He served one term as Sheriff of McLean County, being elected to that office in 1854.

On the 15th of January, 1857, he married Miss Henrietta Olney, a very amiable lady from Joliet. While he served as sheriff no very remarkable circumstance happened. The people of the West were at that time more free-hearted and credulous than at present; and if the sharpers and confidence men, who

are so numerous now, had operated in the early days they would have secured a harvest. Occasionally they did appear. It became Mr. Price's duty to arrest one such gentleman on a requisition from the Governor of New York, and the young swindler, who appeared so handsome and gay, was obliged to serve a term in Sing Sing. While Mr. Price was sheriff he was also collector of taxes in the county. The taxes amounted to a little more than $100,000 per annum. The collector visited the various precincts of the county, giving notice of his coming by advertisements. In each precinct he remained one day to receive the taxes due. His pay for collection was nearly four per cent., and the office was worth about three thousand dollars per annum.

Mr. Price is a shipper of stock, and has had a great deal of experience with railroads. He thinks the farmers who are contending against the railroads should do the work thoroughly or not at all; for if it is only half done the railroad officials become more extortionate than before. They allow no accommodations to shippers, and when special rates are asked for, the officials say: "Go to the Grangers."

Mr. Price has had a pleasant life. His early days were marked by the incidents usual to early settlers, but he did not have so hard a time in finding a wife as his brother George experienced. The latter was obliged to brave many storms and hair breadth escapes and swim many rivers to obtain his bride. J. J. Price did nothing of the kind, but his wife thinks it would have been very beneficial to him to have had such an experience. It would have called out his resolution, and he would have appreciated his lady much more.

John J. Price is of medium stature, has broad shoulders, is very active and has never been sick. He has an aquiline nose and sharp, penetrating eyes. He is a good business man, leads an active life, and is on the trains every day. All his senses are good and he bids fair to lead a long and busy life.

Lewis Bunn.

Lewis Bunn was born September 16, 1806, on a farm in Walnut Creek Township in Ross County, Ohio, about four miles from the town of Delphi. His father, Peter Bunn, was a farmer and land speculator; he was a Pennsylvania German, while his

mother was an English lady. Lewis Bunn was one of twenty-one children! His father was twice married. From his first marriage sprang eight children, and from his second, thirteen. Lewis was the youngest but three.

Lewis received his scanty education in a school formed by the farmers who clubbed together and hired a teacher, to whom they paid three or four dollars per quarter and board. Such a schoolmaster usually taught during the winter months and worked a farm in summer. The school-houses were simply log cabins. When Lewis was seventeen years old his school days ended. He had then acquired very little knowledge, indeed the chance for acquiring knowledge was very limited. At the age of eighteen he was sent to Chillicothe, and apprenticed for four years, to learn the trade of blacksmith. He learned his trade rapidly and well, but he was not satisfied with his education, and took private lessons in his leisure moments. When his apprenticeship was ended he moved to Clark County, Ohio, where he stayed three years.

In 1831 he was married to Margery Haines, of Xenia, Ohio. His marriage was a happy one, and was blessed by the birth of five children, three boys and two girls, four of whom are now living. His wife afterwards died.

In 1833 he moved to Bloomington, Illinois. Here, in 1846, he married Lucinda Blewins. By this marriage he has had five children, all of whom are dead. When he came to Bloomington he followed his trade and continued at it until 1859, when he retired from business. Immediately upon his arrival at Bloomington he connected with his trade the manufacture of agricultural implements, and in those days he was enabled to make this quite a profitable business. Oliver Ellsworth, who died about a year ago, was for eighteen years Mr. Bunn's partner. Their ploughs, which they made by hand, were in great demand and were called for even from Texas. They bore the trademark of Bunn & Ellsworth, and are still well spoken of. The price of one of their ploughs at that time was eleven or twelve dollars, while a plough made by machinery at the present time costs from twenty-two to twenty-four dollars. Mr. Bunn thinks this remarkable difference is due partly to the high price of labor, and partly to the high price of steel. A carpenter earned in

those days one dollar per day; at present he earns from three to four dollars. The steel used by Bunn & Ellsworth was German and American, while that used at the present time is cast-steel. They formerly obtained their steel from St. Louis whence it was shipped to Pekin by water, and from there it was brought overland to Bloomington; but when the Illinois River was low it was hauled here from St. Louis, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. It cost for hauling this distance from seventy-five cents to one dollar per hundred pounds, and after all of this trouble and expense the ploughs were sold for eleven or twelve dollars a piece.

Mr. Bunn came to Bloomington with his brother-in-law, Dr. Haines. The town was then two years old. At first he did not like the country, it seemed so wild and naked, and in nearly every log cabin some one was shaking with the ague. The population was very sparse and the conveniences of life were wanting. If a farmer lost a screw from his plough he was obliged to travel sixty miles (from Bloomington to Springfield) to get the little matter fixed. Lewis Bunn did all the blacksmithing for forty miles around, with three fires. He was quite skillful in mending the little breaks and doing the job work, and could make any thing from a horse shoe nail to a mill spindle.

Although Mr. Bunn was not a man of much speculation, he saw many ups and downs. Fortunes in the West were sometimes easily made and much more easily lost, but Mr. Bunn preserved his independence and usually stuck to his trade; although it was rather black business it brought shining dollars.

In 1833 Bloomington had about one hundred and fifty inhabitants. The best business lots were then selling for fifty dollars. He bought one where the hardware store of Harwood Bros. stands for fifty dollars and sold it for one hundred. It is now worth three hundred dollars per foot without any improvements. But the changes in value in Bloomington are scarcely to be noticed compared with Chicago. On the west side of the river in Chicago some lots were traded for a horse worth fifty dollars. The same lots are now worth one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. In 1833 corn sold for ten cents per bushel, oats for eight cents and wheat for thirty-one cents. Flour was $1.50 per hundred and pork $1.25. Wood was one dollar

per cord and coal 12½ to 16 cents per bushel. In early days everything was unsettled. Prices were sometimes very high and sometimes very low; people became suddenly rich and suddenly poor. Everything was changing. The spirit of enterprise was great and people would be willing to do a great deal to accomplish a very little.

Sometimes the early settlers went to law. People will do so occasionally, though they do not as a usual thing, get rich by it. I have heard of a couple of worthy citizens who spent two or three hundred dollars a piece in a suit for the possession of a calf not worth five dollars. Lawyers are not generally very modest in charging their fees. But Mr. Bunn tells some queer things of the fees charged by Lincoln and Douglas. Abraham Lincoln received the highest fee known to have been paid to a lawyer in Illinois. The Illinois Central Railroad Company thought their lands should be exempt from taxation. Lincoln was employed for the company and won the battle and received five thousand dollars as his fee. This was pretty large, but on the other hand lawyers' fees were sometimes correspondingly small. Mr. Bunn once employed Stephen A. Douglas in a case against Col. Gridley. Douglas came all the way from Springfield, made a first-class speech, won the case and charged for his services five dollars!

As to personal appearance Lewis Bunn is five feet ten inches in height. He is well formed and of good muscular development. The latter is due to his occupation. He has a very peaceable disposition, a very even temperament and does not easily get excited. He is fond of fun and practical jokes. He has a genial, healthy countenance, though his eyes are rather weak, probably made so by working at the forge. He is naturally a peacemaker and is glad to say that he never struck a man in his life and never ran away from one.

William C. Warlow.

William C. Warlow, son of Benjamin Warlow, was born June 8, 1817, in Oneida County, New York. The family came to Bloomington on the 10th of October, 1833. During the first night of their arrival they went to see a prairie fire, where the postoffice now stands. From Bloomington they went to Dry

Grove, where his uncle, Jonathan Bond, entered land. Mr. Warlow lived with his father on the farm working faithfully. Mr. Warlow, sr., entered land at Brown's Grove and moved there.

On the 31st of October, 1844, W. C. Warlow married Nancy Garr, daughter of Joseph and Margaret Garr, of Old Town. After his marriage Mr. Warlow bought out John Stout at Brown's Grove, paying five hundred dollars for one hundred and twenty acres of land. On this he lived for thirteen years adding to it continually until he acquired about six hundred acres. In the fall of 1857 he moved to Bloomington and went into the dry goods business with his brother, B. W. Warlow. They had two sleeping partners by the name of Fleming, who were the cause of much trouble and at last of great financial difficulties.

Mr. Warlow did some hunting and often killed deer and wolves. Once while living on his farm he stood on his door step and killed a deer, which was standing near by. He several times killed two deer before breakfast.

At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Warlow went to Camp Butler, and was for some time a clerk for a sutler there, and for a while did quite well.

On the 1st of February, 1867, he became a hotel keeper at Peoria. On the 10th of May of the same year he was burnt out and lost everything. He had been insured for five thousand dollars in two bogus insurance companies, which could not pay one cent of his losses. He has lived in Bloomington ever since.

Mr. Warlow has a family of three children. They are:

Benjamin W., Belle and Maggie. The last named is married to Nelson Sweeney, of Bloomington. Miss Belle Warlow lives at home. Benjamin W. Warlow lives in Hiawatha, Brown County, Kansas. Mr. Warlow's domestic life has been very pleasant. His wife has been a remarkably good woman, and a supporter of her husband during their eventful life.

Mr. Warlow is six feet six inches in height, is well proportioned, has black hair, hazel eyes and a beard, which is turning gray. He is a man of great strength. He used the first reaper which worked with success in this section of country.

John Lindley.

John Lindley was born February 9, 1806, in Christian County, Kentucky. His father's name was John Lindley, and his

mother's name was Elizabeth Gray. In 1827 he moved his brother William to Illinois and stayed a few months. In March, 1831, he came again, moving his father's family. The deep snow was then melting away, and the country was a sea of water from one to three feet in depth. This was the case more particularly in Macoupin and Sangamon Counties. Nevertheless he came through, driving his six-horse team with a single line. His father's family settled on the south side of Blooming Grove.

John Lindley entered some land about a mile from the southern edge of Blooming Grove. One tier of farms had already been entered around the grove, and he was obliged to take to the prairie or go to some other timber. After entering his land John Lindley returned to Kentucky.

On the twentieth of November, 1831, he married Melinda Jones, in Kentucky. In 1833 he came to the West and settled on the land which he entered in 1831. His wife, Melinda, died in 1837. Two children were born of this marriage. They are: Mary Jane, wife of Isaac Pemberton, and William Lindley. Mr. Pemberton lives on the edge of Blooming Grove, and Mr. William Lindley lives at Long Point, in DeWitt County.

On the first of March, 1840, Mr. Lindley married Jane Williams. Nine children were born of this marriage, and seven are living. They are:

Gabriel Lindley lives in Christian County, Kentucky.

John W. Lindley lives about a quarter of a mile from his father's.

Sarah, wife of Frederick Barnes, lives near her father's.

Elizabeth, Daniel, Emma and Ella live at home.

Mr. Lindley is five feet and eleven inches in height, and weighs about two hundred pounds. He is a man of some resolution, is very pleasant in his manner, is a strong opponent of the railroads, and thinks these monopolies eat up a great deal of his substance with their high freights. He cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, and has since voted the Democratic ticket. He gave an acre of ground to build a school house in district number eight, where he now lives. He is a director, and takes great interest in the cause of education. He thinks a great deal of McLean County, as he has traveled all over the State and found nothing equal to it for a farming country. He lives about

five miles south and a little west of Bloomington. Mr. Lindley is very decided in his views, and is bitterly opposed to salary grabbers, and does not like President Grant for signing the bill which doubled his own salary.

Allen Withers.

Allen Withers was born January 21, 1807, on a farm in Jessamine County, Kentucky, about seven miles from Nicholasville. His ancestors were of Welch and Irish stock. The father of Allen Withers was twice married. Allen was one of a family of twenty-one children; seventeen of these, including Allen, reached manhood and womanhood. His opportunities for acquiring knowledge were not very good, but such as they were he improved them, and obtained a pretty good English education. At an early age he showed much taste for commercial pursuits, and a great love of travel. At the age of eighteen he began traveling through the states of Missouri and Indiana. He transacted some little business on his journey, but not much. His object was to obtain amusement and information, as well as to visit his friends and relatives in these states. In his travels he learned the ways of the world and particularly the commercial world, he could buy and sell. He then began business. He bought horses and mules in Missouri and took them to Mexico, though he was yet very young. He spent two years in Mexico in trading with the Mexicans and Indians. He understood Spanish as well as the Indian dialect, and could converse very fluently in either. He was a great favorite among the Indians, and understood their character and mode of life thoroughly. His experience among the Indians was no doubt richly worth preserving. He was obliged frequently to live for some weeks upon sugar. But, after all his hardships, he made but little money, as many of his horses and mules would go astray in the wild Mexican territory.

Allen Withers came to Illinois in August, 1834, his father having removed to this State two years previous. He came at once to McLean County. In the spring of 1835 he entered the dry goods establishment of M. L. Covel as a clerk. Not long afterwards his father bought out this establishment and carried it on with the assistance of his son. The business was conducted in Royce Block, which became the Withers property.

On the second of May, 1835, he married Miss Sarah B. Rice, of Kentucky. He had known her in early youth, and in his later years she became his devoted, affectionate wife, his companion and supporter in the vicissitudes of a very eventful life. His wedding trip to Bloomington lasted two weeks; indeed, it required one week to go from St. Louis to Pekin.

In the spring of 1834 Allen Withers took the census of Bloomington, and the population amounted to one hundred and eighty persons.

In the fall of 1837, Mr. Withers' brother-in-law came to make him a visit, from Kentucky, and Allen wished to make everything as pleasant as possible. So he tried to furnish some of the luxuries of civilization, and hunted over the country for two days to find some butter. He succeeded in getting one pound.

In 1837 and '38 Mr. Withers was unfortunate in business, and moved to Waterloo, Clark County, Missouri, in the spring of 1839. Shortly afterwards he moved to Alexandria, on the Mississippi River. This place was laid out by Dr. Mitchell, the brother-in-law of Mr. Withers, and by Dr. Mitchell's brother. Here Mr. Withers acted as a clerk in his brother-in-law's grocery. He built a two-story log house on some land given him by his brother-in-law, and his wife kept boarders, sometimes ten boarders at once. There was but one hotel at the mouth of the Des Moines River, and when it was too full the landlord sent some of his guests to Mrs. Withers. Mrs. Withers frequently was obliged to do her cooking outside of the house, but she persevered and fairly earned the prosperity which she and her husband afterwards enjoyed. After eighteen months of working and saving in Alexandria Mr. Withers succeeded in making a little money and bought eighty acres of land in Waterloo at twenty cents per acre. After building a home on it he sold house and land for six hundred dollars.

In 1847, at his father's earnest desire, Allen Withers returned to Bloomington, and commenced business with William H. Temple, in the dry goods line. But he soon sold out and went into the hardware business, and shortly afterwards sold out the hardware business and came back to Mr. Temple. But after a while he left the dry goods business and began trading in

stock and working a farm which he owned about three miles south of Bloomington. This farm, which contained three hundred and twenty acres, is now owned by Mrs. Withers.

Allen Withers died very suddenly of congestive chills on the third of March, 1864. He was at the time possessed of a vigorous constitution, and bid fair to live for many years.

Mr. Withers was a man of fine personal appearance. He was six feet and two inches in height, and was possessed of more than ordinary intellect. He was the soul of honor and his candor was seen in his clear, honest, blue eyes, and in every line of his countenance. He was very muscular and could endure a great deal. He was a kind, warm-hearted man and one who would naturally have a great many friends. In his political sympathies he was a warm partizan, but his dignity and kindness and good feeling preserved for him the friendship of members of all parties. His popularity was shown very clearly when he was nominated against his will as a candidate for the legislature. He came within nine votes of being elected in a county which gave six hundred majority for the Republican ticket. He was a good business man for, though he had many misfortunes, he became wiser from experience, and at the time of his death he had accumulated a great deal of property and all of it by his own exertions. Mr. Withers left no children. His only child had died many years before. But he and his generous wife adopted several children who needed friends. One of their adopted children, Mrs. Winter, has grown to womanhood and is now married; and she is indeed worthy of the kindness and affection bestowed upon her.

Mr. Withers many years ago made free a colored boy and brought him up as a servant in his family. The colored man still remains with the family and would not be induced to leave it for any consideration.

The generosity and kindness of heart shown by Mr. Withers will make him long remembered.

"The pitcher at the fountain is broken;
The silver chord is in twain;
But he leaves behind him a token
That he'll greet his dear loved ones again."

Dr. J. F. Henry.

John Flournoy Henry was born at Henry's Mills, in Scott County, Kentucky, on the 17th of January, 1793. He was of Huguenot ancestry. He was the fourth son of William Henry, who was the son of Reverend Robert Henry, pastor of Cub Creek church, of Charlotte County, Virginia. The father of Dr. Henry fought under General Greene at the battle of Guilford Court House in March, 1781, where the victorious career of Lord Cornwallis was arrested and a retrograde movement of the British troops compelled, which resulted in the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown.

In the autumn of 1781 William Henry moved to Lincoln County, Kentucky, and on the 12th of October of that year was married to Elizabeth Julia, second daughter of Matthias Flournoy, who had been killed by the Indians at Cumberland Gap. Matthias Flournoy was of Huguenot ancestry on both sides.

After completing his early education, Dr. Henry entered upon the study of medicine, and for a time, during the war of 1812, he served as surgeon's mate. In October, 1813, he was at the battle of Thames, where his father, as a major general under General Harrison, commanded a wing of the United States forces. It may be mentioned here that Dr. Henry, in common with many of the old soldiers of 1812, availed himself of the act of congress giving a pension to the surviving soldiers of that war, and at the time of his death his name was on the pension rolls of the country, where he had it placed as a matter of pride rather than for the small pecuniary consideration connected with it.

Dr. Henry graduated at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City, in 1818, and soon after went to Missouri, where he spent some time, but afterwards returned to Kentucky. Some time after this he was engaged as a professor in the Ohio Medical College at Cincinnati, with the late Dr. Daniel Drake, between whom and himself there existed a warm personal friendship. Previous to this, in 1826, Dr. Henry was chosen to fill a vacancy in Congress, made by the death of his brother.

In 1833 Dr. Henry settled in Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois, where he pursued the practice of medicine for twelve

years. He came to this State in an Illinois River steamboat, landing at Pekin. In 1843 he purchased property in Burlington, Iowa, and two years later moved to that city with his family. He had by that time secured a competence, and soon after moving to Burlington he retired from the active practice of his profession. He died in Burlington on the 13th of November, 1873.

He was twice married. His first wife was a daughter of Dr. Basil Duke of Mason County, Kentucky, who, with an infant child, died a year or two after their marriage. His second wife, who survived him, was a daughter of Dr. Ridgely of Lexington, Kentucky. The surviving children of the second marriage are Dr. G. R. Henry of Burlington, Iowa; John Flournoy Henry of Louisville, Kentucky, and Mrs. Mary Belle Robertson of Burlington, Iowa. His youngest daughter, Flora, died in Burlington in 1862.

Dr. Henry was for the greater part of his life an honored member of the Presbyterian church. One, who knew him well, says of him: "He was one of nature's noblemen. Tall, straight as an arrow, with a splendid presence and a physical vigor, which is rare in these latter days of fast habits and rapid living; he enjoyed a robust health, which gave way at last from sheer old age. Upright, honorable, temperate, sagacious, and a thorough man and a gentleman, his course can be emulated with profit. He was a fine specimen of the Kentucky gentleman of the old school, of elegant and dignified manners, kindly sentiments and genial disposition."

General Asahel Gridley.

A very important part of the history of McLean County consists of the acts and doings of General Gridley. While collecting information and statistics for this work the author has been questioned more concerning the sketch of General Gridley than of any other old settler in McLean County. He is a man of positive character, and even his enemies are interested in him and anxious to read his sketch.

General Gridley was born April 21, 1810, in Cazenovia, New York, and received his education at Pompey Academy, same State. At the age of twenty-one he determined to "go West," and on the 8th of October, 1831, he located in Bloomington.

He immediately commenced selling goods of all kinds and established a large trade. The business of a merchant in those days is described by General Gridley, who says: "At that time a vender of goods was required to keep for sale every kind of merchandise wanted by the settlers, to-wit: dry goods, groceries, hardware, queensware, drugs, medicines, liquors, saddles, harnesses, leather, salt, iron nails, hollowware, in fact anything which the wants of the settlers required."

General Gridley's place of business was on the lot where the McLean County Bank now stands. This lot he purchased for fifty-one dollars. When he settled here the only inhabitants were James Allin and family, Robert E. Guthrie and family, John Kimler and wife, Rev. James Latta and wife, David Trimmer and wife, Dr. Isaac Baker and family, Dr. David Wheeler and daughters, William Evans and family, William Dimmitt, Samuel Durley, William Durley, General Merritt L. Covel and Amasa C. Washburn. Of these there now remain James Allin, jr. and Dr. Lee Allin, sons of James Allin, deceased, Adam Guthrie, son of Robert Guthrie, deceased, William Dimmitt and Amasa C. Washburn. The condition of the country in those early days is shown by the following from General Gridley:

"In the fall of 1831, Col. James Latta commenced enclosing with a rail fence the one hundred acres now known as the Durley addition to Bloomington, the land then being open prairie and in a state of nature. In 1832 he broke the ground and planted sod corn, and the settlers expressed surprise that Col. Latta should attempt to make a farm so far from timber. No one then supposed that the prairie would ever be cultivated more than a mile distant from the timber, and the only farms were those skirting the groves."

General Gridley carried on the business of merchandising with Ortogrul Covel, his brother-in-law, now deceased, from 1831 until 1838. Their business was milling, merchandising and manufacturing.

The life and services of General Gridley are told by Jesse W. Fell, Esq., so clearly and so perfectly that it is impossible to add anything to it.

"Dr. Duis:

"My long delay in responding to your request to write some-

thing about my old friend and comrade, General Gridley, proceeds not from a want of interest in the subject, but from the press of business engagements. With no man, outside of our immediate family circle, have I been so long and so intimately acquainted, and it affords me great pleasure to say, with no man have my relations personally been more agreeable, notwithstanding we have differed widely in our views and feelings on many topics. Though, in common with every one who has cut any figure in our local or general affairs, I am fully aware that I have been the subject of sharp, and at times undeserved, criticisms at his hands, yet knowing the constitutional temper of the man I have scarcely ever seen the day when I could not take him cordially by the hand, and I have abundant reason to know the same is true on his part. As our intimacy and friendship, therefore, reaches over a period of more than two score years, it is a work of pleasure to say a few words as to his general character and the services he has rendered this city and neighborhood.

"The salient or leading facts connected with his life, I find presented in the paper you have just placed in my hands, and I need not repeat them. You ask for some general additional information relating to him as derived from my long personal acquaintance. In giving this I beg you to bear in mind that I do it in precisely the same way I did in the case of another old and cherished personal friend, Judge Davis. Without any attempt at system, order, or chronological arrangement, and with no attention whatever to style of composition, I wrote what came uppermost, on very slight reflection, aiming to give facts only.

"I came to Illinois in the fall of 1832, and in November of that year arrived at Bloomington, then a village of perhaps one hundred inhabitants. The persons then composing the town are nearly all embraced in the paper alluded to, and among them certainly no one occupied so prominent a place as General Gridley. That prominence he has maintained from that day to this. Whilst other of our citizens have reached higher official positions, and are consequently more widely known, no man has occupied so large a place in the public mind since the day he arrived here, in the general business operations of the neighborhood, whether as a merchant, lawyer, legislator or banker.

"No history, however brief, can ever be written of McLean County, without frequent reference to his name, as identified with almost everything connected with our development and prosperity. To omit it would be impossible. As well might you attempt to write the history of our country and omit that name that stands at the head of all American history.

"In what little I have to say I will consider him—as above indicated—as a merchant, lawyer, legislator and banker.

"Previous to my arrival in Bloomington I heard of him in connection with the Black Hawk war. General M. L. Covel and he raised a cavalry company in this county, and of this General Gridley was made first lieutenant. That he creditably acquitted himself in that war was practically attested by the result of a military election which soon after took place, at which he was elected a brigadier general. This conferred upon him a title which he has since borne.

"The war in question occupied quite a space in the general and striking news of the day throughout the country, having begun in 1831 and closed about the time I reached the State.

"On my arrival at Bloomington, in the autumn of 1832, I found the General had just returned from the war, and was doing a general mercantile business, dealing in almost everything that the wants of the country demanded, in a one-story frame building, occupying the place where his bank now stands. For some years he purchased his goods largely in St. Louis, of the then celebrated house of Warburton & King, and others, and not unfrequently rode to St. Louis on horseback to make his purchases, and occasionally wagoned his goods from that city to Bloomington. The ordinary conveyance, however, was by steamboat to Pekin, and thence to this place by wagons. Subsequently his principal purchases were made in the cities of New York and Philadelphia, whither he repaired twice a year to keep up his supply of goods. It was during one of these semi-annual visits that he became acquainted with the accomplished lady, Miss Mary Ann Enos, whom he afterwards married, and who has since shared his fortunes through life. It was also during a visit of this kind that he became acquainted with Mr. Hill, one of our oldest and most reputable men, still living among us, whom he, aided by his friends, James Allin and J. W. Fell,

prevailed upon to remove to Bloomington and establish the first newepaper here published, the *Bloomington Observer*. This paper was well conducted, and had much to do at that early period (1836 and '37) in attracting attention to McLean County of emigrants and others seeking locations in the West. Though there was a period of several years after the discontinuance of this journal, during which no paper was here published, the *Bloomington Observer* may not inappropriately be considered as the beginning of one of our leading papers, which, under the various names of *Western Whig*, *Intelligencer*, and *Pantagraph*, is still published in our midst.

"The ordinary way of travel to and from the East at that time was by steamboats on the Illinois, Mississippi and Ohio Rivers to Pittsburgh, and thence by stage across the mountains to Philadelphia and New York. Not unfrequently the whole trip there and back, particularly in the winter season, was performed by stage. It was my good fortune to accompany the General during one of these winter trips by stage, and I shall never forget the hilarity and sport of that memorable trip. We had in company a Missourian as distinguished for his geniality, mirthfullness and fund of anecdotes as the General himself, possibly even more so, and we were never at a loss for something to relieve what would otherwise have been not only a cold but tedious, monotonous trip.

"General Gridley's customers, at this time, extended over the whole county, then embracing nearly double the territory it now does; and it is not too much to say that he was not only known by all the *people* of the county, but that a very large share of the goods here sold were over his counter. The ordinary mode of doing business at this time was on credit, the people paying their store bills annually on Christmas, or the first of January. This being the case, it is not surprising that a man of his superior business qualifications should have so far extended his line of credit, that when the financial crash, commencing in '37 with the removal of the public deposits from the old United States Bank came, he was carried down in common with almost every man at that time, who did business on that basis. So entirely prostrated was the credit and business of the country that credit was not only gone, but property of every description was almost

valueless. As an illustration in point, property in which I was interested, and for which $200 per acre had been offered and refused, was sacrificed by selling at less than $10 per acre. It reflects, therefore, no discredit on the business capacity of General Gridley, which then, as now, was considered of the very highest order, to state that, failing in collecting of those who justly owed him, he shared the common lot, and had to begin anew at the foot of the financial ladder. In its results, this failure, however, looking at it from a financial stand-point, I have always looked upon as fortunate, as it developed his powers in other directions, and thereby secured a higher measure of success than he could reasonably have hoped for, had he continued in his old business. And this brings me to consider him in another relation.

"About this time the whole country was stirred by the memorable contest of 1840, the chief basis of the contest being the financial blunders, as viewed from the Whig stand-point, of the then dominant party. This, aggravated by the disclosure of an alarming amount of official corruption in high places, gave to the Whig party an opportunity to make a contest with reasonable prospects of success, and to make the matter doubly sure, that party laid aside their old and tried statesman, Henry Clay, and placed in nomination a successful military man, General Harrison. The whole country, from center to circumference, was deeply excited; monster mass meetings and immense processions consisting not only of men and women, bands of music, &c., but canoes on wheels, drawn by horses, and filled with men going through all the motions of boatmen; log cabins drawn in the same way, conveying coons perched in conspicuous places, barrels of hard cider, &c., were everywhere in order, and in no part of our country more conspicuously so than here in Illinois. Into this contest every man having any capacity for stump-speaking threw himself; and not a few made their appearance who, up to this period, had never supposed they had that capacity. Among this number, as I have good reason to know, was Asahel Gridley.

"During the period I am reviewing it was thought necessary to get up one of those formidable processions then so common and visit what was then called the village of Peoria, demonstrating very largely on the way, particularly in the towns, in two of which

—Tremont and Washington—we stopped to hold mass meetings. It was at the latter place that I first heard the General make a regular or set speech. Judge Davis, Dr. John F. Henry and a number of others, myself included, accustomed to speaking, had taken our turn, when, seconded by a number of others, I called for the General. He immediately responded, and though wholly unprepared, made a speech that for clearness, point, and telling effect, was inferior to nothing we had heard during our trip. I slept with him that night, and have good reason to know that that was a turning point in his history. This effort had roused him to a consciousness of power in a new direction.

"Shortly after this it became necessary to place in nomination candidates for the legislature, and it was quite natural that the people should fix upon one so capable as General Gridley of leading them to success in a county which had up to that period been regarded as Democratic. I need scarcely say he was elected, and that though so recently in political life, he immediately took a high rank among the members of the House, composed of such men as Lincoln, Hardin, Governor Bissel and others. Nothing of striking interest occurred during the period for which he was elected to the Lower House, particularly as affecting the interests of his immediate constituents. So far as I now recollect, and though out of chronological order, I will pass over his early professional experience, and say a few words in connection with his services for four years in the other branch of the legislature.

"For several years prior to 1850 a good deal had been said in the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States in favor of a grant of land to aid in the construction of what is now the Illinois Central Railroad, and through the efforts of Judges Breese, Douglas and others the prospect of such a grant began to look promising. It was, therefore, eminently proper that the people of this part of the State should at this time send to the legislature some of their most efficient men, in order to secure, if practicable, Bloomington as a point on the contemplated road, should the grant be made. Most fortunately for the future of Bloomington and McLean County (and I may say with equal propriety for the interests of DeWitt and Macon

Counties and their respective county seats), the people were alive to that matter, and, overlooking mere availabilty (which unfortunately too often controls such matters) elected General Gridley to the Senate for four years commencing December, 1850. It was during this period that the grant in question was made, and the great struggle was had as to the location of that road. It was at this time too that the charter of the Alton & Sangamon Railroad—as it was then called—was so amended as to make Bloomington a point on another great trunk road, (now known as the Chicago & Alton Railroad,) and thus Bloomington secured to us a pre-eminence as to railroad facilities equal, if not superior, to any other point in the State; for it is well known that the roads subsequently located here were attracted, largely, by our prominence as a railroad centre. Few among those who now constitute our population—a population more than twenty fold what it was then—stop to reflect or even know the great point on which our rapidly increased population was determined. From a somewhat intimate acquaintance with our State and its legislation for the last forty years, I have no hesitation in saying a solution of the matter is found largely in the legislation above alluded to, and that, had we not had General Gridley, or some other man of much more than ordinary ability to then represent us, Bloomington's population would now probably be numbered by hundreds instead of thousands. This opinion will not seem unreasonable when we reflect that in the act of congress making the grant no points except the termini were designated, and that by a slight deflection west of the third principal meridian the neighborhood of which the road had to be located, it would run through a country at that time much better developed, passing through a large number of county seats a little west of that meridian, including Springfield and Peoria, the former then, as now, the seat of government and the latter then largely outnumbering us in wealth, population and influence. True, the railroad company, if such a location had been made, would not have secured quite so much land on the immediate line of its road, but it would thus have insured more speedily a business for the road, which was a matter of paramount importance, and also a readier sale for the contiguous lands which it would thus have secured.

"The railroad company, however, had not the fixing of the location. It was done by representatives of the people, and the odds in numbers being against us, growing out of a more sparse population east than west of the meridian, and having the State government influence, added to that of Peoria, to contend with, it was a fight of no ordinary importance to us, in which the chances against us seemed largely to preponderate. Thanks to the untiring devotion and consummate ability of our senator, aided, of course, by help outside, as well as in the legislature, those seeming advantages were overcome, and the location was so fixed in the charter as to secure the road through our midst, and, what was more, through the county seat of two of the other counties by him represented. If General Gridley had rendered no other service to this community, this alone is of sufficient importance to entitle him, in all coming time, to our grateful remembrance.

"And here it may not be inappropriate to observe, that, notwithstanding he has been thus intimately associated not only with the legislation connected with our system of railroads extending out from this point, but, more or less, with the practical construction of several of them, no man can truthfuly say, that he ever derived the slightest pecuniary benefit from any contracts, speculations in stocks or bonds, connected with any of said roads, or, even the less objectionable way, of sharing in the profits of town speculations on their lines. Though the General makes no pretensions to any superior virtue to his neighbors, and has never been averse to availing himself of proper and legitimate modes of speculation, he has wisely concluded he would not avail himself of the facilities for money-making offered by any official position he might hold. Had our representatives in the State Legislatures and in Congress, our railroad directors and others officially connected with the building of our roads, more generally observed the same rule, how widely different would be the present condition of things financially throughout the country; and how much higher would stand the American character among the nations of the world. In sketching the life and character of anyone in times like these—of wide-spread official degeneracy—it is indeed pleasant to note this, to my mind, important and most creditable fact.

"Omitting other and important services which he rendered his constituents, the four years of his senatorial career, during which there were no less than four sessions of the Legislature, let us pass to a brief notice of his career in another and more lucrative department of business. I shall never forget an interview I had with him at his own house, and at his own suggestion, soon after his return from the Legislature in the spring of 1841. We had both, financially, been utterly prostrated, and both ambitious of getting 'on our pegs' again. We were in a fitting condition to sympathize with each other and take counsel together. The excitement of political life and the events of the winter had up to this period kept him from dwelling with too much intensity on the dark picture then opening before him, but he was now at liberty to concentrate his mind on home matters, and seemed more thoroughly saddened in spirit than I had ever before or since known him. The great question was, what he should do to repair his shattered fortunes, and to supply the wants of a growing family. His private affairs financially, added to the depressed condition generally of the country, forbid his return to his former calling; politics were too precarious to tempt him to do what thousands of lesser pretensions were then doing, flocking to Washington to get some 'fat office,' and though his mind had been running on the probable chances of professional success he seemed quite undetermined what to do. I need scarcely say I advised him to immediately qualify himself for the practice of law, and this advice, aided by similar suggestions from other quarters, may have contributed to bring about that result. Knowing his intellectual sharpness, and his success as a public speaker, I felt, and so expressed myself, that he had only to try, to succeed. How well my anticipations have been verified let the legal dockets of McLean and adjoining counties for more than fifteen years, commencing soon after the period here alluded to, answer. Lacking the advantages of a collegiate education and of a thorough course of legal studies, in special pleading and the more technical departments of practice, it will hardly be pretended that he was an adept—very few are—but, if good hard 'horse sense,' as he would call it, in the management of a suit; if a rare faculty of seizing hold of the strong points of a case, and making the most of them; if the ability to present

in strong, forcible and telling language adapted to the common apprehension, the leading facts in behalf of the interests of a client, omitting those non-essentials, the enumeration of which only tends to bother and confound a juror; in short, if *success* is to be the measure by which his ability as a lawyer is to be estimated, then was he not merely a respectable but an able attorney. That such is the popular verdict, not only the records in question will testify, but all our old inhabitants who knew him when in professional life.

"Let us now consider him as a banker. It was during his senatorial career that he formed an acquaintance with the Hon. Jonathan Scammon, a politician of some reputation, and one of the leading bankers of Chicago, who encouraged him to organize a bank in Bloomington—the McLean County Bank—being the first here established. It was in the spring of 1853, in pursuance of an act of the legislature, this bank was organized for business, with General Gridley as its president and financial manager, and in that position he has ever since remained, gradually absorbing, as his means would enable him, the stock of his two co-incorporators, J. Y. Scammon and J. H. Burch, having long since become its sole proprietor. This bank has now been in operation more than twenty years, affording banking accommodations in the way of loans to a vast number of our leading dealers in stock and other business men, and furnishing a safe and reliable depository to our merchants and others for their cash, as received in the ordinary way of business. It would be interesting to know how many millions of other people's money have passed through this bank, undiminished by the loss of a farthing, but I am reliably informed it is more than ten-fold greater than the aggregate wealth of the entire county.

Here, too, adopting the practical standard, it may very safely be said he has achieved a great success, and at the same time extended accommodations to thousands in the way of moving our annual crops, operating in cattle, hogs, etc. For a long time this was the only bank for a vast circuit of country, reaching in most directions more than fifty miles, and it is fair to assume that a large share of the ample fortune accumulated by the General is in the results of its operation.

In the year 1857, the Bloomington Gas Light and Coke Com-

pany, having been unsuccessful, was taken hold of by the General, and that here, too, his efforts have been crowned with success, let the massive and thoroughly appointed gas works, with their fifteen miles of piping, their four hundred city lamps and nine hundred individual consumers, bear witness. Into this, a mere wreck, financially, he infused life and vitality, and has built a business that of itself most men would be exceedingly proud; and yet this has constituted but a small part of the work of this remarkable man. In addition to his daily and never ceasing labors in connection with the bank, he has not only accomplished this and a part of the time, as has been seen, served us faithfully in the Senate, but he has made large and costly improvements in the way of building; acted for years as railroad director and president of one of our leading roads that had not yet been built had not he and a few other co-workers performed labors and assumed responsibilities few would have done; besides doing his full share in matters of general interest, as effecting our material prosperity, in fostering into being manufacturing and other improvements demanded by a growing city. It is no disparagement to the just claims of others who have aided in building up our city, to state that in both public and private improvements no man has cut so important a figure; and when we add to this the highly important services he rendered us in his labors to secure to Bloomington its prominence as a railroad center, as heretofore stated, it is no easy matter to estimate the amount of good he has accomplished. That he has here left his mark in ineffacable characters, and that he will long be remembered as one of the chief actors in building up our city and neighborhood, cannot admit of a doubt.

"Omitting any mere personal description of the man, and the leading traits of his character, except as herein disclosed, about which much that is highly complimentary to him might be said, I cannot close a notice of one so prominently known among us, without briefly referring to a somewhat striking feature in his character that has made him not unfrequently many enemies, and which we feel is not properly estimated by those who know him but superficially. I allude to that spirit of sharp criticism —shall I call it?—in which he is too much accustomed to indulge towards those with whom he differs, or whose interests and

his seem to come in collision. Many have supposed, on slight acquaintance, that this proceeded from a malevolent disposition and general ill-will towards those who differed with him. Long acquaintance has taught me, as it has hundreds of others, that this is a mistake, and that, whilst it is undoubtedly true that this is a defect in his character (and who have not their defects?) it is wrong to suppose that he indulges in any such feelings as above indicated, except in the most transient and superficial way. Being of a highly impulsive nature, never having learned properly to restrain a warm and imperious temper,—and being too utterly incapable of deceit or mental reservation, when any invasion is supposed to be made upon his rights he immediately fires up, with a zeal often more intense than wise, and under its influence says things which he would be far from doing in his cooler moments, and which are frequently recalled with equal emphasis, very soon thereafter. Under such circumstances, who that is well acquainted with him has not known him sometimes to assail even a friend, who, the very next hour, perhaps, he would not only speak well of, but cordially embrace, and perchance render a most important favor. Ought not such invectives, as he himself will admit are much too often and too freely indulged in, instead of being imputed to a bad and malevolent heart, as some have done, to be ascribed to a mind so mercurial in its temper, so irrepressible, and so utterly incapable of giving expression to anything else than the feelings of the moment? In other words, without wishing to dignify as a virtue what he himself has often admitted to me to be decidedly wrong, is it not a species of frankness in speaking his thoughts, extravagantly and too often unjustly expressed of course, which many of us mentally indulge in when our rights are assailed, without giving expression to our feelings? In other words, does not the average man very frequently *think* what he has the boldness, though indiscretion, at times certainly, to *utter outright?*

"In closing this very important sketch of one of our leading citizens, it may not be amiss to say a word in relation to the part he took in the last political movement, with which his name is identified. I mean the Cincinnati Convention, in doing which, I confess I am largely influenced by a desire to show the magnanimous spirit displayed by him on that occasion.

"Though connected with the Republican party, and feeling a deep interest in the election in 1860 and 1864 of its most distinguished champion, the cares of business had so multiplied around him, that he had not taken, since the dissolution of the old Whig party, that active part in politics he had previously done. In 1872, believing that the mission of the Republican party had been accomplished, and that those in power, from their long continuance in office, had become both extravagant and corrupt, he was very decidedly in favor of a change; and overlooking entirely the fact that his personal relations had not been at all of a genial character with Judge Davis, and differing with him as he had on most measures of a local character, he yet was one of the very first to suggest that name as the most suitable for the American people to rally around, in order to reform the abuses that had crept into our national affairs.

"I shall never forget the response he made when I first spoke to him on the subject, in answer to which he made substantially this reply: 'Fell, you know my relations with the Judge have not been as pleasant as your own; we are totally different men; but he is a pure man, an able man, a man of immense executive ability; he hates all kind of thievery and official corruption, and in short is the man of all men to reform existing abuses. I am for him against the world.' And when General Gridley said he was for any man it meant something. There was no double meaning; no mental reservations; no backing down; no half-way support. It meant work, and work he did with a zeal and ability inferior to no one, so long as there was a ray of hope of our success.

"In working in this cause, in the national convention, another pleasant incident occurred, in which friendly personal relations were restored between him and another of our old and leading citizens, between whom unpleasant relations had unhappily previously existed, I mean Dr. Stipp. In response to a suggestion of a friend he said: 'We are not on speaking terms, but I am the youngest man, and I'll go this moment and tender him my hand.' He did so, saying: 'Doctor, here is my hand. Let us be friends;' and it was grasped by the doctor with the same frankness and cordiality with which it was offered. It was beautiful to see the magnanimous spirit evinced by both these

men; and I am glad to know that pleasant personal relations between all these men have not only been thus restored, but restored as we have every reason to believe permanently.

"A misapprehension, quite too common, to which the General has exposed himself, by these outbursts of feeling, is my apology for thus noticing this feature of his character.

"Hoping you may be able to pick up something that may be of value, as illustrating the life of one who has occupied so large a space in the public mind, from among these rambling, fragmentary thoughts, I have the honor to be

"Yours truly, JESSE W. FELL."

Such is the sketch of General Gridley, which Mr. Fell has written. The reader has found it full of thought, showing a remarkable insight into the workings of the mind, and full of knowledge of him of whom he writes.

On the 18th of March, 1836, General Gridley married Mary Ann Enos. They have four children living. They are Juliet, Albert, Mary and Edward. The last named lives at home with his father, and is a young man of great promise.

JUDGE DAVID DAVIS.

The greatest legal light of Bloomington is Judge David Davis. He was born in Cecil County, Maryland, on the ninth of March, 1815. He graduated at Kenyon College, Ohio, on the fourth of September, 1832, and commenced the study of law at Lenox, Massachusetts, in October following, in the office of Judge Henry W. Bishop. After studying there for two years he went to the New Haven Law School where he remained until the fall of 1835, when he removed to Pekin, Tazewell County, Illinois. After practicing law for one year in Pekin he removed to Bloomington, which has ever since been his home. Here he succeeded to the law business of Mr. Jesse W. Fell, who became much interested in operations in real estate. He took possession of Mr. Fell's old office which was one door east of what is now Larison & Espey's drug store. Mr. Davis succeeded in the law at the very outset. He was not a great orator nor even a very fluent talker, but he was a clear-minded man and soon took a front rank in his chosen profession.

On the thirtieth of October, 1838, Judge Davis married Miss

Sarah Walker at Lenox, Massachusetts. She is a daughter of Judge Walker of that State. Judge Davis has two children living, a son and a daughter; the former is living with his family near Bloomington.

In the year 1840 Mr. Davis was the candidate of the Whigs for the office of State Senator against Governor Moore, but the latter was successful. The senatorial district then embraced the counties of Moultrie, Macon, Piatt, DeWitt, McLean and Livingston. In 1844 Mr. Davis was elected to the lower house of the Assembly, but declined to be a candidate for re-election.

In 1847 he was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention and in 1848 was chosen by the people, without opposition, to be Judge of the Eighth Judicial Circuit, embracing fourteen counties. This was a position for which Judge Davis was eminently fitted. It has been said of him that his leading characteristic is love of equity, and this, combined with a strong will, quick perceptions and the very clearest judgment, made his decisions universally respected. His decisions were seldom appealed from and more seldom reversed. An old settler, while speaking of the time when Judge Davis was on the bench, remarked, rather sarcastically: "Everybody seemed to think in those early times that the administration of justice was the object of going into our courts." The love of justice and the penetration which characterized Judge Davis are well illustrated by the following incident which was told of him by Mr. Lincoln, when the latter appointed Judge Davis to a seat on the Supreme Bench of the United States. On one occasion a guardian, for mercenary purposes, proposed to sell the estate of his ward and thereby have some money to handle. The guardian by his counsel had made out a prima facie case and his witness was about to leave the stand, when Judge Davis stopped him and put him through a severe examination, which showed up the guardian's bad faith; he then turned to the latter and said in his sharp shrill voice: "Now ain't you ashamed of yourself to be trying to cheat your ward in this way! Clerk, dismiss this application at plaintiff's cost."

Judge Davis did not enforce the most rigid rules of order in his court, though he was careful that everything should be done with propriety. He was fond of humor and did not wish to

spoil a joke for the sake of any false or extreme ideas of dignity. On one occasion, when a case of assault and battery was being tried, a witness who was a participant in the affair was telling of his movements and remarked that while the fight was hottest he providentially knocked his antagonist down. The Judge said he could not allow such testimony, as Providence had very little to do with such a fight, and the witness corrected his testimony by saying that as *good luck* would have it he knocked his antagonist down. At one time a witness while describing a horse was very profane in his language and continued so while speaking of the reputation of the brute, without any interruption from the Judge; but when the witness stepped from the stand the court remarked: "Mr. Sheriff, you will take charge of this man until he pays a fine of twenty-five dollars; the court will give the witness until he is called again to testify, to determine what portions of his evidence are objectionable in style." Judge Davis was always impatient when he discovered any symptoms on the part of a witness to evade or conceal the truth. In a warmly contested lawsuit one of the witnesses swore strongly against the defendant and did so in a fierce, revengeful manner. The attorney for the defendant then asked the witness if he did not have some ill-feeling, some old grudge against the defendant, but the witness evaded the question and the lawyer pressed the matter strongly until the witness was obliged to admit having had a slight misunderstanding. The case was growing exciting when the lawyer enquired: "Don't you hate the defendant?" The witness began his usual prevarications when the Judge exclaimed with his shrill voice: "Man, why don't you say you hate the defendant! Say so, of course you hate him, of course you hate him, say so, say so, say so and stop your lying!" Judge Davis was not a severe man in the administration of criminal law, but he was always anxious to have the community as well as the law-breakers impressed with its efficiency. While sentencing criminals his manner was most impressive, and when any particularly evil trait of character was apparent, his appearance was really terrible. At one time a young man, who had been found guilty of robbing a very old and almost helpless gentleman on the highway, was brought up to be sentenced. The case was one which showed the lowest state of depravity in a

young man in the vigor of life. The Judge called the attention of the accused to the enormity of highway robbery and spoke particularly of the fact that the young criminal in committing the offence had thrown aside all respect for age. The manner and appearance of the Judge were really terrible as he closed his remarks by sentencing the prisoner to serve seven years in the Illinois Legislature! "Penitentiary, your Honor," suggested the prosecuting attorney. The Judge directed the clerk to let the record show "penitentiary" instead of "legislature."

The Eighth Judicial Circuit which embraced at first fourteen counties contained an array of talent rarely equalled among the same number of lawyers. Judge Logan was the leader of the bar, but following him closely were Lincoln, Stuart, Baker, Linder, Gridley, Judge O. L. Davis, Judge Thornton, Hon. O. B. Ficklin, Judge Emerson, C. H. Moore, Judge Benedict, Judge Parks, Judge Edwards, and others, some of whom have since become immortal in history. Lincoln was the constant companion of Judge Davis in their travels around the extensive circuit, and at the close of their journey each day Lincoln related those humorous stories which have made him so famous. Mr. Davis traveled in a two-horse buggy and Mr. Lincoln rode in his own conveyance drawn by his celebrated horse "Buck," the one which followed the great martyr in the funeral procession to his final resting-place.

The year 1860 was one memorable in Illinois. Some years before this many prominent citizens of the State resolved to press Abraham Lincoln as a candidate for President of the United States, and during this year the excitement was so intense that nearly all law business was at a stand-still, because the lawyers and judges devoted all of their time to the campaign. Judge Davis was by far the most active and influential of Mr. Lincoln's supporters and his labors were almost herculean. Perhaps some idea may be given of the labors of Judge Davis by giving an extract from a letter, written by Mr. Jesse W. Fell to a late distinguished senator of the United States, in reply to a question by the latter as to the part taken by Mr. Fell in the campaign of 1860. The question was suggested by an autobiography of Abraham Lincoln, of which Mr. Fell was the proprietor, recently published by Osgood & Co. of Boston. The following is the extract:

"Before responding to your inquiries, allow me to say, you give me much more credit than I am entitled to for the part I took in bringing before the American people the name of Abraham Lincoln as a candidate for the Presidency. Your original impressions were entirely correct. To Judge Davis more than any other man, living or dead, is the American people indebted for that extraordinary piece of good fortune, the nomination and consequent election of that man who combined in his person in so high a degree the elements necessary to a successful administration of the government through the late most critical period in our national history.

"It is quite possible Mr. Lincoln's fitness, or rather availability, as a candidate for that position may have occurred to me before it did to the Judge, but at an early day—as early, I think, as 1858—it had his earnest approval, and I need not say his vastly superior influence gave to his opinion on this subject a weight and character which my private and humble opinion could not command.

"It is well known that Judge Davis, though not a delegate, was one of the leading men at the Decatur State Convention in May, 1860, that elected delegates to the Chicago National Convention; that he was there selected as one of the senatorial delegates to the latter body; that for more than a week prior to the nomination he had in connection with other friends of Mr. Lincoln, opened the 'Lincoln Headquarters' at the Tremont House, Chicago, where, and throughout the city, wherever delegates were to be found, he labored day and night, almost sleeplessly, throughout that long and dramatically interesting contest, working with a zeal, assiduity and skill never surpassed, if ever equalled; and that when those herculean labors culminated in the choice of his trusted and most confidential friend, his feelings so overpowered him that not only then but for hours after, in grasping the hands of congratulating friends, he wept like a child.

"Whilst it is undoubtedly true that, without the hearty and vigorous co-operation of quite a number of equally eminent men, the prestige attached to the names of Seward and others could not have been broken, and this nomination secured, no one, as familiar as I was with what was then and there enacted, can

doubt for a moment the pre-eminent part there played by the Judge. Among Lincoln hosts he was emphatically the great central figure; the great motor of the hour. 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.'"

In 1861 Judge Davis, Judge Holt and Mr. Campbell were chosen by President Lincoln to investigate the management of the Quartermaster's Department at St. Louis, which was under the management of Quartermaster McKinstry who held his office under General Fremont. The investigation was thorough and laid bare the corruption and mismanagement of affairs at St. Louis.

In 1862 Judge Davis was appointed by Abraham Lincoln one of the Associate Justices of the Supreme Court of the United States. This appointment was not made by any personal solicitation of Judge Davis, but simply on account of Mr. Lincoln's knowledge of the man, and by the effort of friends. At the time of his appointment he was well known in Illinois as a man of great judicial learning and the best of judgment, but his reputation had not gone beyond his State, as he had never filled a position where his decisions would be published. But when he came to the Supreme Bench of the United States his reputation as a jurist went beyond the most sanguine expectations of his friends. A writer in the *American Law Times*, in discussing the character of Judge Davis, says: "Judge Davis is a natural lawyer, a character so truly great that to doubt him would be impossible. His mind is all equity, and as vigorous as it is kind. He is progressive, and yet cautious; a people's judge, and yet a lawyer's." His opinion in the Milligan case has attracted more attention from the people at large than any decision since that of Judge Taney in the Dred Scott case. Judge Davis lays down some fundamental principles of constitutional law which will stand as land marks for ages after he shall have been gathered to his fathers.

That which people are most anxious to learn about Judge Davis is his connection with the Cincinnati Convention. The active principles of the movement which resulted in the Cincinnati Convention were:

First.—The administration of public affairs in the interest not of a party but of the whole people.

Second.—Official responsibility and a war of extermination against that system of jobbery and corruption which disfigures both of the great political parties, and which is sapping the very foundations of civilized society.

Third.—An absolute destruction of the old doctrine: "To the victors belong the spoils," and a restoration of the Jeffersonian maxim: "Is he honest? Is he capable?"

Fourth.—Reconciliation. Freedom and local self-government for the South, and an end of bayonet rule.

Judge Davis was well fitted by nature and education to be at the head of such a movement. He had been elected several times to the position of Circuit Judge by the voice of the people irrespective of party, and his every feeling was in sympathy with its active principles. His quick perception and his hatred of all forms of peculation and jobbery would make him an effective executive officer and a terror to evil-doers. Judge Davis was nominated for President by the Labor Reformers at the Columbus Convention, and this made him an object of jealousy by many of the friends of the candidates who were to come before the Cincinnati Convention, and they began to combine against him. So effective was their combination that he was beaten and Mr. Greeley nominated in his stead. It is now generally acknowledged that this was a great mistake. The following "Scrap of Political History," which was published in the *Bloomington Pantagraph*, sheds some light upon the condition of affairs at Cincinnati:

A SCRAP OF POLITICAL HISTORY.

"*Editor Pantagraph:* Overhauling old papers my attention has just been called to the following, written by one of the distinguished men of our country—the late Senator from Wisconsin—who, by the way, has wisely quit politics and taken to a profession he is so eminently fitted to adorn. He may not thank me for thus resurrecting old matters with which his name is associated, but at the risk of incurring not only his displeasure, but that of one still more distinguished, I feel constrained to ask its publication. Had the Senator written in the light of subsequent history, it could not have been more truthfully and strongly done.

"Just as the Cincinnati Convention was going into that memorable session that terminated in the nomination of that great and good man that now rests from his labors, this correspondence was thrown before that body, and to that fact may be ascribed that other fact that this masterly expose of the duty of the hour never afterwards appeared.

"As politics are now dead, and these names forever removed from the political arena, I trust and believe this publication will excite no unfriendly criticisms.

"(The letter of Senator Doolittle was in reply to one from the Wisconsin delegates at Cincinnati, asking his 'opinion on the candidates prominently named, in the order of their supposed strength, in securing the votes of both Republicans and Democrats to secure success.')

Mr. Doolittle's Response.

"CINCINNATI, May 1st, 1872.

"*Hon. H. A. Tenney, Chairman, etc.:*

"You ask me my opinion as to the candidates *prominently named.* They are Judge Davis, Governor Brown, Mr. Adams, Senator Trumbull and Mr. Greeley; and you ask me to speak frankly my opinion as to which would carry the greatest number of Republican and Democratic votes.

"Of all these men, I can speak in high terms as to capacity, integrity, and as to their being in full sympathy with the present Liberal Republican movement.

"Personally, as against the probable nominee of the Philadelphia Convention, I could support either of them. But what you ask is my opinion as to their strength. I state their names in order just as I believe they really stand in their popular strength as nominees against General Grant: First, David Davis; second, B. Gratz Brown; third, Lyman Trumbull; fourth, Charles Francis Adams; fifth, Horace Greeley. Without giving reasons why others should not be nominated, I give some reasons why I think Judge Davis should be, in order to insure union and success.

"*First.*—He is and always has been a Liberal Republican. In himself he is a true representative of the principles upon which the Liberal movement is based.

"*Second.*—He will take as large a Republican vote as any man in the East, and more than any other in the West. As a test of his popularity a gentleman from Illinois informs me he has been five times elected to important offices by the votes of the people; three times as Circuit Judge in a large district, receiving each time *every vote in the district*, once as a member of the Legislature without serious opposition, and once as a member of the Constitutional Convention, receiving *every vote in his county*. Where can you find a better record than that? He lives in a Republican county, where there is a Republican majority of two thousand. If nominated, he will receive more than one thousand majority, as we are assured by more than five hundred Republicans from his own county, now here, who have come two hundred and fifty miles to attend this convention to show how he stands as a Republican and as a man at the home where he has lived for thirty-five years. In the history of the United States no record of any man can be found to show greater popularity than the almost unanimous election of Judge Davis five times in succession to public office. He will carry a large Republican vote, also, because he was the bosom friend of Mr. Lincoln. He was the man, who, more than any other, brought him out for President. He was the administrator of his estate, and the guardian of his children. He is in every sense a great man—great headed, great hearted, and full of vigor, and of as much executive will and force as any other man that lives.

"*Third.*—He would be, in my opinion, unanimously indorsed by the Democratic Convention, and would carry the solid vote of the Democracy of the United States, North and South, against Grant.

"*Fourth.*—His nomination here, followed by his indorsement at the Democratic Convention to be held hereafter, insures an election.

"*Fifth.*—His nomination will carry the Legislature of Illinois, and will re-elect Mr. Trumbull to the Senate, where, instead of being under the ban of a tyrannical majority, as he is, he would be the leader of the Senate. This is Mr. Trumbull's great *role*. It is where duty and interest and public good should lead him; it is the place to which he is best fitted. There is too much at

stake upon the success of this movement to allow personalities to control the action of the convention.

"Respectfully yours,

"J. R. DOOLITTLE."

Judge Davis has been remarkably successful as a dealer in real estate, and in all of his purchases and sales has shown the very best of judgment. His first purchase of real estate was made in Chicago, but as he was associated with others, and the disposition of the property was in a great measure beyond his control, the speculation was not fortunate. Nevertheless he had great faith in the future of Chicago, although it then numbered only a few hundred inhabitants, and he purchased an eighty-acre tract of land lying about three miles from the harbor. It now sells by the foot, so far as it is offered for sale. It is to this fortunate investment that he is indebted in part for the ample fortune he possesses. His policy in dealing in real estate has been to purchase property in the suburbs of a growing town, in order that it might become valuable with the increase of the place in size and prosperity. He was always careful to buy land intrinsically valuable, considering what it would produce, so that in any event his speculation would be a safe one.

As is well known, Judge Davis is a man of great public spirit, but thinks public matters should be managed as other business matters are, on a good financial basis. He has been charged with being indifferent in the matter of subscribing to build railroads. His theory with regard to railroads is that they should be built where it will pay to build them as an investment, and that the idea of voting aid from towns, counties and states, or donating lands along the line of the proposed road is wrong in principle. He believes that capitalists are always sharp enough to see where it will pay to invest their money and are ready to build railroads which will return a fair profit to the investors. He thinks that the voting of aid by towns and counties and making land grants results in many cases in building roads which will not pay running expenses, and in others of putting roads in the hands of unprincipled managers who care nothing whatever for the people who have helped them and the towns that have voted them aid. Under these circumstances he has

always been very conservative and cool about assisting railroads and some fault has been found with him for so doing; but many of those who have blamed him in times past are now very much of his way of thinking.

Bloomington and Normal have been much benefited by their State institutions, the Normal School and the Soldiers' Orphans' Home. The location of these institutions here was due in a great measure to Judge Davis, who donated forty acres of land to the Normal School and sixty acres to the Orphans' Home. The former donation was worth at the time when given, four thousand dollars and the latter twelve thousand. It will be remembered that great exertions were made to have these institutions taken elsewhere and Judge Davis' example and influence did very much to prevent their transfer.

So far as matters of charity are concerned it is not usually safe to speak definitely of any one. People who have the greatest reputations for charity usually deserve only a part of the credit they receive, as a suspicion is sometimes aroused that their charities are performed to be seen of men. Judge Davis does not indulge in ostentatious charity, but his friends assert that very few can be found anywhere so liberal even when judged by the proper standard—ability to give.

Judge Davis was at one time enabled to do some service to the city of Bloomington by saving to it the machine shops of the Chicago & Alton Railroad. These shops secure a monthly disbursement of fifty thousand dollars and the matter is of the greatest importance to Bloomington. When they were burned down, Judge Davis was holding court in Chicago. He there learned that it was the intention of various parties to make an effort to transfer the machine shops to another point. He immediately gave notice to the citizens of Bloomington who took active measures to save them.

The character of Judge Davis is pretty well shown by the incidents related in the foregoing sketch. It is also indicated by his appearance and manner. He is about five feet and eleven inches in height, has a large, commanding form, a broad, expansive forehead, blue, penetrating eyes and a rather prominent nose. He has a very pleasant address and superior conversational powers; in his manner he is disposed to be familiar, par-

ticularly to those who are modest in their demeanor and who seem to need encouragement. He is a very companionable man and much devoted to his friends. He is a straightforward business man and has the best of judgment in all financial matters. An old pioneer while writing of Judge Davis says: "If I were called upon to state the leading characteristics of the man I would say they are Honesty, Will and Concentration." Judge Davis' power of will was once very conspicuous when he and seven others started from Bloomington to attend a mass meeting at Peoria during the political campaign of 1844, when Henry Clay was a candidate for the presidency. When they came to the Mackinaw Créek they found it swollen by recent rains, for the season was the wettest ever known in the United States. The west end of the bridge where they were to cross had been washed away, and workmen were trying to repair it. The current was strong and threatened to carry them away if they attempted to ford the stream, and their horses would be liable to be swallowed up by the mud where they would be obliged to land, for after breaking through a thin crust the mud seemed bottomless. The party gave up all hopes of attending the mass meeting; but Judge Davis insisted on going ahead. After agreeing to indemnify the owner of the team, if his horses were lost, Judge Davis took charge of matters, and, unhitching the team, managed to carry the party across on horseback, near enough to the opposite bank to land; then by attaching a long rope to the wagon they pulled it triumphantly through and went their way rejoicing. At one time Judge Davis and Abraham Lincoln were traveling on horseback to attend court at Decatur. When they reached the Sangamon River it was late at night, and it was necessary for them to be in Decatur on the following morning. But as they could see nothing ahead of them, Lincoln gave up the idea of proceeding further. When they came to the river's bank Judge Davis, without saying a word, plunged into the stream with his horse and swam across; but being unable in the darkness to find a landing, returned to the point from which he started. After going some distance down stream Judge Davis again swam across and this time was fortunate enough to find a landing. Then with the assistance of some farmers he built a fire on the bank of the river to show Mr.

Lincoln where to land, if he chose to swim over. The latter swam towards the light and was safely landed, and on the following morning both parties were enabled to be in attendance at court. This incident shows the resolution which has always been so marked in Judge Davis' character and which has so largely contributed to his success.

Elder William Trabue Major.

The memory of William Trabue Major is preserved with affection and reverence by all who knew him. He was born about three miles from Frankfort, Kentucky, on March 1st, 1790, and died January 11th, 1867. His father's name was John Major and his mother's name Judith Trabue. The ancestors of his father were English, and of his mother, French. The parents of his mother emigrated from France at an early day in consequence of some of the many revolutions for which that country has become so famous. William T. Major was the eldest of six children, and it was his father's intention to bring him up to the study of the law. But after he had finished his education, which he received at Georgetown, Kentucky, it was evident that his failing health would never allow him to study law. In order to recover his health he visited his relatives in North and South Carolina, riding on horseback to make his journeys. He returned with restored health, and went to farming in order to acquire a robust constitution.

He married Margaret Shipp February 18th, 1812. This lady is still living. She is widely known and respected, and is almost worshipped by her children.

Mr. Major lived for six years in Bourbon County, and seventeen years in Christian County, Kentucky. From the latter place he moved, in 1835, to Bloomington, Illinois. Mr. Major was a man of deep and earnest convictions. In childhood his mind was directed to the subject of religion, and when he grew to manhood his religious convictions were quickened. He was for six years a member of the Baptist Church. In 1830 there was in Kentucky a great religious awakening. It was during this year that in consequence of a difference of doctrine Mr. Major was excluded from the Baptist Church. It was his sole anxiety that the Bible alone should be his rule of faith, and

that all human ceremonies should be thrown aside. After leaving the Baptist Church Mr. Major joined the Christian Church, which he has done much to build up. He was the founder of this church in Bloomington, and never ceased working for it until the day of his death. He was strongly opposed to the institution of human slavery, He believed it to be a most terrible curse to America, and it was on account of this belief that he determined to leave Kentucky and go to Illinois. His devoted wife always shared his convictions, and always supported him by her faith and love. With his family he came to Bloomington in 1835. Here he worked earnestly in the cause of Christianity. He built the first Christian Church in Bloomington, and when it became too small he built one larger. The old building is now used by the Lutherans as a church and school house. Mr. Major frequently preached and administered the rite of baptism. There were at that time many Methodists and Presbyterians in Bloomington, and they seemed to think strangely of Mr. Major's doctrine; but he relied with faith and simplicity on the Bible as his guide. The Christian Church in Bloomington has now from three to four hundred members; this is more than the entire population of Bloomington when the church was founded. Mr. Major has been remarkably liberal in making gifts to build up the Christian Church. He gave one thousand dollars towards building Eureka Christian College, at Eureka; he also gave largely to a Christian College at Indianapolis, Indiana, and to Bethany College in Virginia. The last mentioned is the largest in the United States, belonging to the Christian denomination. Young men are there educated free of charge. In 1856, Mr. Major built the Female College at Bloomington. It was first designed as a Female Orphan School, but afterwards changed to a Female College. At first it flourished well. Mr. Major provided in his will that it should have a boarding establishment where the pupils should pay but four dollars per week. It also provided that they should be instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion in accordance with the tenor of the Bible. But after the death of Mr. Major, which occurred in 1867, the school gradually sank, and was not a paying institution. The building is now used as a Water-Cure Estabtishment by Dr. Burrows.

Mr. Major was a remarkably public spirited man. He was very free with his gifts to all religious denominations, but particularly so to the Christian Church. When at last the time came for him to render an account to his Maker for the deeds done in the body, he was peaceful and collected and met his approaching change with the serenity of a saint. Nearly all the people in Bloomington paid their last tribute to his memory, for they felt that indeed a man of God had passed from earth. He left a family of eight children living, four boys and four girls.

Mr. Major was very prosperous in his business affairs. When he came to Bloomington land was very cheap, and he bought a great deal for five dollars per acre, and a great deal he bought from the Government at $1.25 per acre. His investments proved very profitable to him, although he was no speculator.

In the year 1852 Mr. Major built the first public hall in Bloomington. It was a brick building, and was destroyed by fire in 1872. Major's Hall has become historic. The first Republican meeting was held in this hall on the twenty-ninth of May, 1856. It was called the Anti-Nebraska State Convention. The president of the meeting was John M. Palmer, since governor, and it was at this memorable meeting that Abraham Lincoln delivered one of his grandest speeches. It was at this meeting that the first Republican governor, W. H. Bissell, was nominated for that office. This hall was first used by the State Normal School before the Normal school building could be made available for use.

As to personal appearance Elder Major was a little above the medium height; his hair was gray, almost white. His countenance wore the expression of a saint. He was always ready with a kind word and a smile, and always willing to succor the distressed.

Chastine Major.

Chastine Major was born May 25, 1800, on a farm in Franklin County, Kentucky, three miles from the city of Frankfort. His paternal ancestors were of English stock, while his mother was of French descent. Chastine Major was the youngest son in a family of six children, five boys and one girl. His sister was still younger. All of the children grew to manhood and

womanhood. It was a family of farmers. All of the boys were farmers except his brother John, who became a commission merchant in New Orleans.

John was a soldier in General Jackson's army, when the British were defeated at New Orleans in 1815. In 1817 his father removed to Christian County, Kentucky, where he died in 1821. His brother Joseph remained on the homestead, while the rest of the boys, except John, came to Illinois. Chastine Major received his little education in the usual way in Kentucky, that is, the farmers clubbed together and hired a teacher. In 1824 he did his duty to himself and his country and was married. The bride was Joanna Hopkins, daughter of Captain Samue Hopkins of Christian County, Kentucky.

During our Black Hawk war he made a trip to Illinois to see the country, and in 1835 he and his brother William Trabue Major emigrated to this State. While in Kentucky they were both of them strongly opposed to the institution of human slavery and this was the occasion of their leaving that State. Mr. Chastine Major located in Stout's Grove, Danvers township about twelve miles from Bloomington. This grove was named after Ephraim Stout, the first white settler there. At Stout's Grove Mr. Major bought a quarter section of improved land, well fenced in, with a log house on it, for six dollars per acre His remaining land he entered from the government.

The market at that time was Pekin; the most of the produce was taken there. Oats brought fifteen cents per bushel, corn ten cents and wheat from forty to fifty cents. For beef and pork the demand was slight. But when Chicago began to flourish, he prices began to rise. The first drove of fat cattle sold to Chicago dealers from this section of the country was taken in by Isaac and Absolom Funk, father and uncle of the present Mayor of Bloomington. In 1841 it began to be profitable to raise pork because of the packing establishments at Pekin and Peoria, which shipped it down the river to New Orleans. The prices then ranged from two to three dollars per hundred. When Mr. Major came to the country the town of Bloomington was a very insignificant place. At one time some ten or twenty teams came in to Bloomington from Bond County on their way to Galena. The owners of the teams went on a spree and threatened to carry off the whole of Bloomington on their wagons.

When Mr. Major came to Danvers township all of the settlers combined could not get up a respectable school; but now they sustain six and all are well filled with scholars and doing finely. Mr. Major moved from Stout's Grove to Bloomington in 1860 and has been living at the latter place ever since. He has raised a family of ten children all of whom are living, and three are at home with their father and mother. Mr. Major has four hundred and thirty acres of land in Danvers and sixty acres near Bloomington.

He has never been an office-seeker and has paid but little attention to public affairs; nevertheless he has been made overseer of public roads, school director and judge of elections.

As to personal appearance, he is of medium stature and well made. His face is full and fleshy; his eyes have a very penetrating expression. His hair is rather gray, and his head is a little bald on the top. He is a man who would not have enemies; he mixes very little with the world and is generally found at home.

Dr. Laban Shipp Major.

Laban Shipp Major was born May 25, 1822, in Christian County, Kentucky. In 1835 he came with his parents from Hopkinsville, Kentucky, to Bloomington, Illinois, where he arrived on the sixteenth of April. They traveled with a two-horse wagon which brought their furniture, and the family carriage and two or three horses. The night before their arrival in Bloomington they stayed at Salt Creek, near what is now the thriving city of Lincoln. The next morning, when they awoke, they found the ground covered with an inch of snow. At noon they stopped for dinner at the house of Isaac Funk at Funk's Grove. Dr. Major describes the dwelling of Mr. Funk, one of the most celebrated of the early pioneers. He says: "It was a log cabin about twenty-five feet square and one story high, with a loft reached by a rude ladder. Here all the family, which was quite large, slept as well as all the wayfarers whom the hospitable host saw fit to entertain. But that which most attracted my attention was the immense fire-place which extended across the greater part of one side of the house. It had in it two or three logs some twenty feet long and two or three feet thick,

and they made a fire large enough to roast an ox whole. No chairs were to be found in this mansion; but the hearth in front of the fire-place was very capacious and about eighteen inches lower than the puncheon floor, and this answered all the purposes of chairs. But it troubled my inquiring mind to know how Mr. Funk ever got those immense saw-logs into his fire-place to burn. But he explained the matter. The doors on each side of the house were opposite each other, and with four yoke of oxen he hauled one end of a log as near one of these doors as it could be got by pulling it at right angles, then going with his oxen to the other side of the house he passed a log chain from them in at one door clear across the house and out at the other door where it was attached to the end of the log. Then the oxen pulled the log into the house end foremost, when it was an easy matter to roll it into the fire-place. A fire made by these logs would last from five to seven days."

Dr. Major's school days were happy ones. He attended the High School in the old Court House in what was known as the Fourth room. It was in this Court House that many of the greatest men of Illinois made some of their famous speeches. It was here that Edward Baker spoke so eloquently—the man who was afterwards senator from Oregon, who entered the army during the rebellion and was killed at Ball's Bluff. Here Douglas and Lincoln frequently met to discuss the issues between the Whigs and the Democrats, and in some measure prepared themselves for the great political contests in which they were afterwards to engage.

Only twenty-five scholars were allowed to attend school in the old Court House, and the teacher, Dr. William C. Hobbs, was the great light of Bloomington's social circles. Dr. Major says that hardly any lady in Bloomington could buy a dress or bonnet or ribbon without consulting Dr. Hobbs as to whether or not it was becoming. He was at every ball, wedding and funeral. When he attended a party of any kind the lady of the house never dared to pass the cake before submitting it to him for inspection. He would break off a small piece and taste it and say in his ceremonious way, "Very good, indeed, but it has a little too much sugar," or, "not quite enough flour." But an occasion was soon to arise when the skill and tact of Dr. Hobbs

were to be severely tried. Perhaps the reader is not aware that an English nobleman once came clear across the Atlantic ocean and over the continent to see the city of Bloomington and make the acquaintance of the people in the Athens of Illinois. Such was the case. The great Col. Houghton came and Dr. Hobbs was obliged to take charge of him and introduce him to the brilliant society of Bloomington, until young Croesus had seen the wealth and beauty of Athens. He had come all the way from England to establish banks and loan money to the people of Bloomington at six per cent. interest. Of course the beauty of Bloomington came out in ribbons, and as everyone wished to consult Dr. Hobbs in the matter, the courtier was driven nearly crazy by the demands made upon him. But the English nobleman was resolved to have security for his money and took nothing less than first mortgages on real estate, and the money was to be given to the borrowers when the ship of gold from England should arrive at New York. Dr. Hobbs had no real estate and could not borrow, but he commended the nobleman to others and advised them to bring on their mortgages. Just before Col. Houghton left, the citizens gave him a Peacock dinner with great ceremony. The nobleman was so pleased with this gracious reception that he decided to have some of the portraits of his hosts for vignettes to his bank bills. He carried off many of their mortgages. Nothing was heard of him for a long time or of the mortgages which had been given him; but at last Captain Cozzens of St. Louis arrested a stranger answering to Col. Houghton's description. The prisoner was brought back as far as Springfield and identified as the supposed English nobleman. There he compromised matters, went away and was never heard of more. Dr. Major says that those who trusted the Colonel say: "Put not your trust in riches, English nobles or peacocks."

Dr. Major attended the school of Dr. Hobbs for about a year. He attended Hillsborough Academy, a select school south of Springfield, for two winters, working during the summer. A severe sickness, brain fever, made him an invalid for nearly a year. After this he attended Knox College at Galesburg for fifteen months, when he was prostrated by a second attack of brain fever. After a short sickness he recovered. He taught

school for a while on Panther Creek about twenty miles north of Bloomington. When Mr. Major was twenty-two years of age he commenced the study of medicine with Dr. Gish, who was at that time and still remains one of the most celebrated physicians of Kentucky. He remained with Dr. Gish about two years and then attended a course of lectures at the Medical School at Cincinnati. After practising medicine for two years he graduated at the medical school where he had attended lectures. This was in March, 1848. In September of that year he went to Chicago and commenced the practice of medicine, at which he continued for twenty years with success. He attended the first case of cholera reported in Chicago in 1849. The patient was himself a physician and fortunately recovered. Dr. Major was obliged to make the study of cholera at that time a specialty, as most of the physicians fled from fear. But after twenty years of successful practice he gave up the profession of medicine. In 1867 he built Major Block on the S. E. corner of La Salle and Madison streets for $75,000. The great fire of Chicago burnt it up, but it has recently been restored at a cost of $250,000, and is a magnificent building. The ground on a portion of which this block stands was bought in parts in 1856, '62 and '67, at a cost altogether of $25,000. In 1867 Dr. Major sold a piece of it, fifty by sixty-six feet, for $36,000, and had one hundred and forty by sixty-six feet left, on which Major Block now stands. The ground is now worth from two to three thousand dollars per foot. In this same locality Dr. Major was offered in 1853 a lot, forty-five feet by one hundred and ninety, for $2,250. He went to Bloomington to get $300 as a loan from his father in order to make the first payment. His father remarked that this would be paying $50 per foot, for which sum he might buy forty acres of land near Bloomington at Congress price, and considered Dr. Major to be fit for a cell in the Jacksonville asylum. Three years afterwards this same ground was sold for $400 per foot.

Dr. Major married, September 26, 1849, Miss Elizabeth Dunlop in Indianapolis. She was the daughter of Rev. John Dunlop of that place. She died December 1, 1863. The marriage was a very happy one and was blessed with six children of whom three are living, two girls and one boy. On the thir-

tieth of January, 1866, Dr. Major married Miss Margaret Larminie, daughter of Charles Larminie, Esq., of Chicago. She is a very estimable and accomplished lady. Two children have been born of this marriage.

Dr. Major is rather a heavily built man, is well set, has broad shoulders, a full face and a jovial countenance. He has the family expression. He has, too, those qualities of mind by which the family is distinguished, that is, good judgment, especially in financial matters, first-rate business capacity, and firmness in all his dealings. He enjoys a joke heartily, whether it is at his own expense or at some one else's.

John Milton Major, M. D.

John Milton Major was born on the seventh of September, 1824, at Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky. In the spring of 1835 his father, William Trabue Major, emigrated to Bloomington, Illinois, taking young John with him. While in Kentucky the elder Major had been a strong opponent of slavery, and this had much to do with his emigration from that State. When he came to Illinois he invested ten thousand dollars in real estate, lying north of Bloomington in the present town of Normal. It was not his intention to be a speculator, but his investment became so profitable and the rise in land so rapid that he was soon quite wealthy. He was a man of great energy and did much for the city of Bloomington, having laid out no less than six additions to the place.

When the parents of John Milton Major came to Bloomington, young John was sent to "pay" school to get his early education. The "pay" school was one requiring a weekly or monthly tuition to be paid for each scholar. If a person wished to start a school he went the rounds with his subscription paper to find scholars, and if he found enough pupils, after canvassing the neighborhood, he started the "pay" school. A teacher was seldom questioned as to his ability, and there were no school directors or boards of education to examine him, so the scholars were obliged to take their chances.

In 1846 young John was sent to Bethany College, Virginia, where he studied literature and science for two years. He then studied medicine in Bloomington under the care of an elder

brother. In 1848 and '49 he attended his first course of medical studies in Cincinnati, after which he began to practice as a physician at Quincy, Illinois, with old Doctor Parsons. Here he encountered many of the difficulties which are peculiarly troublesome for young physicians. People want an old doctor, and Doctor Major's brow was not wrinkled with years. On one occasion, in January, 1850, Dr. Parsons was called to go twenty miles in the country, and, as he did not wish to face the intense cold, sent young Dr. Major. He gave the latter a letter of introduction to an old widow lady, whose children were very sick with pneumonia. Dr. Parsons had been the old lady's family physician, in whom she had great confidence, and she was much disappointed with the juvenile appearance of Dr. Major. She heaved a great many sighs and thought she could not trust her children in the hands of this youth. But when this juvenile, adding a year or so to his age, told her he was twenty-five, she allowed him, with some misgivings, to prescribe for her children. He was successful in curing them, and she was quite as well satisfied as if the old doctor had been present, for she had thought it was age that made the doctor, and not the man.

In the summer of 1849 the Asiatic cholera was very bad at Quincy, and the doctor had much practice with it. He only remained at Quincy one year before he removed to Macomb, where he again met the cholera, which was very wide spread. He remained at Macomb five years, when he again attended lectures in the hospital in the Ohio Medical Institute at Cincinnati. After this he returned to Bloomington, and continued his practice. In 1855, the doctor says, the cholera again broke out among our Irish friends in the forty acres. In one family there were five cases of cholera at one time, two in the collapsed stage, when the doctor was called, but they all recovered except one. The doctor practiced medicine in Bloomington until 1867.

In 1857 he bought out the interest of Dr. Wakefield in the drug store of Wakefield & Thompson, and the new firm became R. Thompson & Co. In 1867 he bought out Thompson and gave up the practice of medicine, but soon afterwards sold out the establishment to Ira Lackey & Bro. Since then Dr. Major has been engaged in trading.

In 1851 he married Adeline Elkin, the daughter of Dr. Garrett Elkin, of Springfield, who was one of the oldest settlers of

that place. He has a family of two hopeful and enterprising boys.

Dr. Major is of medium stature and rather slenderly built. He is very quick in his movements; his eyes are very keen, and he is always ready for business. His nose is aquiline, and, like that of Tennyson's heroine, it is "tip tilted like the petal of a flower." He is a man of great energy and is far-sighted in his calculations. He has great versatility of talent, and sees into all things quickly. He is careful in business, and can make profits where many another would fail. He is very upright in all his doings, and is worthy of his father's reputation.

Thomas Fell.

Thomas Fell was born June 11, 1806, on a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania. His father, Jesse Fell, was a farmer and hatter. His ancestors were English and were members of the Society of Friends, but Thomas Fell now belongs to the Methodist Church. He is the second son of nine children (seven sons and two daughters). It seemed to be the practice in the Fell family to keep those children who were rugged and healthy at work on the farm, while those who were sickly were sent to school. It happened that Thomas Fell possessed a remarkably good constitution, and he was therefore kept at work, while his brother Jesse, whose health was somewhat delicate, was sent to school and received a better education than any of the other children. When Thomas Fell was about seventeen years of age he was sent to Cecil County, Maryland, to learn the trade of wheelwright. Two years of his apprenticeship were spent here and two years in Uwchlan township, Chester County.

Thomas Fell was married January 24, 1830, to Eleanor Evans, in Uwchlan township, where he finished his apprenticeship. During this same year he commenced working at his trade on his own account in a place called Gallagherville, about thirty-two miles west of Philadelphia. There he remained for two years when he moved to Pequa Valley, Lancaster County, where he stayed two years and then went to Chester County, where he stayed one year, after which he emigrated to the great West.

He left Chester County in May, and went to Lancaster, Ohio, and in September started for Bloomington, Illinois, where

he arrived October 10, 1835. At that time his brother, Jesse W. Fell, who had come two years previous, was the only lawyer in Bloomington, that is, the only one who had earned a diploma. Here Thomas Fell went to work as a house-builder, and continued at this business from 1835 to 1852.

In February, 1848, while Mr. Fell was living at Randolph's Grove, he was called upon to act as auctioneer to sell a large amount of cattle and other stock at Smith's Grove in McLean County. He left home the evening before the sale and came as far as Bloomington, the weather being as mild as in the month of May. The next morning he started for Smith's Grove, while the mercury was twenty-six degrees below zero. It began snowing, and the wind, which was in the northeast, blew with such terrific force that he was obliged to go back to Bloomington, as his horse would not face the storm. Within half an hour after his return the sun shone clear and bright and he started once more and arrived at Smith's Grove with frozen ears, but saved them by an application of snow. The sale lasted until late, and nearly every one stayed over night. The next morning he returned to Bloomington, while the mercury was down to thirty below zero, and went to the home of his father. It was all he could do to get into the house, and there he found himself so frightfully frozen that it was a hard matter to save his life. When he stepped into the house, he was so drawn up and distorted with cold that his own father did not recognize him.

In 1853 Thomas Fell and Jesse W. Fell furnished forty thousand ties and between three and four thousand cords of wood for the Chicago, Alton & St. Louis Railroad.

In 1860 Thomas Fell went twice to Colorado and returned, crossing the plains four times. He was anxious to find gold. He started first with a company of about fourteen persons. Among them were his nephew, Henry C. Fell, W. O. Davis, the present proprietor of the *Pantagraph*, John Rese, William Hill and others. After remaining in the Rocky Mountains for some time, his health and that of Mr. Davis began to fail, and these two determined to return to Illinois. On their way they had a few little experiences with the Indians. Near Box Elder Springs on the plains they stopped to feed their horses and eat dinner, and when they had finished, Mr. Davis drove off with the team,

leaving Mr. Fell alone to write up his diary. Suddenly an Indian made his appearance out of a gully near by, and then a second and a third, and Mr. Fell retreated pointing his pistol at them. At sight of his pistol they held up their hands for peace; nevertheless they seemed to be working to surround him, but he ordered them away very peremptorily, and they left. At one time one of their party, a rather quick-tempered man, became involved in a difficulty with an Indian and attempted to strike him, but missed him and struck his horse instead. The Indian went away, but Mr. Fell, knowing their revengeful character, felt confident that the matter was not ended, and the man, who had become involved in the difficulty, hastened on ahead to Denver. The Indian soon returned with a squad of others to help him, and the whites, who were scattered around, all pointed the Indians to some timber near by, all telling the same story, and the red-skins finally left. From Denver the party went to Colorado City, which is at the base of Pike's Peak, and here entered the mountains and crossed South Park for California Gulch, which is one hundred miles west of Denver in the second snowy range of the Rocky Mountains. At one place on this journey Mr. Fell broke his collar bone in lifting a wheel, while ascending the mountains. He had no physician to attend him, and was obliged to allow nature to work her own cure. He returned to Bloomington, where he arrived in August, and by the following October he was so far recovered as to be able to do some work.

Mr. Fell has lived a pleasant life with his amiable lady. He is a heavy set man, of medium height, is very muscular and can endure much. He is very kind, good-natured and accommodating, and takes pleasure in giving help or information. He has had a family of twelve children, of whom five are living, four daughters and one son. All are married and settled in life. They are:

Rebecca R. Flesher, wife of Josiah Flesher, was born October 19, 1836, and lives in Bloomington.

Ellen Amanda Dawson, wife of George Dawson, was born December 16, 1838, and lives in Bloomington.

Rachel G. Luccock, wife of Thomas E. Luccock, was born August 14, 1841, and lives at Lexington, Illinois.

Thomas Hardin Fell was born November 26, 1847, and lives at Jacksonville, Illinois.

Jane Ann Williams, wife of John A. Williams, was born May 20, 1850, and lives in Normal.

John Magoun.

John Magoun was born June 14, 1806, in Pembroke, Plymouth County, Massachusetts, twelve miles from Plymouth Rock, and five miles from the farm of Daniel Webster, at Marshfield. The century and a-half old house where he was born is still standing, and has always been in the possession of the Magoun family. The first of the Magoun family of whom any record exists was John Magoun, who was a freeholder in 1666. The name "John" has ever since been a favorite with the Magoun family, and nearly every generation has taken care that it should not be forgotten. The father of the John Magoun of whom we are writing was Elias Magoun, and his mother was Esther Sampson before her marriage. They had five sons: Elias, who was for a while cashier of the Hope Bank of Warren, Rhode Island; William, who graduated at Brown University, Rhode Island, and died in Turin, Italy, in 1871; Calvin, who died at Marshfield, Massachusetts, and John and Luther. The parents of these five sons were earnest Christians, and lived honored and esteemed by all who knew them. The children were brought up on the Magoun farm, and learned habits of industry. John Magoun was seventeen years of age when his father died. After this sad event he went to Boston and for several summers worked there at the mason's trade, and during winters taught school in the country. While in Boston he saw Lafayette, during the visit of the latter to America; he heard Webster's eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, in Fanuil Hall; he saw the corner-stone of Bunker Hill monument laid in its place, and he listened to the sermons of Dr. Channing, Dr. Lyman Beecher and Father Taylor. Mr. Magoun had, in his childhood, known Father Taylor, and the latter had in the beginning of his ministry made the Magoun farm his favorite home.

On the thirtieth of September, 1835, John Magoun and his cousin, Calvin C. Sampson, and S. P. Cox left Boston for New Orleans. These three friends, who went out together to seek their fortune, had many adventures. Mr. Sampson died in Marshfield, August 9, 1868, a few days after he and John Ma-

goun had met each other in accordance with a previous arrangement. S. P. Cox is now a resident of Bloomington. The voyage of these friends to New Orleans was a rough one of twenty-one days, and all on board were sea sick. All three were soon engaged in business, but Magoun and Cox could not be satisfied. They had read "Peck's Guide for Emigrants to Illinois," and nothing could prevent them from making a visit to this marvelous country. They took a steamer for St. Louis, and made the acquaintance of the river boatmen. Mr. Magoun says that the latter patronized the bar very extensively, and this showed to his satisfaction the cause of the accidents which were constantly occurring. He found St. Louis a city of eight thousand three hundred and eighteen inhabitants. From St. Louis, Magoun and his companion went to Naples, on the Illinois River, and from there to Jacksonville, where a colony was being formed with the intention of settling somewhere. They each bought a share in the colony, and this entitled them each to a quarter section of land and three town lots. The locating committee, Horatio N. Pettit, John Gregory and George F. Purkitt, located the land and reported that they had entered twenty-one sections at Haven's Grove, about ten miles north of a little town called Bloomington, in McLean County. The hopeful colonists were soon on their way to the promised land, and on their arrival put up at the houses of Jesse Havens, sr., and his sons-in-law, Benjamin Wheeler, David Trimmer and John Smith. Of these colonists five are now living: James H. Robinson, President of the National Bank of Bloomington, who joined the company at Springfield, James F. and Joseph D. Gildersleeve, S. P. Cox and John Magoun. Messrs. Cox and Magoun assisted Mr. Dickason, the County Surveyor, to survey the colony lands and lay off the colony town, which was afterwards called Hudson. On the fourth of July, 1836, the colonists made their selection of town lots. After this Mr. Magoun came to Bloomington, where he had the honor of laying some bricks in the old court house.

In the latter part of December, 1836, Mr. Magoun started on foot with two others, Joseph Bedell and Chester Foster, to revisit their homes in the East. A record of their travels was kept and published by Joseph Bedell. From his little book the following incident of their journey is given:

"The first night we put up at a farmer's house, and one of his daughters, scarcely out of her teens, of no extraordinary beauty, attracted my special attention. In reply to an inquiry of one of my companions, in the simplicity and awkwardness of her nature, exclaimed: 'Mar! Mar! that are feller wants some grease to grease his boots,' causing one of my companions to bite his lips tightly while the other burst into a fit of laughter. We turned it off upon some other incident, and the young lady never knew that she was the object of our sport." The same author says: "The ladies in the West in those days were downright home-made looking, no artificial fancy fixings to adorn their persons."

The three travelers walked twenty-two miles per day on an average; but in Ohio they bought a horse and jumper and rode to Morristown, New Jersey, and went from there to New York by stage, where they arrived February 5, 1837. On their route they visited the capitols of Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and saw the assembled wisdom of all these States in their legislative halls.

Shortly after Mr. Magoun arrived at his old home, his mother died. Just before her last change took place she said to her son: "I greatly desired to see you once more; this desire is now gratified, and I am ready and willing to depart."

While on a subsequent visit to his old home Mr. Magoun assisted in building the tall chimney of the Roxbury Chemical Works. While at work on this chimney, at the height of one hundred and seventy-six feet from the ground, the inside scaffolding gave way and precipitated Mr. Magoun and two others a distance of one hundred and thirty feet, among the broken fragments. One of the three was killed, another nearly so, but Mr. Magoun escaped with a few bad bruises and scratches. He says of the one who was killed: "He seemed to have a presentiment of his sad fate. The moment before he fell he suddenly said, as he looked eastward over Boston harbor: 'I must have one more look towards my dear old Ireland home.'"

Mr. Magoun was in business in Clinton, Illinois, with James Miller, and afterwards in Bloomington with J. E. McClun and others. At present he is one of the partners of the Home Bank in Bloomington. He has some eleven hundred acres of land of the Hudson colony in a farm.

During the year 1849 Mr. J. Seeley, of Hudson, went to England for his family. On his return, he left them at Chicago until he could go to Hudson to procure a conveyance to transport them to their new home. On his way to the latter place he stopped at Mr. Lillie's, was there attacked with the cholera and soon died. The most of Mr. Lillie's family and also the attending physician died of the same disease. This event of course caused general alarm in Bloomington and elsewhere; nevertheless but one case occurred in Bloomington. Lucian A. Sampson, a merchant and worthy citizen, was the victim. He had been to Chicago, where the cholera was prevailing, and on his return was stricken down without a moment's notice with this disease in its worst form. Mr. Magoun was told of the condition of his friend Sampson and asked to attend him in his sickness. This was not a pleasant task, but Mr. Magoun could not endure the thought of seeing his neighbor in distress, and went to his assistance, resolving to take the consequences whatever they might be. This was in the afternoon. During that night Mr. Sampson bade adieu to his child and weeping wife, saying: "We shall meet again in heaven," and died the following morning. Abraham Brokaw and Goodman Ferre assisted in the preparations for the burial. Every precaution was taken to prevent the spread of the disease, and no other cases appeared in Bloomington. Nevertheless this single case created a panic. One of the citizens, who was called in and assisted in placing the body in the coffin, inquired the disease, and, when told it was cholera, ran for life, and leaped a high fence, which would have been impossible in his usual state of mind.

Mr. Magoun was too old a man to serve in the army during the rebellion; but he once saw a day or two of service. On the second of September, 1862, at nearly midnight, a dispatch was received requesting a force of two hundred men to be instantly raised in Bloomington, and sent to Springfield without delay. Mr. Magoun and thirty others enlisted at once, and the entire force was made up in the morning and sent to Springfield, where it was ascertained that it was required to guard the confederate prisoners at Camp Butler. He was discharged after a few days service, and returned home with the pleasant reflection that he had done no one any damage and no one had damaged him.

Mr. Magoun is a strictly temperate man and believes in total abstinence. While a boy he often visited a good aunt, the eldest sister of his father. Her once kind and loving husband was made a drunkard by a wealthy neighbor, who kept a licensed saloon at one end of his country store. There this rum-seller sold liquor to the man, whose nerves were so shattered and whose resolution was so wanting that he was absolutely without self-control, and when the wretched man's broken-hearted wife pleaded with the rum-seller, with tears in her eyes, not to make her home desolate, he would tell her that her husband's money was as good as any other man's money, and that a license was issued to sell liquor to all comers. It was then that John Magoun learned to hate all intoxicating drinks, including beer and wine, and then that he became a strong advocate of the Maine Liquor Law. The unfortunate man, who was so completely under the influence of liquor, died at last a victim of intemperance; but in this case poetic justice was done, and the liquor-seller himself died of strong drink.

John Magoun is also opposed to the use of tobacco, and thinks it "the vilest of weeds."

From Mr. Magoun's well known philanthropy it may be supposed that he was an opponent of slavery, when the questions relating to that American institution were being agitated; and hardly the bondmen themselves were more rejoiced than he, when the proclamation of President Lincoln was issued to free the slaves of America. And the same benevolent feelings, which cause him to sympathize with the distressed, make him an advocate of peace, and he desires and hopes for the coming of that brighter day "when nations shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they war any more."

Mr. Magoun is very fond of children and very highly esteems the gentler sex, among whom he is a great favorite. He was never married but advises all young men not to follow his example, and exhorts them earnestly to go and *not* do likewise.

Mr. Magoun is about five feet nine inches high, has dark hair, blue eyes, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, and though sixty-seven years of age he would not be taken by a stranger for more than fifty. Few gray hairs have obtruded themselves upon his temples; his carriage is erect and his step

elastic. He enjoys the society of friends, especially of ladies, as he used to do in days gone by, and looks as if his lease of life was good for many years to come. Few men have lived in any community so distinguished for kindness of heart, for charity and purity of life. For thirty-seven years he has lived in Bloomington, and perhaps no man is better known throughout the county of McLean. Though generous and liberal almost to a fault he has accumulated considerable personal and real estate, and has thus verified in his own history the truth of the scripture which says, "there is that which scattereth and yet increaseth." He liberally assisted the Wesleyan University when that institution was struggling in its infancy and he is now one of its trustees and rejoices in its prosperity. He is a man of the warmest affection and cherishes the memory of his dear brother, who a few years since died at Turin in Italy. Perhaps the best idea of his character will appear from the language of one of his friends who wrote of him:

"No man ever lived whose heart has been more warm and open to the wants of the poor. Crowds of the distressed and destitute have always waited upon him, and the worthy and needy applicant has never been turned empty away. It may be said of him in this community, as it was in relation to one of old, that "the ear that hears him blesses him, and the eyes that see him give witness to him," for he has delivered so many poor who have cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him. The blessings of those who were ready to perish are bestowed upon him, and he has caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. Eyes has he been to the blind and feet to the lame. He has been a father to the poor and the cause, which he knew not he has sought out. Such has been the life of John Magoun. He has sought neither honor nor position in the world, but has striven only to do good and to make all with whom he came in contact happier and better, and when he lays him down to die the people among whom he has lived so long will rise up and call him blessed, yea, they will weep over his grave and say in their hearts 'HERE LIES THE POOR MAN'S FRIEND.'"

THOMAS JEFFERSON KARR.

Thomas Jefferson Karr was born in Whitewater township, Hamilton County, Ohio, near Miami Town, close to the Miami

River, February 10, 1821. His father, Thomas Karr, was a farmer born. Young Thomas received some little education in Ohio. He came with his father to Randolph's Grove, about eight miles from the present city of Bloomington, in 1835. Here he attended a district school in a log school house. In 1843 he married Elizabeth Low, the daughter of Nathan Low, one of the old settlers of McLean County. Mrs. Karr is still living, and with her youngest son Guy manages the property acquired by the patient toil of her husband. Mr. Karr was an extensive farmer and dealer in stock. He commenced life with some assistance from his father, but the most of his property was acquired by his own foresight and patient toil. He was rather delicate in his constitution, and died on the 17th of February, 1866, in consequence of a railroad accident received about two weeks previous.

Mrs. Karr could not claim damages of the railroad company for the loss of her husband because she refused to allow a post mortem examination.

Mrs. Karr remembers very clearly the Black Hawk war in 1832. At that time many of the settlers moved South for fear of an Indian massacre; but Mr. Low and his family, of which Mrs. Karr was a member, remained. Mrs. Karr has lively recollections of the trips to Chicago, which required from fifteen to seventeen days. Mr. Karr hauled wheat to Chicago for thirty cents per bushel. There were four stopping places on the road between Blooming Grove and Chicago. These were Oliver's Grove, Brewer's Grove, Ephard's Point and Kankakee.

The weather in early days was more changeable than now. Mrs. Karr remembers that very often there were four decided changes of the weather in twenty-four hours. During the winter of the deep snow she walked on the hard crust to school at the Hinshaw school house.

The late Thomas Jefferson Karr was a man of medium height, slender and well proportioned. He was very keen in business matters, but upright and honest in his dealings. His eyes were mild and gentle in expression. He was well known and universally respected; he was very kind and hospitable and always ready to help his neighbors.

The following are Mr. Karr's children:

Harvey B. Karr, born October 26, 1843, lives on his farm near Shirley. He deals in stock. He has a family.

Mrs. Lizzie Bradley, wife of Dr. Bradley, was born December 8, 1845. She lives in Pekin.

Guy Karr was born May 20, 1850. He lives with his mother.

Martha Karr was born December 9, 1853, died July 2, 1856.

Dora Karr was born April 16, 1857 and lives at home with her mother.

Hon. James Miller.

James Miller was born May 23, 1795, in Rockingham County, Virginia. His ancestors were Scotch-Irish; his grandfather was a Presbyterian minister in Ireland. Young James received such an education as could be obtained in a district school, for his father had quite a flock of little ones to take care of; there were ten of them in all, nine boys and one girl. In 1811 his father moved to Madison County, Kentucky, on account of his ill health. This was when James was sixteen years of age. It was intended that James should be a farmer, and he was raised with a view to this occupation; but, having a talent for trade, he became a merchant. When he was twenty years of age he was filling the offices of collector and sheriff, positions of trust and responsibility. At that time he became a member of the Methodist church. Christianity was not then fashionable. Popular feeling was against it, and especially against the Methodist denomination. It was in the face of this popular feeling, and in spite of the fact that he was holding a position dependent, in a great measure, upon popular will, that he took his stand for the Lord and determined to lead a Christian life. Mr. Miller was earnest and devoted and soon was made a class leader, and afterwards a recording steward. During the whole of his remaining life he occupied positions of trust and responsibility in the church, and was indeed one of its brightest ornaments.

Mr. Miller has been twice married. His first wife lived only one year. His daughter, who was born during his first marriage, is living in Kentucky.

On the 18th of March, 1827, he married Mrs. Belle McGarvey, the ceremony being performed by Bishop Morris. She is an excellent lady, and during their whole wedded life, a period of forty-five years, she sympathised with him and worked with him in the cause of Christianity. They have had three boys born to them, all of whom are living.

While in Kentucky Mr. Miller was dissatisfied with the institution of slavery, and for that reason he determined to leave the State. His wife disliked this very much, but when she saw how much Mr. Miller was annoyed by the condition of things around him, and how much he wished to go, she said, like a prudent wife: "Husband, in case you wish to go, now is the time. I will not stand in the way. Our children will soon be waited on by slaves, and it will then be hard to break away."

In 1835 he came to Bloomington, Illinois. Here he went into mercantile business in partnership with John Magoun, and afterwards with John Magoun and Judge McClun. He entered a great deal of land and had a large city property.

In 1856, Mr. Miller was elected State Treasurer of Illinois, and so well and faithfully did he fulfill the trust reposed in him that he was re-elected in 1858. Mr. Miller's long and useful life was brought to a close on the twenty-third day of September, 1872. His funeral was largely attended; the Masonic fraternity, of which he was an honored member, taking an active part. At the Quarterly Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held October 14, 1872, in Bloomington, resolutions of respect were passed to the memory of Mr. Miller. The following is one of the resolutions passed:

"*Resolved*, That our faith is an unfaltering one that the departed, who has so long been to us a brother, a counselor and a friend, is now among the angels and the redeemed in heaven, where we hope to meet him when the journey of life is ended."

William H. Temple.

William H. Temple was born December 10, 1811, at Richmond, Virginia. His ancestors emigrated from England at an early day. He was one of eleven children, but of these only five grew to manhood and womanhood. When he was four years old his father, who had been a merchant in Richmond, removed

with his family to a farm in Davidson County, Tennessee, about four miles from Nashville. Here William worked on the farm in summer and attended school in winter, from his sixth to his sixteenth year. At that time he obtained a situation as clerk in a dry goods and hardware store in Nashville, kept by a jolly Scotchman. Here he stayed four years, when his father sold out and moved to a farm in Shelby County, West Tennessee. Here William lived until December, 1835, when he came to visit his uncle in Bloomington. He came with no intention of remaining, but concluded to stay one year as a clerk for J. W. S. Moore, and at last settled here for life.

In February, 1838, he married Miss Mildred Elizabeth Parke. This lady was born in Virginia. She came to Illinois in 1835. She is still living, and also her mother, Mrs. Parke, who is now seventy-three years of age. Mr. Temple's marriage was blessed by the birth of ten children, all of whom are living.

In the fall of 1838 he commenced business on his own account. There were then in Bloomington only five stores. These belonged to J. E. McClun, Baker & Son, O. Covel & Co., James Allin and William H. Temple. Trade was small, but profits were larger than at present. Some of his first and best customers were old James Price, John Benson, Jesse Funk, Isaac Funk, Omey Only and Bailey Harbord. The last four are now dead. Business was then done on the credit system. The customers traded for a year before they paid up, and perhaps even then they failed to square their accounts. Mr. Temple has sold goods longer than any other merchant in Bloomington, having continued in the business from 1838 until 1871. This period of time covers a great many financial crises. In 1837 the United States Bank suspended payment, and nearly all the banks in the country did the same, which made money very close. In February, 1842, the Illinois State Bank in Springfield suspended and money became so scarce that sometimes people could not pay the postage on letters sent to them. Postage on letters was then from eighteen to twenty-five cents. The failure of the State Bank was caused by its making heavy loans to farmers in McLean and adjoining counties, and the failure of the farmers to pay. But by the breaking of the bank a great many farmers made their fortunes; for the bank paper could be bought

for thirty-seven and a half cents on the dollar, and many who were owing the bank bought up its paper and paid their indebtedness. Mr. Temple remembers that his friend, Isaac Funk, was security to the amount of six thousand dollars for a farmer named Albert Dickinson, who lived on Money Creek. Mr. Dickinson gave Mr. Funk a deed of one thousand acres of land for it, and Mr. Funk bought bank paper for thirty-seven and a half cents on the dollar and paid the loan, thus making in this little transaction $3,750. People who had a little cash in those days could make a fortune in a few minutes. In 1841, the year previous to the failure of the State Bank, the bankruptcy law was passed and many people took advantage of it and failed. This was during Harrison's (or rather Tyler's) administration. At that time the best butter was sold for five cents per pound, corn from eight to ten cents per bushel, and wood for one dollar per cord. Game was plenty, and quails sold for twenty-five cents per dozen. On the other hand, many things which farmers bought were exceedingly high. Calico was thirty-seven and a half cents per yard (now twelve and a half cents), and it may well be supposed that ladies were very economical in their dresses. Seven yards of calico were considered sufficient for a dress, and the largest took only eight yards, but now twelve or fifteen yards are thought necessary. People usually wore homespun which they brought to a tailor to be cut and then carried it home to their wives to be made into garments. There were then only two tailors in Bloomington and no dressmakers or shoemakers. A couple of cobblers were kept busy mending boots and shoes, but not in making them. The best imported calf-skin boots sold for five dollars. The merchants in Bloomington usually bought their goods in St. Louis, but Gridley and Covel bought in Philadelphia. When the river was sufficiently high, goods were brought by way of Pekin. This was usually done in the spring; but in the fall the river was low and goods were hauled by team from St. Louis. The mail to St. Louis or to New York was carried by land.

Mr. Temple has many pleasant recollections of the old settlers. He was three times in partnership with Allen Withers, of whom we have written a sketch, and found him to be at all times the soul of honor. Owing to long sickness and infirmity

Mr. Temple failed in business about two years ago, and in this trying period his integrity and fine sense of honor compelled him to give up everything to his creditors, except the house and lot where he lives. But he may be sure that in all of his hours of trial his old friends will have for him the warmest respect and the most tender sympathy.

Mr. Temple is now quite broken down in health; he is much troubled with rheumatism, so much so that his right arm cannot be used. He is about five feet and ten inches in height, is slenderly built and walks a little bent, as if with age and care. He is a man of delicate sensibilities and of a rather nervous temperament. His eyesight is good, though his hearing has partially failed. His features are rather small and his nose sharp. His hair is gray, but he has plenty of it. His uprightness and honesty are written in his countenance. All who dealt with him while he was a merchant speak particularly of his fairness and strict integrity.

James Depew.

James Depew was born January 8, 1800, in Botetourt County, Virginia, fifteen miles from Fincastle, the county seat. His grandfather on his father's side, named John Depew, emigrated from England before the Revolutionary War. He was too old to serve in that contest, but his two older sons were engaged in the whole of it. He emigrated from England to New Jersey in 1745, when he was twenty years of age. Then he moved to Rockbridge County, Virginia, and thence to Botetourt County. Here he resided until his death, which occurred when he had reached the advanced age of eighty-five years. He raised six sons and one daughter, all of whom grew up to years of discretion. Elijah Depew, the father of James Depew, was the fifth child. The mother of James was of the race of Ben Burden. Ben Burden was a notable man. He came to America from England and shortly after signalized his arrival by capturing a buffalo calf and sending it to England as a present to Queen Elizabeth. The Queen showed her appreciation of it by granting him one hundred thousand acres of land in the Virginia Valley, between the Blue Ridge and the Allegheny Mountains. Ben Burden's daughter married a man named Peck, and Peck

was James Depew's grandfather. Peck was a German, and received from Ben Burden, with his wife, a gift of one thousand acres of land. He lived to be one hundred and twelve years of age. When he was over one hundred years of age a man named Harvey made him drunk with wine and bought his land for four hundred dollars. The Pecks sued Harvey and the case remained in court for seventy years before it was decided, by which time the old generation of Pecks were all dead. But the new generation won the case; nevertheless, Elijah Depew, whose wife was a daughter of Peck, never received any of the money, as he left Virginia in 1816, and did not learn of the matter until the money had been divided.

Elijah Depew came to Orange County, Indiana, in 1816, where he settled as a farmer. James Depew received some education in Virginia and continued his studies in Indiana during the winter months. In 1824 he made a trip to New Orleans on a flatboat, with his brother and a man who owned half the boat and cargo. The cargo consisted of two hundred bushels of potatoes and eight hundred bushels of corn. They started from the east fork of White River on the fourteenth of February and arrived at New Orleans on the twenty-ninth of March. The latter part of their journey was made rough by storms, but they went safely through them. They realized very little from their venture, scarcely making enough to pay expenses. After selling the cargo James returned by steamboat, while his brother stayed some time longer to dispose of the cargo. While he was in New Orleans a terrible storm occurred, which sank twenty flat-boats. All of these things made such an impression on James' mind that he declared that one journey was enough.

James Depew's father died July 24, 1824, and James and his brother took charge of the family until 1831. James Depew then married Judith Hill in Orange County, Indiana. She had come to the new country with her parents from North Carolina. She died in April, 1846, and Mr. Depew has never since been married. He has had a family of six children, three of whom are now living.

In November, 1834, James Depew went with a company of nine persons to look at the far West, and decide where to locate. They started from Peoli in Southern Indiana. At Indianapolis

the mother, sister and brother of James Depew remained behind. The remaining six proceeded to Chicago which was a little town of perhaps seven hundred people. He enjoyed himself shooting black squirrels which were then very plenty. Very little of interest was to be seen in Chicago. It was a muddy little place and one of their company, David Adams, a New Englander, could not be induced to invest six hundred dollars in Chicago property; indeed, hardly any of the party would then have taken property there as a gift and settle on it. From Chicago they went to Ottawa, which then contained a few little houses among the bluffs. Here the party separated. James and two others went to Danville, crossing the big prairie near Pontiac. From there he returned to Indiana. In the spring of 1835 James Depew and his two brothers came West with all their effects and wives and children, (the elder brother was married, the younger not). At Blooming Grove Mr. Depew commenced farming on land rented of his cousin. He afterwards farmed for seven years where Normal now stands on land owned by James Miller. Mr. Depew has bought and sold some real estate in Bloomington, has acquired a competency and now enjoys his old age among his happy and grateful children. When he came here Bloomington had about two hundred inhabitants, and he has been most agreeably surprised at its magnificent growth. He hauled the brick and mortar for the present court house, from the first story up.

James Depew is of medium height, has gray eyes, reads common print without spectacles. His hair is white and he has plenty of it. In his younger days he was very active, and he has always enjoyed the best of health.

Matthew Huston Hawks.

Matthew H. Hawks was born April 4, 1804, in Clark County, Kentucky. His father's name was Lewis Hawks, and his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Blanton. His father was of German and Scotch descent. His father's remote ancestors were a family, which came at an early day from Germany to New York, where the brothers scattered. When Matthew Hawks was four years of age his mother died, and when he was twelve years of age his father also died, and Matthew was left alone in the world.

His father had, before his death, moved to Jessamine County. At the age of fourteen Matthew Hawks was apprenticed to a man named Hugh Foster to learn the tailoring business. He served his time as an apprentice faithfully for five years. Mr. Foster was one of the best of men and treated the orphan under his charge as a father would his son. This kind treatment was appreciated and the sensitive and grateful apprentice never disappointed the master, but often sat up until twelve or one o'clock at night in order that some contract might be fulfilled at the time promised. He remained with his old master for eight years after the apprenticeship was ended. When he was twenty-two years of age Mr. Hawks was married to Elizabeth Campbell, with whom he lived until November, 1832, when she died of consumption. In 1829 he went to Hopkinsville in Christian County, Kentucky, where he engaged in business with his brother and remained with him until 1835. In 1834 he was married to Elizabeth Major, the daughter of William T. Major. In the fall of that year he came to Illinois to look at the country, with his father-in-law, who had bought land in McLean County. Mr. Hawks himself bought property here before he saw it, though he intended to go to Chicago. He came to Bloomington on his way to Chicago, but found that the road to the latter place was simply a trail, and exceedingly dangerous to travel by one not accustomed to it. He went back to Kentucky that fall and returned to Bloomington the following fall with the intention of buying land and going to farming, but some of his friends persuaded him to go into the dry goods business with which he was acquainted. He started in business in Washington, Tazewell County, where he remained three years and then came to Bloomington, where he continued his business until 1845 on twelve months credit. But he found it impossible to make money and stopped and went into the oil business and to wool carding and cloth dressing. He was anxious to obtain flax-seed and advertised the country thoroughly for that purpose and succeeded in getting three bushels only. He sowed the three bushels and during the next year re-sowed all the flax-seed gathered from his first crop, raising thirty acres of flax. He then loaned seed to the farmers for planting. All this was done for the purpose of starting the oil business. In the meantime

he was carrying on the wool carding business. He carded wool from May until September, running three large machines. After that he made linseed oil and sent it to Chicago by team, for seventy-five cents less per barrel than he could send it now by railroad. There he found ready sale for it, but at moderate prices. He retailed the oil in Bloomington for seventy-five cents per gallon and sold about a barrel in a year. He manufactured from one to two barrels per day in the season for running. The oil cakes, weighing six or seven pounds each, were sold for a cent a piece, and were used for fuel. He once received an offer for his oil cakes from St. Louis, but it was so low that he could not have delivered black dirt there at such a figure. He sold oil at St. Louis and Chicago, but the latter was the better market, and there he found very honorable men to deal with. In the St. Louis market he could not find one honorable man in the commission business; they would "chisel" him every time he dealt with them. He often took oil to the St. Louis men and when it was low he would tell them to hold until it came up, but when it rose they would sell it and report to him that it was sold while low, and they pocketed the difference. In addition to this they would charge cartage, storeage, cooperage and a half dozen other things; they would swindle him on the guaging at the rate of a gallon per barrel, and at last he refused to send oil there any more. When a man named Flint, at Pekin, wished to forward some oil to St. Louis for Mr. Hawks, the latter refused, unless the cash was paid before the barrels of oil were rolled on the steamboat. But when he shipped to Chicago he dealt with a Mr. L. M. Boice, who was one of the most honorable men in the commission business. Mr. Boice would charge interest on advances, but would allow interest on sales as fast as made. The people were then troubled by counterfeiters more than at present, as less care was taken at that time in the engraving of bank bills. Mr. Boice would paste such counterfeit bills as he received in his book for reference. But at one time a clerk knowingly passed a counterfeit bill and Mr. Boice discharged him immediately, saying that any one who would cheat a customer would cheat an employer. Mr. Hawks thinks the honorable course pursued by the Chicago commission merchants was one great cause of the growth and prosperity of that city.

On the whole Mr. Hawks did pretty well with the cloth-dressing business, but the oil business was much poorer. During one year he worked up ten thousand bushels of flax-seed. He thinks the raising of flax prepares the ground for wheat. Mr. Samuel Barnard had a piece of ground sowed to wheat which followed a crop of flax. He threshed out one acre to find the yield precisely, and it was forty-two bushels of the best of wheat.

In 1850 Mr. Hawks sold out his business in Bloomington and went to Lacon, Marshall County, and kept a hotel, then went to Pekin and there engaged in the same business. When the railroads started up a year or two afterwards, he left the hotel business and in 1853 came to Bloomington and kept a boarding-house for twelve or fifteen years.

Mr. Hawks has had four children, one born during his first marriage and three during his second. They are all married, and he has children in the third generation. His children are:

Mrs. Sarah Munsell, wife of Zerah Munsell, lives at Chenoa.

Mrs. Margaret Lander, wife of Richard M. Lander, lives in Bloomington.

Mrs. Mary Reeves, wife of O. T. Reeves, lives in Normal.

Tom Jefferson Hawks was named Tom to prevent him from being nicknamed, but he is now nicknamed Thomas. He lives in Bloomington.

Mr. Hawks is five feet and eight inches in height. He is strongly made and seems a very solid man. He has always been remarkably healthy, was never sick enough to be in bed. He has the full possession of all of his senses, has a healthy red face and seems to enjoy life. He seems to be a good man of business; he likes to see men do business honestly and wishes dishonesty rebuked. He is a very cheerful man, loves a joke and appreciates wit and humor. He has been a kind father to his children; he never struck one of them in his life, and this plan has been remarkably successful. He has raised two children not his own and has ever been careful to govern by kindness. He is one of the most tender and kind-hearted of men. He left Kentucky on account of slavery, as the goodness of his heart would not allow him to remain longer than was necessary in the presence of that terrible evil; more than that he thought it no place to raise children. He has always been kind to orphan children,

for he remembers that he was himself an orphan. He loves to talk of the early settlement of the country, and thinks he enjoyed himself more in those early days, when people helped each other and raised each other's houses, than he ever has since. He was twice justice of the peace in Bloomington. He resigned during his first term, but was re-elected. While serving as justice of the peace he had the pleasure of marrying Captain John L. Routt, who is now Second Assistant Postmaster General.

Samuel Lander.

Samuel Lander was born January 21, 1798, in Clark County, Kentucky. His father's name was John Lander and his mother's name before her marriage was Sallie Skinner. John Lander was of English and Yankee descent. His grandfather, Henry Lander, came from England and lived to be one hundred and fourteen years of age. Sallie Skinner was probably of German descent. In 1816 the family came to Christian County, Kentucky. There Mr. Lander lived until 1835 when he came to Illinois. The journey was a pleasant one. They traveled by team in company with three other families, numbering sixteen persons in all. They camped out by the way and enjoyed life in the open air. They arrived in Bloomington, October 20, and for a few weeks Mr. Lander's family lived with the families of Ludwell E. Rucker and John Enlow, in a little shanty about sixteen feet square. It was made of rails and was weather-boarded with clapboards split and shaved. This shanty had been put up by Mr. Lander sometime previous to his settlement, when he came to the country and bought land. He afterwards made an addition to the shanty by moving a little eighteen feet square cabin up from the woods. He made a chimney for it by laying up brickbats without mortar, because of the cold weather.

Mr. Lander commenced farming and raising stock. The wolves troubled him and he troubled the wolves, and at last succeeded in getting the better of them.

The finances of the State of Illinois were in a fearful condition from 1838 to 1847. "Money was then a great rarity." Men of the best of judgment were discouraged, and land within two miles of Bloomington sold for a dollar per acre. Wheat, pork, cattle, everything sold for a song. During the winter of 1841

and '42 Mr. Lander and several others put their hogs together in a "bunch," took them, about five hundred in all, to Chicago, and after they were butchered the meat brought two dollars per hundred. Mr. Lander took oxen to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and there sold them for between twenty-five and forty-five dollars per yoke. Cows were sold there for twelve or fourteen dollars, and bacon hams for five cents per pound. During the spring of 1842 Mr. Lander sold three barrels of lard for three cents per pound. He took some first rate horses to Chicago and sold them for between twenty-five and thirty-five dollars a piece. This was in 1844. During the following year he sold a hundred fat wethers for one dollar and sixty cents a piece. Men sunk money in Bloomington by buying pork for $1.50 per hundred, nett. Mr. Lander wishes the rising generation to take note of these prices, and if they feel discouraged, he wishes them to think how much better off they are than their fathers were, and go to work with renewed energy. The present is their opportunity.

The tide began to turn in 1847. During that year a constitutional convention was held. Judge David Davis was chosen a delegate from McLean County, and Mr. Lander was selected to represent McLean and Livingston counties. This convention showed clearly that the people of the State of Illinois were resolute and earnest in trying to pay their State debt and relieve themselves from their financial difficulties. A two mill tax was levied to meet the interest on the public debt, and confidence was restored. This honest attempt on the part of the people to meet their obligations was worth untold millions to the State of Illinois. Its credit improved at home and abroad, and prosperity came again.

The convention also passed a general banking act, which afforded great relief and inspired the people with confidence and courage. The period embraced by the years 1842 and 1847 is most instructive to the people of the State, and it is to this period that the citizens of Illinois may point with pride. It was during this time that the idea of repudiating the obligations of the State were cast aside and an honorable course adhered to. The convention of 1847 finished the work by making provision for meeting the State debt and paying the interest. The finishing of the Illinois and Michigan Canal also assisted wonderfully in developing the State and diffusing confidence.

Mr. Lander had his share of sport in the early days and often hunted wolves and deer. The former, he says, were very tenacious of life, almost as much so as an opossum. He once caught a wolf and killed it, as he supposed; but after it was skinned it showed signs of life. His son, John Lander, and a party of others chased a wolf twenty miles, caught it and thought it dead. After bringing it eight miles home it showed signs of life.

In May, 1822, Mr. Lander married Sallie Haggard, in Christian County, Kentucky. By this marriage he had six children, of whom four are living. They are:

John Lander, who lives in Arrowsmith township.

Charles W. and Richard M. Lander, live in Bloomington.

Zarelda, wife of William Doyle, lives in Clark County, Kentucky.

Mrs. Lander died in December, 1843. In February, 1845, Mr. Lander married Ardela C. Wilson. By this marriage he has had six children, of whom two are living. They are: Clara J. and Walter S. Lander, and both live at home.

Mr. Lander is about five feet ten inches in height, has a sanguine complexion, a bald head and heavy eyebrows. He is now seventy-five years of age, but no one would think him so old. He bids fair to live to the age of one hundred and fourteen, as did his great grandfather, Henry Lander. Samuel Lander appears to have been prosperous and successful. He is a kind-hearted gentleman. In politics he was an Old Line Whig, afterwards a Democrat, and now a free political thinker, not bound by any exclusive ties.

William Thomas.

William Thomas was born April 26, 1806, on a farm in Champaign County, (then called Madison County) Ohio. His ancestors were descended from Scotch and Welch stock. In the year 1600 three brothers named Thomas emigrated from Wales to the American colonies. One of them settled in New England, one in Virginia and one in North Carolina. William Thomas' father, whose name was Francis Thomas, was born in North Carolina in the year 1781, but when only two years of age his father moved to Virginia, where Francis grew to manhood. In the fall of 1805 he moved to Ohio, where William Thomas,

whose sketch we are writing, was born. The circumstances of Francis Thomas' removal to Ohio were curious. Many years before, Mr. John Thomas, an uncle of Francis, lived in Virginia with his wife and family of nine children. He was a very religious man, and a member of the Baptist church. One evening, while the family were engaged in singing and devotional exercises, some Indians crept up and shot the old gentleman through a hole in the door; they then rushed in and massacred the whole family with the exception of a bound girl, who related the circumstances of the tragedy, and one little boy five years of age. The Indians set the house on fire, stole the horses and left, taking the little boy with them into captivity. But the little girl succeeded in hiding herself from them in the sheep fold, and related the circumstances of the massacre. The little boy who was made captive was the cousin of Francis Thomas, and many years afterwards the latter heard of a young man who was seen with the Indians on the Sandusky Plains. The young man had light hair and blue eyes, and Francis believed him to be his captive cousin. He started immediately to find him, and made extended journeys and long searches, and at last found the young man and fully identified him as his cousin. The Indians said he was taken a captive from Western Virginia. The two young gentlemen were glad to meet; they hunted together (a great sport in those days), and were much attached to each other. Perhaps the reader will think the captive cousin was glad of an opportunity to return to his relatives. Nothing of the kind. He had become an Indian; savage life was a part of his nature, and, though he had the warmest affection for his cousin Francis, he could not be persuaded to accompany him. Francis remained a week with his cousin, parted from him with tears, and sorrowfully returned to his home in Virginia.

But during his travels to find his long lost cousin, Francis had a view of the western country, and was so charmed with it that, after sensibly marrying a wife, and making all necessary arrangements, he left the hilly country of Virginia and came to Ohio. Here William was born.

William Thomas remembers very clearly the war of 1812, although at that time he was only six or seven years old. The northern part of Ohio was then infested with Indians, and Mr.

Thomas lived only nine miles south of the boundary line. William's uncle, Arthur Thomas, was captain of a company of volunteers who were called together to defend the country from the British and Indians. At the close of their enlistment the company of volunteers celebrated their return by shooting and making a great noise, and they frightened a horse belonging to Captain Thomas (William's uncle) so that the animal broke away. Captain Thomas and his son started for the horse, but did not return. After waiting several days, their friends made search for them and found them nine miles from home, massacred by Indians.

About this time, or a little before, occurred the death of the mother and the wife of Francis Thomas, and the latter became so disheartened in consequence that he returned to Harrison County, Virginia, where he had formerly lived. There he remained two years, again married, and removed to Xenia township, Green County, Ohio.

Here William received some little education in the often described log school house, lighted by a greased paper window. His course of instruction embraced arithmetic, reading and writing; when he became larger he received some instruction in grammar. He had only two teachers. One of them was a muscular man named Duff, who was warranted strong enough to whip anyone of his size; and indeed the teachers in those days stood in need of all their muscle. But William was a good boy, and never was whipped. The other teacher was named Robert P. Black, a young man, who managed his scholars by his ingenuity, if he could not succeed with his muscle. It was the custom in those days to bar out the teacher on Christmas day and keep him out until he agreed to treat the scholars, usually to one bushel of apples and two gallons of cider. One Christmas morning Mr. Black found that his scholars had barred him out; the boys were inside; the girls had stayed at home, knowing what was to happen. Black, who was a tall young man, came to the school house, and, finding himself barred out, went away. Now, there was in the neighborhood a certain Mrs. Kendall, who was in the habit of riding around on a pony. She was a very tall lady and well known in the neighborhood. Some time after Mr. Black left the school house the scholars came out,

hardly knowing what was to happen next. While they were standing there Mrs. Kendall came riding along on her pony, and dismounted at the school house and quietly walked in. The scholars curiously followed her, when, to their astonishment, she pulled off her bonnet and gown, and their teacher, Mr. Black, stood before them. The scholars were completely outwitted; nevertheless the teacher furnished the bushel of apples and two gallons of cider.

Francis Thomas died in 1823, when William was seventeen years of age. The eldest boy, Ezekiel, left home shortly after his father's death, and studied medicine. He is now practicing as a physician in Clinton, DeWitt County. William stayed at home on the farm and supported his step-mother, of whom he was very fond, and who was worthy of his affection.

When William Thomas was nineteen years of age he went with a drove of horses to Virginia, and while there visited Rockbridge County, and saw the natural rock bridge, about which so much has been written. This is the bridge which was climbed by Dunlap, a medical student from Lexington.

On the eighth of April, 1830, William Thomas was made a happy man. He married Catherine Haines, who lived about two miles distant, and whom he had known from childhood. He has had a family of twelve children, six of whom are now living, three sons and three daughters.

In the fall of 1831, Benjamin Haines, Mr. Thomas' father-in-law, moved to Bloomington, Illinois, and this determined Mr. Thomas, some years after, to go farther West. He started for Illinois on the eighth of December, 1835. He traveled with his wife and two children in a wagon to Cincinnati, and took a steamboat from there to Pekin, Illinois. But the ice in the river caused a great deal of trouble, and they were sometimes unable to move more than three or four miles in a day. When they came to Louisville they entered the canal, which goes around the falls, and came in contact with another steamer going the other way. After a long and vexatious delay they proceeded, but were six weeks on the way from Cincinnati to Pekin. From the latter place they came by team to Bloomington, and lived with Benjamin Haines, a merchant, until spring. In the spring Mr. Thomas moved to a farm now owned by Judge J. E. Mc-

Clun, near the eastern depot. In the fall of 1837 he rented the Durley farm, and the house where he lived stood on the ground now occupied by Durley Hall. This was then a part of the Durley farm. He rented this farm of one hundred acres for two hundred dollars per annum for five years. In the spring of 1840 he sold the lease of this farm and moved to Main street. From 1842 to 1849 he lived where Thomas Ashley has since built Ives Block, corner of Jefferson and Madison streets. In 1849 he moved to East Jefferson street, where he has resided ever since.

In March, 1848, Mr. Thomas took a drove of fifty-four horses to Chicago for J. C. Duncan & Co., merchants in Bloomington. He had great trouble in getting them over the Vermilion River as the season was very wet and the bridge across the river had been washed away. He had with him a man who had formerly been a soldier and was very courageous. The old soldier swam the river seventeen times in one day during that cold March weather. But when the wagon was taken across a horse collar fell into the water and the old soldier sprang in to get it and was taken with cramps. When rescued he was insensible, and it was thought that his adventures were ended, but whisky and pepper revived him. Mr. Thomas succeeded in taking his horses safely through to Chicago. While there he attended the great canal boat celebration, when the Illinois and Michigan Canal was completed. This was considered a great event at the time. The first boat came from the Illinois River into the Chicago River, and was landed between State and Dearborn streets, at the wharf of Mr. Samuel Walker. This gentleman made a grand speech on that occasion; many other gentlemen also made speeches, for eloquence was as cheap then as at the present time. At this time, too, work was done on the six mile iron railroad. This road was built by a company and was the second in the State. It started from Wells street, on the North side of the Chicago River, and ran west, crossing the north branch of the river, and continuing to the Six Mile House Tavern. It was completed on the tenth of November, 1848; a free ride was offered to all and a free treat at the Six Mile House. Mr. Thomas did not go on the excursion because the railroad was a "snakehead." A railroad of this kind was built by extending wooden beams upon sleepers and bolting to the

beams straps of iron, which served as rails, upon which cars were to run. The heads of the bolts were sunk low enough to prevent friction to the trains passing over them. But this arrangement was subject to a peculiar danger. The ends of the iron straps were sometimes torn loose from the beams and curled up, and when the train passed over them swiftly they would sometimes spring up and strike the bottom of the car and go through it instantly, to the danger and perhaps death of the passengers. These straps of iron, which curled up, were called "snake-heads," and the roads were called "snake-head" roads.

At that time Mr. Thomas was offered four and a half acres of land, situated about one mile south of Lake street, in the present heart of the city, for one hundred dollars per acre. If he had such an offer made to him now he would probably accept it.

William Thomas was treasurer of McLean County for eleven years, beginning in the spring of 1851 and ending in the fall of 1861. During the first seven years that he served as treasurer he was also assessor, but after that time the offices were separated, as the county adopted township organization and each township chose its own assessor. In the spring of 1836 the brick court house was built by Leander Munsell for six thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars, of which sum five thousand three hundred and seventy-five dollars was to be paid in twenty year bonds, bearing interest at eight per cent. When Mr. Thomas came into office no interest had been paid for three years and no money was in the treasury. In order to meet this he immediately raised the valuation of the property in the county. The approximate value then amounted to three millions of dollars, and the tax was thirty cents on a hundred dollars. The interest was then paid, and in 1852, '53 and '54, the principal was paid, and the county was out of debt. Mr. Thomas says that while he was treasurer, the townships improved every year and became more settled. The farmers had fine crops of wheat from 1851 to 1856, but since then the wheat has partially failed. He says that in 1853 a new-comer bought a quarter section of railroad land for twelve dollars an acre. His crop that year paid for the land and all improvements on it and left money in his pocket.

William Thomas is five feet eleven inches in height, not

heavily built, has sharp features, light hair and plenty of it. Both hair and whiskers are turning gray with age. He is very healthy and has many years yet to live.

Thomas Williams.

Thomas Williams was born in the town of Bracon, County of Bracon, South Wales, England. His ancestors were of the real Welch-Irish stock. The Williams are very numerous in that part of the country and have lived in the County of Bracon for five hundred years or more. The father of the subject of this sketch was called Thomas Williams, and his name has been carried through five generations, one of the sons of the family taking that name. Thomas had two brothers and one sister, all of whom were younger than he. He received a very fair English education, having attended school from his sixth to his sixteenth year. He remembers nothing of interest when a boy. He was a lively lad and sometimes "up to his tricks." His father was a carpenter and joiner in the town of Bracon, and died when young Thomas was in his sixteenth year. Upon the death of his father, his mother moved into the country to a cousin of her's, where she had been a dairy-maid before her marriage. She took with her the youngest child, a boy of six years, and kept her cousin's house. The boy was sent to school and Thomas paid his tuition. His sister and remaining brother were taken care of by other relatives of the family, while Thomas was bound out for five years to learn the carpenter and joiner's trade. He had served under his father as an apprentice for two years, and had an aptitude for the work. When he had finished the time required for an apprentice according to the English custom, he was twenty-one years of age, and he then commenced working as a journeyman carpenter and assisted his brothers and sister. When he was twenty four years of age he began to keep house and do job work on his own account. His sister became his housekeeper and his next younger brother was apprenticed to him as a joiner, and when the youngest brother was fourteen years of age, he, too, became his brother's apprentice.

Thomas was the first of the family who proposed going to America in order to improve their circumstances. He had read

a great deal of America and especially of Illinois, and on the nineteenth of April, 1830, all except the second son, Henry, embarked on an English sailing vessel at Newport in Wales for New York, where they arrived on the seventeenth of June. On board of the vessel they furnished their own bedding and provisions, and before starting, the captain took notice that all passengers were well supplied. He was a very fine man, had been a captain twenty-one years and had never seen America. Their fare was seven pounds sterling each. They had a very favorable journey, which lasted about six weeks, but at one time experienced a severe storm. During the storm, a little before sunset, a whale was seen near the vessel, but it soon disappeared. The next morning when everything was calm, they spied a vessel in distress. When they came near, the strange vessel was found to be an American ship bound from Bordeaux, France, to New York, laden with wines and perfumes. Another ship also came to assist the one in distress, which was found to be in a sinking condition. It had already turned upon its side, but the crew was safely removed and divided between the two ships and carried to New York. One of the rescued crew was a sailor who had served on board a ship, which had been lost a year previous in the same latitude, and the poor fellow was very much affected by the circumstance, for he had all the superstition for which sailors are remarkable. Mr. Williams speaks in very high terms of the captain, who was a Christian gentleman, and used all the means in his power to make the crew of the distressed ship comfortable, and the men under his command followed his example.

As soon as they landed in New York Mr. Williams obtained work in the city, while his mother and sister and youngest brother went to live with some distant relatives in Pennsylvania. Being a good workman he received two dollars per day, which, considering the value of money then, was good wages. Board and lodging were five dollars per week. He stayed three years in the city and three years on Long Island, always working at his trade. In 1832 that great pestilence, the Asiatic cholera, broke out in New York. It began in the latter part of June and lasted until September. On a single day three hundred cases were reported and of these one hundred and fifty died.

The corporation cars carried off from four to six coffins at once. The cause of this fearful mortality was seen in the condition of the streets, which were exceedingly unclean, and the pigs ran through them without hinderance. But when the cholera broke out the streets were put in fine order and the pigs were not allowed to take their out-of-door amusement.

In December, 1835, a great fire burned over a large tract of ground adjoining the East River; the buildings on seventeen acres of land were laid in ashes. The fire was checked with great difficulty as the weather was so exceedingly cold that the water was frozen in the hose before it could be forced on the burning buildings. Mr. Williams was somewhat astonished at the spirit of enterprise by which the whole seventeen acres were rebuilt by the year 1836. In 1833 he helped to build the Pavillon Hotel at Far Rockway, twenty-one miles southeast of New York. It was built by a company and was destroyed by fire about five years ago.

In 1836 Mr. Williams came to the West. He, in company with two families, six persons in all, formed a party. They went to Philadelphia by water and rail, thence to Harrisburg, Pa., by rail and canal; thence by rail and canal to Pittsburg: thence by water down the Ohio to Cairo, and up the Mississippi and Illinois Rivers to Pekin. They came across from Pekin to Hudson on a wagon drawn by a double yoke of oxen.

Here Mr. Williams remained two years following his trade. In July, 1838, he moved to Bloomington. While here he has successfully carried on his business as a builder and contractor, and has done remarkably well at it. In 1850 he built the First Methodist Church, and can look with pride upon many fine buildings which have been put up under his direction. On the fourth of October, 1838, Mr. Williams married Miss Ann E. Fling of Money Creek. Her parents had emigrated to that place from Ohio and to Ohio from Virginia, where Mrs. Williams was born. Mr. Williams has a family of ten children, of whom seven are now living, three boys and four girls.

So far as political matters are concerned, Mr. Williams is very reserved. He goes to the polls and casts his vote on election day and that is all. He was an "Old Line Whig" until the Republican party was formed when he joined that organization.

When he came to Bloomington the population numbered four or five hundred persons; but improvements were few indeed before the railroads came. On his arrival in town Mr. James Allin offered him the use of an old log cabin to live in for one year free of rent. It stood near Major's Hall, and was kept for all new-comers, who had no place to go to. Mr. Williams was never much of a speculator, but he has made some good investments, which would perhaps have been better if he had held to his property longer. He bought of James Allin for seven hundred dollars block No. 108 of Allin's Addition. It had one hundred and ninety-eight feet front on Washington street, and was two hundred and forty feet deep. He sold ninety-nine by one hundred and twenty feet to A. C. Moore for sixteen hundred dollars, and the north half to Ellsworth and Richardson for sixteen hundred dollars. It is worth now at least one hundred and twenty dollars per foot. On this block Mr. Williams' own residence stands. In 1850 when he contracted to build the First Methodist Church he bought five acres of timber land in the school section for thirty-five dollars per acre. After taking from it one thousand dollars worth of walnut timber and two hundred cords of fire wood he sold it for two hundred dollars to James Depew. He bought five acres of land in what is now the Third Ward for sixty dollars. He took from it a great deal of lumber for business and his fire-wood for sixteen years and sold it for three hundred dollars; it was afterwards sold with a little house for fifteen hundred, but its value now is out of all proportion to these figures. He bought the lot of sixty-six feet front of Judge Davis, where now the Burch House stands, for one hundred dollars, and worked out the purchase money. At present it is worth at least two hundred dollars per foot.

Mr. Williams is a very muscular, hard working man. With the exception of a little fever and ague on his first arrival in the West he has never suffered from sickness. He is rather small in stature but very active and strong. He has worked at his trade fifty-four years, and can do a good day's work now. His eyes are gray and still very good; he was fifty-four years of age before he wore spectacles. He has throughout his life sustained a most honorable reputation, and no man in the community stands higher than he in this respect. He has been very happy

in his domestic life, and has had ten children, of whom seven are living, and at home. They are:

Rebecca, born October 26, 1839, wife of H. W. Johnson.
John Henry, born June 1, 1841.
Thomas Fling, born October 25, 1850.
Frances Allen, born December 24, 1852.
Charles Edward, born December 11, 1854.
Ida May, born February 8, 1857.
Della Ora, born February 14, 1859.

The following are dead: George William, born March 7, 1843, died January 8, 1848; Mary Frances, born August 6, 1845, died August 29, 1847. Sarah Allen, born December 25, 1848, died January 16, 1851.

Kersey H. Fell.

Kersey H. Fell was born May 1, 1815, on a farm in Chester County, Pennsylvania. His ancestors were of old English Quaker stock, and Mr. Fell is himself a Quaker. All of the Fells in the United States are descended from Judge Fell, who came to this country from England in the year 1705.

About forty years ago the Society of Friends was divided into two sects by the question of slavery. A man named Elias Hicks, a Unitarian Quaker preacher, agitated for the abolition of slavery, and was in favor of taking all legal and moral measures for the purpose of bringing about this result. Those who believed in this doctrine formed themselves into a separate organization, and were called "Hicksites," and it was to this denomination that the Fell family belonged. The other division, called "Orthodox" Friends, also wished for the abolition of slavery, but did not think it right to interfere in the matter. They believed that the Lord would in his own good time bring the wicked system to an end, but they did not wish to hasten the decrees of Providence. Although slavery has been abolished the division among the Friends still continues. A small organization of Orthodox Friends exists at Normal and one of the Hicksite or Liberal order at Benjaminville, but their numbers are few. Mr. Fell thinks their numbers are decreasing. Mr. Fell's father was a Friend, and was known as "Honest Jesse Fell," and his mother, whose maiden name was Rebecca Roman,

was known as a ministering angel, not only in her own society but among all with whom she became acquainted.

There were nine children in the Fell family, seven boys and two girls, and it may well be supposed that great exertion was required to provide for them and educate them properly. Mr. Fell attended a common school three months in the year until he was seventeen. At this time he had the misfortune to dislocate his shoulder which unfitted him for farm work, and he determined to obtain more schooling. Jonathan Gause, a noble hearted Friend, kept the West Bradford boarding school in Pennsylvania, and to him Mr. Fell made application for admission, but was poor and could not pay his tuition. But Jonathan took the poor student into his establishment for six months, though it was contrary to his custom. Mr. Fell promised to pay some time in the future, and Jonathan answered: "I will trust thee." Mr. Fell afterwards taught school and earned money to pay this obligation, and also to obtain money to come West.

He came to Bloomington, Illinois, in the spring of 1836, about six months before Judge David Davis came. It was his purpose to visit his brothers Jesse and Thomas, who had arrived some time previous, and then go to a Manual Labor College near Hannibal, Missouri, started by a certain Dr. Stiles Ely, of Philadelphia. Dr. Stiles Ely was a Presbyterian minister and a great theorist and his pamphlet, which was widely circulated, caused a great sensation. But his theory was better than his practice. He selected the location for his college during a dry season and did not guard against the chances of rain. During the following season "the rains descended and the floods came" and washed his college away, and the people who had gathered there were obliged to flee to save themselves from drowning. Dr. Ely lost a fortune in this undertaking, which promised fair had he selected a better location.

Mr. Fell learned while in Bloomington of the disaster which overtook Dr. Ely, and, as his plans were broken up, took a situation as clerk with Messrs. O. Covel and A. Gridley, merchants. But it was Mr. Fell's intention to study law and he had by no means given up his plan. He had occasion to go to Springfield in the interest of his employers and while there called at the office of the Hon. J. T. Stuart who was practicing law. Here he

met Abraham Lincoln, a young law student. After some conversation with young Abraham, Mr. Fell came to the conclusion that, if Mr. Lincoln could study law with as little education as he had, Mr. Fell would do the same, and he hesitated no longer. He read law in his leisure hours. During the following winter he was appointed clerk with the power to organize DeWitt County. His appointment was probably made through the influence of his brother Jesse. Jesse W. Fell and James Miller had previously laid out the town of Clinton, and they wished it to be the county seat. The county was formed from parts of Macon and McLean counties. Mr. Fell kept this position from the winter of 1838–39 until 1840. During that year all the Whig judges and clerks were legislated out of office by the Democrats, and Mr. Fell, being a Whig, was obliged to lose his position. He went to Bloomington and became deputy clerk of the circuit court under General Covel, who, being a Democrat, had been re-appointed to his office. While in this position Mr. Fell studied law and during the winter of 1840–41 he passed his examination before the nine judges of the Supreme Court at Springfield and was admitted to the bar. He speaks very feelingly of the terror he felt while thinking of the ordeal of the examination when nine pairs of spectacles should be leveled at him. But they admitted him and made the young and deserving man happy. Before being admitted to the bar he had formed a partnership with Albert Dodd, a promising young lawyer from Connecticut. He and Mr. Dodd continued their partnership until 1844. During that year Dodd was drowned in crossing the Mackinaw River, while returning from a convention at Joliet. This was the convention which nominated John Wentworth (Long John) for Congress for the first time. Dodd would probably have been nominated himself had he lived a little longer. While he was absent in attendance at the convention Dodd was nominated in Bloomington for the Legislature. Mr. Fell was at this time attending court at Springfield and was there detained by the flood and did not learn of his partner's death until ten days after it occurred. The flood during that year was fearful. The Mississippi River rose so high that a great part of Cairo was swept away. After the death of Dodd, Mr. Fell practiced alone in his profession until the year 1856, when he gave it up, making room for the generation of young lawyers.

Mr. Fell belonged to a class of lawyers which it is feared does not include the entire legal profession. He always tried to settle a case before taking it into court. There is a German proverb which says: "A meager making up is better than a fat law suit." Whether Mr. Fell ever heard of this we do not know; but he always did what he could to arrange matters fairly and impartially without taking the case into court. He thinks this should be the lawyer's course, and that it really pays better in the end; for by settling cases fairly he sometimes gained his opponents for his clients. "Blessed are the peace-makers."

In the fall of 1844, after the death of Albert Dodd, Mr. Fell took the young man's books, papers and correspondence to his father in Connecticut. When he arrived in Hartford, the people were having a great time with the Millerites. The day after his arrival there was the one set by Miller for the end of the world and was a time of great excitement. Many of the followers of Miller had given away all of their property, expecting to need it no longer, and were standing around the streets in long garments, expecting the call which should translate them to another world. Mr. Fell retired late that evening, as he had watched pretty sharply for the angel which was to bring on the millennium. At a late hour the angel had not put in an appearance and Mr. Fell went to sleep. The next morning he was awakened by the most fearful sound that ever smote his ears. He sprang up thinking that the millennium must certainly have come, but found that the noise proceeded from a hotel gong, which was the first he had ever heard.

From Hartford Mr. Fell went to New York where the Whig convention, which nominated Henry Clay for President, was in session. At this convention were some of the great lights of the Whig party. They formed a procession through the city, which required two hours in passing a single point. In order to obtain a good view of it Mr. Fell climbed up on a corner of the fence surrounding the square and, as the weather was severe, he was alternately frozen with cold and warmed with excitement. All of the trades were represented in this procession. The printers struck off bills and dispatches and scattered them among the crowd, and each of the trades was distinguished

in an appropriate manner. The crowd along the line of march was partially composed of Democrats, who attempted at times to hinder and annoy the procession, and occasionally succeeded; but when the butchers passed along their brawny and muscular appearance made the crowd respectfully give way!

In the evening a grand meeting was held out of doors, and a large platform was erected for the distinguished lights of the party. When many strangers had spoken, a loud call was made for Horace Greeley. Mr. Greeley came forward. He was then a tall, slender young man, with light hair, a white face, and dressed in a plain suit of drab. His speech was short, but it went to the root of the matter, and touched the heart of the people.

From New York Mr. Fell went to Philadelphia, and from there to Chester County, where he found the lady who was to be his wife. They were married in Philadelphia on the first day of January, 1845. Her name was Jane Price. Her family came from old English stock. Mr. Fell has a happy family of eight children, five boys and three girls.

Mr. Fell's parents came West with the entire family in 1837. His mother died in October, 1846, and his father, who was totally blind during the last twelve years of his life, died in the fall of 1853. The children took pride in making the last years of the old gentleman's life pleasant, and sustained him on his down hill journey.

Mr. Fell has never been a candidate for any public office, or sought one. He has great aversion to seeking office and would not work or scheme for one, however lucrative. He has held some offices but they have involved much work and no pay.

In 1856, at the State Convention in Bloomington, Mr. Fell nominated Abraham Lincoln as a delegate to the National Convention at Philadelphia. Lincoln arose and declined on account of his poverty and business engagements; but he consented to go if his business would allow him, when Mr. Fell promised that his expenses should be paid. At last it was arranged that in case Lincoln could not leave, Mr. Fell should go in his place. About two hours before the time to start Mr. Fell received a dispatch from Lincoln, saying that the latter was unable to leave, and Mr. Fell therefore went in his place. At this convention

Lincoln received one hundred and fifteen votes on the first ballot for Vice President. But on the second ballot his name was withdrawn by the Illinois delegation, with the intention of putting him forward at some future day for President.

Mr. Kersey Fell was probably the first man who thought seriously of making Abraham Lincoln a candidate for President of the United States. He mentioned the matter first to his brother Jesse, but the latter did not immediately think favorably of the matter. But after a little reflection he favored it and spoke of it to Judge David Davis. Mr. Davis did not at first think well of it, but after some steps were taken to bring Mr. Lincoln's name before the public, Mr. Davis favored the movement strongly and worked with all his might to make it successful. Mr. K. H. Fell mentioned the matter of Lincoln's proposed candidacy to Judge Joseph J. Lewis of West Chester, Pennsylvania, and Judge Lewis wrote a biography of Mr. Lincoln which was widely circulated. The items and information for this biography were furnished by Mr. Jesse W. Fell. Mr. Kersey Fell did everything in his power to forward Lincoln's chances, and called out his name as a candidate for president at a mass meeting held at West Chester, Pennsylvania. Mr. Fell spared no exertions, and in 1860 the object was accomplished and Mr. Lincoln was nominated by the Republican party at Chicago and triumphantly elected by the nation. Mr. Fell was long and intimately acquainted with Mr. Lincoln, and states what is well known to the legal profession, that if Lincoln thought he was right in any case in which he was engaged he was invincible; but if he thought his cause unjust he was weak and his arguments without force. He was one of the most tender-hearted of men. While on his circuit in the village of Pontiac, the hotel where he stayed was crowded and he slept in a small detached house. The night was stormy, and a little cat outside made a pitiful noise and wished to come in. The thought of the suffering cat troubled Lincoln so much that he could not sleep until he had opened the door and let the poor creature in.

Mr. Fell did not take part in the canvass of 1860 as his health was very poor. During that year he went to Europe, visiting Switzerland, Vienna, and many other interesting places, but returned in the fall to cast his vote for Abraham Lincoln.

Mr. Fell has filled many positions with more benefit to the community than profit to himself. He is now a member of the Board of Education of Bloomington and attends to the duties of his position with fidelity. He knows the value of an education and struggled hard for it when in youth, and he is anxious that the children of to-day shall all of them have a chance to learn.

Mr. Fell is not a large man in appearance and is slenderly built, but he is well proportioned and very active. His hair is gray and his beard is almost white. His nose is aquiline and is bridged with spectacles when he reads or writes. He is a deep thinker and forms his opinions with great care. Good nature appears in his countenance and there are few men in the community so much respected and honored.

William F. Flagg.

William F. Flagg was born April 2, 1808, on a farm in Boilston township, Worcester County, Massachusetts, about forty miles from Boston. His ancestors came from English stock. His grandfathers were both soldiers in the Revolutionary war. He had four brothers and one sister; of these, his sister and two brothers are yet living. He received his scanty education in a district school until he was eighteen years of age. He then went to Worcester to learn his trade of architect and builder. While there he was employed by his master on churches and public buildings for three years. This terminated his apprenticeship. He then went to work on his own account.

At the age of twenty-five he married Miss Sarah Walker of Natick. This place is twenty miles from Boston, and is the home of Henry Wilson, the Vice President elect. At that time Mr. Wilson was working at his trade as a cobbler.

In 1836 Mr. Flagg determined to go West. Before going he traded his property in Worcester for some in Bloomington, and in course of time his trade turned out to be very profitable. He came to Bloomington alone in August, 1836, and his family followed in the spring of 1837. He immediately engaged in his trade as a builder, and in 1837 built a court house for Putnam County. During the following year he built a court house for Tazewell County, and in 1839 and 1840, he built a court house

and jail at LaSalle. During this year he bought one hundred and seventy acres of land northeast of Bloomington (joining the city limits) for which he paid $4,000. This was considered an exorbitant price, but since then he has received as much as two thousand dollars for a single acre laid out in building lots.

Ground was first broken for the Illinois Central Railroad in front of Mr. Flagg's door in June, 1852, and cars were running the following year. He formerly owned a tract of land embracing the present location of the Lafayette depot, and in 1847 he built on it saw mills and machine shops. In 1855 he built the Bloomington Works, now owned by K. H. Fell & Co. He managed these works until the year 1865. From 1865 to 1870 he was engaged in laying out second and third additions to Bloomington, and he built and caused to be built about one hundred residences. In 1856 he, in connection with Judge Davis and William H. Allin, laid out the so-called Durley addition.

In 1870 Mr. Flagg built the Empire Machine Works, close to the Illinois Central Railroad. They are carried on under the name and style of the company of the Empire Machine Works. They keep one hundred men constantly engaged in manufacturing agricultural implements and building materials, and are indeed a credit to the city.

Mr. Flagg has been twice married and has an interesting family of three sons and two daughters living.

He tells a curious anecdote of Mr. Lincoln. In 1848 Mr. Flagg commenced manufacturing reapers and was sued for an infringement of patent by C. W. McCormick, and damages were laid at $20,000. Abraham Lincoln was employed as counsel for the defendant. The suit was carried on for two years in the United States Court at Springfield, and Mr. McCormick was finally beaten. Shortly after this Mr. Lincoln met Mr. Flagg on the street in Bloomington and sauntered into the latter's shop. Mr. Flagg asked how much the attorney's fee would be. Mr. Lincoln leaned on the counter, rested his head on his arm, and after a little consideration said: "I think ten dollars will pay me for my trouble!" Mr. Flagg says that nothing could induce Mr. Lincoln to take more and adds: "At the present day our lawyers would have demanded just about one thousand!"

When Mr. Flagg came to Illinois every event was dated from the Black Hawk war. In this war a man named McCullough was high private. Among the many incidents related of this war, it is said that when our soldiers first went out to meet the Indians the latter made so strong an attack that our men became terrified and took to their heels; but McCullough, the high private, alone stood the fire, and was not afraid to meet the enemy. This circumstance is a little exaggerated, but it will do to tell as a story.

Mr. Flagg is rather above the medium height. He is broad-shouldered and well built. He has a sharply pointed nose and a penetrating eye. Business and speculation are seen in his countenance. He gives one the impression that where many will lose money he will make some. His beard and hair are turning gray, but his spirit is as strong as ever. The new residence which he is erecting shows him to be as energetic and active as in his youthful days.

John Edward McClun.

John Edward McClun was born on the nineteenth of February, 1812, in Frederick County, Virginia. His ancestors on his father's side were members of the Society of Friends. His mother's father, whose name was Bailey, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and died in the army. John Edward was the youngest son of a family of eight children, seven boys and one girl; the latter was an adopted daughter. The circumstances of the family were far from easy, and in early life young John worked hard. His father died when John was only seven or eight years of age, and the family was obliged to toil hard for support.

It is worthy of remark that a very large proportion of the men who are successful in life have had good mothers, and very many, if not all, of our old settlers speak of their mothers with affection and reverence. Judge McClun says: "If I have anything commendable in my character I certainly owe it all under God to my mother; she taught me to be honest, and I have tried so to live: she taught me always to be employed at something, and I have tried to be industrious; she taught me to speak evil of no man or woman so far as I could avoid it, and

the observance of that rule has wonderfully smoothed the asperities of my life; she taught me the fear of the Lord, and I have always been able to realize through a long life that God was around and about my pathway." She must indeed have been an excellent lady and a woman of great moral elevation, for she made an impression upon her son in his tender years, which is deep and decided after the lapse of half a century.

Young John was a great pet with his brothers, and when they came home from work he was in the habit of running out to meet them to be carried back by them in triumph. He remembers particularly his brother Jefferson, whose death affected him very much, and he describes it now as the "most tender event of his whole life."

Young John wished an education, but the way to get it was a puzzle. He was eighteen years of age when, by the greatest economy on his own part and the greatest sacrifice on the part of his mother, he was sent to the Middletown common school. The accommodations were none of the best. The school-house was made of logs daubed with clay, and the benches had no backs. The schoolmaster is described as a "small, spare, sharp-visaged young man, with eyes approaching in color to green." His new scholar did not appear to much advantage. John was but recently recovered from a severe illness and his color was cadaverous. He wore a long-tailed drab overcoat which extended to his feet, and had a number of old-fashioned capes falling in succession about his shoulders. Nevertheless he was a good scholar, and made rapid headway with his lessons. When spring came he left school and went to work, but even then he did not neglect his books. He studied his grammar while plowing, and says that "while those fat, lazy horses belonging to the man to whom I was hired at seven dollars per month, were turning at the end of the furrow, I was busy with my grammar, and by the end of the season I had committed the whole to memory. * * 'Necessity is the mother of invention,' and the tail of the plow after all is not a bad place to study grammar."

In the fall he returned to school, where he made rapid progress, and the next year obtained a situation as a teacher in a little log school-house. In a little room about eighteen feet square were forty scholars of all ages from six to twenty-one.

The text books used in the school were written by a great variety of authors. Pike, Jess, Parke and Dabold had written arithmetics, and they were all used in the school. The schoolmaster had to be lively to do all the "sums." Mr. McClun taught school three years and then determined to come West. He started on horseback, and after traveling through some of the Western States he returned for his mother. They started in a little two-horse wagon in October, 1835. But winter set in before they could get through to Illinois, and Mr. McClun left his mother at his brother Robert's residence in Indiana, and went on to Springfield, Illinois, where he arrived on the fourth of December.

Judge McClun describes Illinois very particularly. He says that the population of the State was then about two hundred and fifty thousand. The improvements consisted of log cabins near the groves while the prairies were bare. The grass grew high, and the deer and wolves roamed in droves, with little to molest or make them afraid. The streams were unbridged, crossings were difficult, teams were swamped in the sloughs and had to be pulled out by oxen. The people lived plainly and simply; the men wore home-made clothing, and the garments of the ladies were sometimes of the same material and sometimes of the cheaper kind of store goods. The oxen that broke the prairie were frequently used to draw the people to church. Preaching was held at the private houses, for meeting houses were not built except in a few of the towns.

In the summer time the green-head flies made traveling across the prairies difficult and even dangerous. Mails were seldom, and newspapers few. Chicago was a village of a few shanties on Lake Michigan. The houses of the most wealthy consisted usually of one room. A log fire ten feet long warmed the family, cooked the provisions, and rendered the bed room comfortable. The eating, sleeping and cooking were all done in one room, and that with the greatest propriety. "The family, the workhands and the visitors all lodged in close proximity to one-another, and without much trouble. The men generally retired first, and afterwards the ladies. Everything was not only done decently and in order but with the utmost delicacy and propriety. This manner of life in no way contributed to indelicacy, for

nearly all men would be gentlemen under such circumstances. The people were for the most part a moral and religious people, and Christianity was universally respected."

When the stranger remained over night at one of these log cabins, he might at first be rendered uneasy by the roughness of the people, and by the guns upon the hooks, but when a blessing was asked at supper he would feel reassured. Such was Illinois in 1835, given partly in Judge McClun's own language.

Springfield was then a lively place, as the capitol of the State was soon to be taken there from Vandalia. It was full of adventurers and speculators. John T. Stuart was then a rising lawyer and politician. Stephen A. Douglas, who was then commencing the practice of law in Jacksonville, sometimes made his appearance in Springfield. He was described as "a very boyish looking little giant." Abraham Lincoln was then living at Salem, in Sangamon County.

During Mr. McClun's first winter in Illinois he could find nothing to do, and his money melted rapidly away. At last he met a young man named Thorp, who had contracted for a stock of goods, provided he could give security, and asked Mr. McClun to become his bail! The latter agreed to the arrangement and the goods were actually forwarded on the credit of these two penniless young men! Young Thorp went East for his wife, and Mr. McClun sold the goods at a fair profit and paid the parties who had so strangely trusted them. Being disappointed in a mercantile partnership with a friend from Virginia, Mr. McClun finally found business in Waynesville, McLean County, where he entered the store of David Duncan as a clerk. This was during the last of June, 1836. Waynesville, though a new town, did considerable business even at that early day. The town, however, had no tavern, no church, no school house, and no post office. The nearest post office was at Bloomington. Dry goods and groceries were sold in considerable quantities, and whisky and tobacco were in great demand. Saturday was the great day of trade, and then the people came in from all quarters to purchase the necessaries of life, discuss politics, talk about their farms, wrestle, run foot races, run horses, &c., and a Saturday that wound up without a fight was considered very dull. Nevertheless, even then Waynesville contained some fine families,

whom anyone might have been proud to number among his friends.

Judge McClun first saw Bloomington in the fall of 1836, but did not locate here until the spring of 1837, when he went into business on his own account as a merchant. He describes the place at that time as follows:

"It was even then, young and new as it was, a beautiful little city set upon a hill. It contained about three hundred inhabitants. The houses were small, plain and cheaply built, yet they were painted white, which gave to the place an air of neatness and beauty. The improvements were then on Front street and south of that. There was nothing on the public square but the old brick court house then being built. The slough north of the bridge where Bridge Fork now is was a wide marsh. Pone Hollow was also a marsh, even wider than the other. The grove extended in a scattering manner up to Grove street. The prairie came up to the town in a state of nature, except a few farms. The deer roamed at large on the prairie, and the wolves howled a chorus in what is now the heart of the town. Quails and prairie chickens were plenty. Rattlesnakes crawled through the town, and now and then the bull snake, that monster of the prairie, would crawl into the very heart of the city. One single buggy, and only one, was in the county of McLean. We had no gold watches nor gold chains. We had no sidewalks, and when the roads became muddy we put our pants in the tops of our boots and launched fearlessly forth into the great deep. When I came to Bloomington David Davis had just succeeded J. W. Fell in the practice of the law. General Covel and Colonel Gridley were prominent and leading citizens. James Allin was the most prominent man of the place, and the wealthiest citizen. Dr. Henry was here, and Doctors Anderson and Haines were practicing physicians. Dr. Baker was clerk of the Circuit Court, and Welcome P. Brown was Probate Judge and city Postmaster. Ort. Covel was selling goods and William H. Temple was a young man in a store. Rev. Mr. Foster preached and taught in the old Academy, and John Rockhold made shingles for the newly made houses. Allen Withers merchandized, and William Dimmitt lived upon the site he now occupies, which was then a great ways from town. A. Brokaw was working as

a journeyman and Gaylord kept the old tavern. The old Methodist church was then being built, and the Rev. Zadoc Hall was the circuit rider. John Magoun had just come. He laid the brick for the city and country, and did the plastering with old Mr. Guthrie, of the same profession. William G. Thompson and Benjamin Haines were here, and Wilson Allin had already built a mill."

On the last day of January, 1839, Mr. McClun married Hannah Harkness.

His mercantile adventure in Bloomington had prospered well, so far, but the hard times came, the most severe ever known in the West. Judge McClun says that the summer of 1842 was "the bottom of the distress." It was customary for the merchants to receive pork in payment of goods, but with the fall prices the pork they had accepted became almost worthless. Mr. McClun went to Baltimore, where he had shipped his pork, and found the times there even worse. He says: "If the West was prostrate, the East was in even a worse fix. Commercial distress was everywhere felt and everywhere seen. Failures were an hourly occurrence, and there was no reliable money but gold and silver, and it was locked up. Manufactories had stopped and their goods were thrown upon the market at ruinous prices. Everything was completely prostrate. I have never seen the like before nor since. My pork could not be sold even to realize the cost of transportation." This condition of things troubled the young merchant very much, but he bore the storm and was successful in the end. He understood his business and managed it well. He had credit even in the darkest times. At one time, when he was so closely pushed that he did not himself dare to ask for credit, and when almost his only assets were depreciated Illinois money, he saw his creditors in Philadelphia and told them his circumstances. When he had done so a good old Quaker merchant said to him: "I believe thou art an honest man, and we will do the best we can for thee." They let him have a new stock of goods, and he showed by his good management that their confidence was well placed.

On the first of June, 1843, the mother of Judge McClun, who had followed her son to Bloomington, passed from earth to a happier world than this. She had taken a cold during the

preceding fall, which resulted in a quick consumption, and she saw her change approaching and was reconciled to death. Judge McClun says: "During the month of May when the flowers were out and the birds singing, she asked me to take her to the door that she might look once more on this beautiful world, and it was her last look, unless she has since looked down from the hills of immortality."

In 1843–44 the merchants began to recover from the shock given by the hard times. Confidence was restored and people were again prosperous. During this year political excitement was very high, though not so high as during the campaign of 1840. The cock was the emblem of the Democrats and the coon that of the Whigs, and when a Democratic victory was announced the cock was crowing over the coon, and when the Whigs were victorious the coon was eating the cock. Henry Clay was the candidate of the Whigs, but he was doomed to defeat, for James K. Polk was carried through by the feeling in favor of the Mexican war.

Judge McClun has had some experience with the law and his advice to all persons is to keep out of its entanglements. The intention is to make the law a rule of right, but there is a "glorious uncertainty" in the practice.

Mr. McClun obtained the mail contracts from 1842 to 1846, of all routes coming into Bloomington or passing through it, and by careful management he was enabled to do quite well with them. All these mails were carried on horseback, except the one from Peoria to Danville, which was taken in two-horse coaches. They were carried three times a week, with considerable regularity. Carrying the mail was sometimes attended with great difficulty. The sloughs were unbridged and the carriages were sometimes swamped in them and had to be pulled out by oxen. Sometimes when the roads were very bad the drivers would put the mail in a queensware crate on the fore-wheels of a wagon; to this they would attach three horses, and go through. The lead-horse was usually able to reach solid ground and pull the remainder of the concern after him. The drivers were sometimes lost on dark nights and during snow storms. They were occasionally stopped by swollen streams, and in cold weather they often frosted their ears, noses and feet.

But Judge McClun did pretty well with his contracts. Oats cost only eight or ten cents per bushel and hay three or four dollars per ton, while good horses could be obtained for forty or fifty dollars a piece. All other expenses were in this proportion, so that the very things which were disastrous to the country made his mail contracts profitable.

In 1849 Mr. McClun was elected County Judge. The vote polled at that election was 1,365 for the whole county and there was a full turn out. He held the office until the spring of 1852 when he found himself unable to endure the confinement, and resigned. He attended faithfully to the duties of his office while he held it, although it subjected him to a great deal of trouble and annoyance.

In 1852 the Illinois Central Railroad passed through Bloomington, and cars commenced running. A great change took place; land became valuable, and real estate of all kinds rose in the market.

In 1852 Judge McClun was elected to the Legislature and was re-elected at the end of his term. He served until the end of the session of 1857. During this term he served four years on the State Board of Agriculture. At this time, too, he was superintendent of a Sunday-School, an active steward in the church and a live member of the McLean County Agricultural Society. He took a great interest in the organization of the Sons of Temperance, and in many other matters of public importance. It will thus be seen that he had enough to think of during his leisure hours! He was also a trustee of the Wesleyan University, and this institution being still in its infancy greatly taxed his time and energy. His experience as an office-holder has taught him not to seek for promotion in official life, for there is very little in it but vanity and vexation of spirit. It is well known that Judge McClun has accepted the various public positions, which have been offered him, simply as duties to be performed, and that when his term of service expired, he asked only to be relieved of the responsibilities of public life. He was chairman of the first Board of Supervisors in 1858, after the county adopted township organization, and has always favored this system of managing county business.

In politics he was an Old Line Whig, and afterwards a Republican, but during the last campaign he acted with the Democrats and Liberals. In early days he took a particular interest in the emancipation of the slaves, and when, during the war, the proclamation was made that freed the slaves no one was more gratified than he.

Judge McClun takes the greatest interest in Bloomington and McLean County, and, indeed, in the whole State. Their progress and their prospects are very dear to him. He has seen the city grow up from an insignificant village; he has seen the county changed from a wilderness to one of the leading counties in the State, and he has seen the State increase from two hundred and fifty thousand people to two and a half millions. He says: "I have been in Illinois for almost thirty-eight years. The wilderness and solitary places have been made glad, and the desert has blossomed as the rose, and yet the next thirty-eight years will be just as full of changes and improvements. Bloomington now has twenty thousand inhabitants, and then it will have fifty thousand souls. Her manufactories will be sending up their smoke from her workshops in all parts of the city. The spires of her new churches will be pointing towards heaven, and surrounding lands, now cultivated as farms, will be covered with houses."

It will be seen in the foregoing sketch that Judge McClun is a man of the strictest integrity in his business, and he is no less careful as a father of a family. We re-produce here some of the advice given by him to his children, although it was not written for publication:

"Hear, my children, a few words of advice from your father. Be honest in all the transactions of your life to the smallest fraction. Do unto others as you would have them do to you. Be known as gentlemen and ladies wherever you are known. It is a very easy matter to point out a well-bred gentleman or lady anywhere, and I hope you will always be so distinguished. Say all the good you can of every person, and as little harm as possible; and, especially of women-kind, never even listen to an evil report. This rule, so far as I have kept it, has wonderfully smoothed the pathway of my life. Never be idle, pitch into any kind of honorable employment rather than be seen idle. Idleness has been the first cause of the downfall of most of the men

and women I have known ruined. Avoid bad habits of every kind, and especially the use of intoxicating drinks and tobacco. Endeavor to make everybody happy. Courtesy and kind words cost nothing, and yet are of great value. Make the world a little better as you pass through it. Cultivate self-government and self-control. Govern yourselves and then you may influence people around you. Let your thoughts be pure thoughts, and then indeed will your lives be pure lives. Be modest. How I love to see modesty. Do not talk too much; the silent people get through the world best. Even a fool, Solomon says, will be counted wise if he but holds his tongue. Don't seek office. If positions be thrust upon you, fill them like men, but do not be office-seekers. Say *no*, emphatically, and without hesitation, when you ought to say it. Never read obscene books or listen to obscene stories. Be saving in your expenses and study economy in your families. A little saved in the beginning of your life will make you rich in the end. Love your homes. Make them your delight, yea, your heaven upon earth and let them be models of neatness and happiness. Be kind to the poor, and considerate to the unfortunate, for you know not how soon you may be in their condition. Above all make a public profession of Christ, and serve God with a perfect heart and a willing mind. The Christian's faith will make you strong to withstand the troubles and disappointments of life. It will be your consolation in sorrows, bereavements and death, and constantly point you to that bright and beautiful land, where your parents are gone, and where, if virtuous and good, we will again be united as a family. How sweet the thought to meet again as parents and children in Heaven's Eternal Home."

As to personal appearance, Judge McClun is about the medium height; has broad shoulders; his forehead is broad; his nose is aquiline and very prominent; he wears spectacles when he reads or writes; his hair and beard were once dark but now are turning gray. Good nature is stamped on his face; he has a hearty, polite manner of speaking, and it is very evident that his politeness is that of the heart. His voice is melodious and pleasant, and gives confidence to the bashful; he loves mankind and especially children, and wishes earnestly to see people happy and made better. He is straightforward in every trans-

action, and no one stands higher throughout the country than he. For twenty years he was superintendent of the Methodist Sunday-School in Bloomington.

Judge McClun has had eleven children, of whom five are living. They are:

Elisha H., married and lives in Bloomington.
Isaac B., married and lives in Bloomington.
Robert, lives at home.
Esther E., wife of Foreman Martin, lives in Chicago.
Edward, lives at home.

Abraham Brokaw.

Abraham Brokaw was born November 6, 1815, on a farm in Somerset County, New Jersey. His father was of French and Dutch descent. His great grandfather was a Huguenot who emigrated from France to Holland at an early day on account of religious persecution. It is now pretty well understood among civilized people that each man is to be held accountable for his opinion of the great Hereafter, only to the Supreme Being, who rules the Universe. But in early days the French held the paternal theory that the State should kindly relieve its citizens of the trouble of thinking for themselves in religious matters. They thought they would glorify God and lay up treasure in heaven by burning or banishing heretics on earth. The Huguenots, who insisted on being the guardians of their own consciences, were the best of French citizens; they were the artizans whose skill made France the "grand nation," the most eminent among the kingdoms of the earth. They managed the looms and spindles and were engaged in various useful trades, and in return they asked only the privilege of worshipping God as they thought proper. But this was not to be; they were expelled from their country and settled principally in Holland and in the various German States. Mr. Brokaw's great grandfather settled in Holland and the family became identified in all its interests with the thrifty and enterprising Dutch. But America was at last the resting-place of the persecuted Huguenot. He came here, and here the family has displayed that same industry and real love of work which characterized the artizans

of France. William Brokaw, the father of Abraham, was of French and Dutch descent, and his wife, the mother of Abraham, was descended from the Dutch. She was a quiet and unassuming lady, but very industrious. She was a very religious woman and belonged to the Dutch Reformed Church. All of the letters which she wrote to her son gave evidence of her deep religious convictions, although she never asked him to join any church, being willing to rely on his own judgment in that matter. She died of palsy in New Jersey in 1843, when she was about forty-five years of age. Mr. Brokaw does not belong to any religious denomination, but is a supporter of the Second Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Brokaw's early education was not extended and was finished when he was twelve years of age. He was obliged to depend upon his industry and his good sense to make his way in the world. He worked on his father's farm until the age of eighteen, when he was apprenticed as a wheelwright to Darius Gilmore of Mechanicsville. In 1836 Mr. Gilmore came to the West bringing Abraham with him. As the wagons were heavily loaded the latter was obliged to walk. At that time the Mormon excitement was very high and proselytes to the faith of Joe Smith were coming from all directions. Mr. Gilmore and Abraham were often mistaken for Mormons. Mr. Gilmore went to Springfield and there Mr. Brokaw finished his apprenticeship under another master. But the wages he earned belonged to Mr. Gilmore. Mr. Brokaw had then become a workman of great skill; he earned the very highest wages, but they were drawn by his old master.

In October, 1836, Mr. Brokaw's apprenticeship came to an end, and he began to calculate for himself. During the November following he formed a partnership with one Jacob Leader, and they came to Bloomington on foot to try their fortunes. Mr. Brokaw carried with him a letter of introduction to Lewis Bunn and found the latter out in the woods making charcoal. The exercise of walking had flushed Abraham's cheeks, and when he presented the letter, was directed to read it. When it was finished Mr. Bunn looked at the flushed cheeks of young Abraham and said: "I do not thank my friend for sending me a drinking man!" but was satisfied when he learned that the

flush was not produced by wine or rye whisky, but by youth and health and exercise. The young wheelwrights, Brokaw and Leader, employed Lewis Bunn to build them a shop, and deposited fifty dollars with him to buy lumber for them to commence their business. But shortly afterwards they returned to Springfield and while there Mr. Leader became afraid of their contract with Bunn, and as the hard times were coming on and banks were breaking he backed out. Mr. Brokaw also wished to withdraw from the contract and offered Mr. Bunn the fifty dollars which had been deposited with him, but the latter refused to accept it. Mr. Bunn built the shop on his own land and leased it to Mr. Brokaw who had returned to Bloomington. Mr. Brokaw opened business. He made the first wagon manufactured in McLean County, for Elijah Hedrick of Randolph Grove, but it was sold to Dr. Thomas Karr. During the next six years Mr. Brokaw worked very hard, but it seemed almost impossible to accumulate anything or even pay running expenses, on account of the hard times. In 1843 Mr. Brokaw bought two lots, where the People's Bank now stands, of James Miller, for seventy dollars in cash and fifty-five dollars in work. They were each sixty-six feet by one hundred and fifteen. Here Mr. Brokaw kept his shops for twenty-five years. In 1869 he sold eighty-two by ninety-three feet of these lots to the People's Bank Company for twenty-five thousand dollars. In 1839 or '40 he bought ten acres of fine timber land near Bloomington for ten dollars an acre, and after hauling from it a large quantity of lumber sold it for fifteen hundred dollars. He bought a one-third interest in the shops, where he is now located, of Lewis Bunn, for six thousand dollars.

On the twentieth of October, 1847, Mr. Brokaw was married in Janesville, Wisconsin, to Miss Eunice Ellsworth, the sister of his partner, Ellsworth, who died rather more than a year ago. She has been his pleasant and loving companion ever since.

Mr. Brokaw has had very little to do with politics and has held only one office of any note. He was trustee of Bloomington in 1845 and '46 under the old organization of the town. In politics he is a Democrat of the strictest kind. He voted for Horace Greeley during the last campaign, because Greeley was nominated at Baltimore.

Mr. Brokaw leads a very even life and one day is very much like another. He is a man of medium height, well set and muscular. He is very quiet in his manners, is strictly honest in his dealings, is rather bald, wears glasses in the evening, works as hard as ever, and indeed he could never be content without work. He is the oldest mechanic in the county, and by his skill, industry and patience he has acquired a fortune and has fairly earned the wealth he enjoys.

Andrew W. Scogin.

One of the earliest and best known settlers of McLean County was Andrew W. Scogin. He was born in 1823 in Crosby Township, Hamilton County, Ohio, about thirteen miles from Cincinnati. Like many of the early settlers he was a farmer's boy. His grandfather and his father, Joel Scogin, had been farmers, and young Andrew was early taught to follow the plow. His paternal grandfather was a Welchman, while his mother's father was Irish. The family of which Andrew was a member was large, there being fifteen children, eight sons and seven daughters; he was therefore not obliged in his youth to pine in solitude like the good little boy of a Sunday school book. He received a common school education up to his fourteenth year. We are not told whether or not Andrew was attentive to his books; probably he had the alphabet, the primer and the spelling book cuffed into his head in the usual style, for Mark Twain, who is good authority on this subject, intimates that the useful, enterprising men are those who have been well threshed in early youth. When he was fourteen years of age he came with his uncle, Joseph Wakefield, to McLean County, Illinois. Mr. Wakefield bought one hundred and eighty acres of land at Randolph's Grove, built a log house on it and allowed young Andrew to work to his heart's content. Young Andrew, being very independent, soon became a farmer on his own account. Part of his land he obtained by purchase, and part he obtained by his wife, and has in all about six hundred acres. Farming in those days was not very profitable business, as the price of wheat varied from forty to seventy-five cents per bushel. The only markets were Chicago, Peoria and Pekin. Chicago was the usual market, and the settlers, while going, clubbed together and

made a caravan of ten or twenty teams. They did this for common protection and in order to help each other through the sloughs. The round trip to Chicago and return was usually made in about two weeks. During their journey they did not enjoy the luxury of a public house on the road, for none was kept, and if any had existed it would not have been patronized, for the settlers had no money to pay hotel bills. They took their pots and frying pans and camped out. At night they made fires to keep off the wolves, that sometimes came smelling around their camp, and in the day-time the settlers followed the trail, careless, happy and free. There were then plenty of deer, and the camp was usually supplied with venison steak. There were plenty of prairie rattle-snakes too, which were killed by dozens. The early settlers were free from a great many things which disturb more settled and civilized life. The State of Illinois was in early days undisturbed by discussion upon temperance laws and Sunday liquor laws. People had no beer to drink and whisky was a rare article. Mr. Scogin became possessed of the title of Captain, which of course confers great honor upon the lucky possessor. Shortly after the Mexican war the military fever ran high, and it was thought best by some to revive the militia. A company was organized in McLean County, and Mr. Scogin was chosen captain ; but the experiment was a failure. People do not like to "play soldier." The Captain has an interesting family of six children, and lives at the west end of Blooming Grove, where he has resided since 1847.

As the old settlers are all pleasant and social in their disposition, we should think they might have a reunion, an old settlers' meeting. We are sure Captain Scogin would shine in such an assembly, and perhaps he might give the company a speech and tell the condition of things forty years ago. We can imagine his genial countenance as he would rise and say :

"Gentleman—For nearly forty years have I sojourned in this magnificent prairie State. Forty years ago the deer roamed over these western wilds seldom disturbed by the crack of the huntsman's rifle, and the mink and the otter reveled at their own sweet will amid the primeval frog-ponds. Forty years ago was heard the music of the goose and the sandhill crane. Forty years ago the coon and the opossum curled their tails in peace

and harmony amid these western wilds. Forty years ago the bear and the panther reared their hopeful cubs where now the seat of justice stands. Forty years ago the musical howl of the prairie-wolf arose on the stilly night where now the chords of the pianos trill sweeter than the harp of a thousand strings. Forty years ago the rattlesnake and the copperhead, the blue-racer and the *massasauger* wound their sinuous, tortuous coils among the reeds and grass and rushes. Forty eventful years have passed since then, and here we stand, my friends, amid the crash of bottles and the wreck of breaking glass. I see you, gentlemen, before me who have witnessed these changes. I see you, my friends, all lit up with Rhine and Sherry wine, and though the sun should be darkened and the moon refuse to give her light, we should be enlivened by the beverage within."

Though planet worlds around us whirl
And solar systems crash,
We still will punish sherry wine
And drink the brandy smash!

The Captain might not feel like expressing all of these sentiments, but if he chose he would probably say something pretty good. He has a poetic turn of mind and is particularly fond of a piece of poetry which was written by a Yankee who visited Illinois, while it was still a territory. The lines were written in answer to a letter received from his eastern friends, who wished to know about the Western World. As they are pretty good we give them here.

"Great western waste of bottom land,
Flat as a pancake, rich as grease;
Where mosquitoes are as big as toads
And toads are full as big as geese.

"Beautiful prairie, rich with grass,
Where buffaloes and snakes prevail;
The first with dreadful looking face,
The last with dreadful sounding tail.

"I'd rather live on camel's rump
And be a Yankee Doodle beggar,
Than where they never see a stump
And shake to death with fever *ager*."

Captain Scogin is a man of medium size, well built and well proportioned, of a lively, active and wide-awake nature, with eyes always on the alert, noticing everything and everybody around him. His countenance shows his pleasant and jovial disposition. His conversation is very entertaining, particularly when he talks of the old pioneers. His hospitality is unbounded and is extended alike to the poor and the rich. These pleasant and engaging qualities have made him the most popular man in the section of country where he resides.

Captain Scogin was married December 26, 1844, to Elizabeth Karr, daughter of Dr. Thomas Karr of Randolph's Grove. She died October 13, 1845, leaving no children. He married, January 19, 1847, Eliza Low, daughter of Nathan Low. She died November 15, 1863. The children of this marriage are:

Lee Scogin, who was born April 22, 1849, is married and lives on the old Nathan Low place.

Jay Scogin was born April 29, 1851, is unmarried.

John Scogin was born June 22, 1853, is married and lives in Bloomington.

The following children live at home:

Frank, born December 20, 1855.

Hester, born April 9, 1858.

Joseph W., born August 14, 1860.

William Scogin, who was born July 13, 1863, is dead.

Doctor C. Wakefield.

Dr. Cyrenius Wakefield was born July 12, 1815, at Watertown, New York. He is a direct descendant from Thomas Wakefield, who emigrated from the town of Wakefield in Yorkshire, England, to Reading, Massachusetts, about the year 1680. Wakefield is the same town which gave the name to Goldsmith's beautiful story, "The Vicar of Wakefield." Joseph Wakefield, the father of Cyrenius, was one of the first party of emigrants to Jefferson County, New York, in the year 1800, when that part of the country was a densely timbered wilderness. He came there from Vermont with his employer to cut away the timber and open up a farm. He became so expert in chopping that he cut regularly an acre a week of the heavy hard-wood timber, and made it ready for logging. He thus cleared several

hundred acres. A few years after emigrating to New York he married Susan Sawyer, daughter of Deacon Thomas Sawyer, who emigrated from New Hampshire the year previous. They were afterwards blessed with a family of six children, one girl and five boys; of these, three were older than Cyrenius.

After Cyrenius had served out his minority faithfully and had earned a little money by teaching school, he started for the West to try his fortune in a new country.

In May, 1837, he came over the lakes to Chicago, thence by stage to LaSalle, and from there by boat to Pekin. As there was no stage to Bloomington he had his trunk placed on an ox team load of goods going to that place, and worked his passage by footing it.

He lived in the vicinity of Bloomington for two years and taught school in the Orendorff district fifteen months of the time. From this time until June, 1843, he taught school and worked his farm in DeWitt County. He built a house on his farm, and

"One early day in leafy June,
When birds and bees were all in tune"

he went to Watertown, New York, and married Miss Harriet Richardson, an old schoolmate. With her he again came over the lakes to Chicago. Here he had left a horse, and having brought with him a buggy and harness, he hitched up, and the happy young couple completed their bridal tour with a four days ride over the prairie. Probably Dr. Wakefield has never before or since been happier than during this period of his life.

A short time before his marriage his father died, leaving him a few hundred dollars, which greatly aided him in opening out a large farm and furnishing it with young stock. His plan then was to have a large stock farm, but other events changed his course.

In 1845 an elder brother, Dr. T. Wakefield, came to visit him from southwestern Arkansas. Dr. T. Wakefield had practiced medicine there for ten years, but was so well pleased with Illinois and the people here that he determined to settle up his business in Arkansas and make his home in Illinois. This he did, and by July, 1846, he was ready for business in Illinois. The two brothers now entered into partnership in a farmers'

store. They opened up a stock of goods and conducted their business quite successfully. But circumstances changed their plans entirely. Dr. T. Wakefield had gained great skill in the South in treating malignant congestive fevers, and he began here the same treatment which he found so successful. His first season was a famous one for fever and chills, and with his medicines and cold water applications he succeeded in breaking up the worst attacks in a few hours. His fame spread with amazing rapidity, and to satisfy the pressing demand for his services, he kept a change of horses and a driver, and improved his time to the best advantage. His practice soon extended over a portion of country of fifty miles radius, and he was obliged to do much of his sleeping while riding from one distant patient to another. When the people could not get him they wanted his medicine, and the brothers Wakefield were induced to prepare them in advance of orders. The demand continued to increase and they were obliged to change their store into a medicine factory. Their medicines were introduced into several counties; when Dr. T. Wakefield, after much exposure, took a violent congestion of the lungs and died within thirty-six hours. This left Dr. C. Wakefield in a very embarrassing position, but, having had two years experience with his brother, and having done all of the work of manufacturing the medicines, he wisely concluded to go on and extend the business. He bought his brother's interest from his young widow (as they had married but two months previous to his death) and prepared to push the business extensively. He sold his property in DeWitt County and in February, 1850, removed to Bloomington, as this was a good central point. He has ever since driven his business with wonderful energy, and now his remedies are sold in nearly every town in five entire states. The doctor has made quite a fortune by the sale of his remedies, but aside from any pecuniary consideration he is glad to know that he is doing a useful work. When he came to Bloomington he built a factory, and in connection with it a drug store, which he carried on with Robert Thompson. They built the first three story brick builing in town, But this and another brick building adjoining, which was erected by the Doctor during the following year, were burned to the ground in the great fire of October 16, 1855. In

this fire the losses of Wakefield & Thompson were very heavy as their insurance was light. But they rebuilt their drug store and the doctor rebuilt his factory near his residence, on its present location. Since then he has made additions to it as his business required.

In February, 1854, his fine residence was burned, but these losses and disappointments only caused him to double his exertions. In 1857 he sold out his drug interest, and gave his whole time and attention to his medicine business, and now he reaps the reward of foresight, of care and hard labor. He gives employment to forty persons in his medicine business (one-half of whom are females) and his annual sales amount to $100,000. He converts twenty-five tons of paper into almanacs every year for free distribution, for the purpose of advertising his remedies. His largest sales are made where fevers are most dangerous and most common, particularly in new countries where he is glad to know that his remedies are the means of doing great good. It seems now well recognized among advertisers that advertising is of only temporary benefit unless the article presented to the public has intrinsic merit. The Doctor has made himself quite independent by the judicious advertising of good and reliable remedies.

The Doctor has four children to rejoice with him in his prosperity; two of these are married and enjoying comfortable homes. He has contributed a great deal to the growth and prosperity of Bloomington, and takes pride in the fact that his efforts in that direction have been successful. He is a man of sterling integrity and substantial credit. He performs well and carefully whatever belongs to him to do. He is a member of the Board of Education in Bloomington, and active in the discharge of his duties. Although he is a Republican, he is not ultra in politics, and has never accepted an office of profit. He is conscientious, and believes it to be the duty of every one to work out practically his own spiritual elevation.

The Doctor is a lover of the beautiful as well as the useful. His present residence is a very fine illustration of his ability to combine good taste with great convenience and usefulness. It was built in 1871, at a cost of about thirty thousand dollars.

The Doctor relates a funny incident in the early history of Bloomington. He says that the first year he lived in the place,

1837, the county had a a hewed log or block house jail standing near the site of the present fruit house grocery. It had no window in it, but on the north side was a peek-hole five or six feet from the ground, large enough for a man to look through, but supposed to be too small for any one to make an egress. This was the only jail in the county, and owing to the good morals of the citizens it was seldom occupied. But there was in Bloomington a notorious character known as Len Marrow, who was much addicted to drinking, and when he was under the influence of spirits he was very noisy. He was often put in this old jail to sober off. While in there he would stand at the peek-hole and halloo and give a long exhortation to every one who came in sight and tease them for a treat. Finally William McCullough agreed to treat him if he would get out of the jail. In less than half an hour he had squeezed himself through the peek-hole and was hunting for McCullough to get the treat!

Dr. Wakefield is about five feet and nine inches in height, is well proportioned, and has a wiry, good constitution. His features are regular, and his eyes are small but sharp and penetrating. His hair and beard are dark and full, but now are turning gray. His whole appearance is that of a careful, calculating, straightforward, energetic business man.

William Osborne Viney.

William Osborne Viney was born May 15, 1806, in Fleming County, Kentucky. His father's name was John Viney and the name of his mother, before her marriage, was Elizabeth Martin. His mother was born in Culpepper County, Virginia, and his father in Greenbrier County, same State. His father was of mixed Welch and German descent, and his mother was of English.

John Viney came to Kentucky from Virginia in 1803 or '04, and in about the year 1810 he moved to Champaign County, Ohio, where he lived until his death, which occurred in 1813. William O. Viney went to school in Ohio, but it grieves the author to learn that young William was up to his pranks. He assisted the boys once on Christmas day in barring out a school teacher, named Lafferty; but Lafferty came through the roof and made the children scamper. Er. Viney also helped to bar out a man named McLean, and tied him and made him give a holiday.

In those early days the Indians were plenty. Mr. Viney has often seen Tecumseh, and although the former was very young, he remembers Tecumseh clearly. Mr. Viney remembers seeing Simon Kenton, the great Indian fighter of Kentucky. The latter wore a hunting shirt, and sometimes one of leather. He was about six feet in height, and his features showed resolution and determination.

Mr. Viney was not celebrated as a sportsman, but he frequently hunted coons and foxes with hounds and had some very exciting chases. At one time he went on a fox hunt with hounds, but one of the dogs was crippled and could not run fast. The fox ran in a circle and the crippled dog, being unable to run fast, cut across and caught it.

Mr. Viney loved his practical jokes and was up to a great many of them. He had a friend, named Phillips, who was large and awkward, and a fine "subject" to work upon. Phillips was a bashful youth and much afraid of the girls. At one time, in the dusk of the evening, while the two young men were passing a place where some girls were milking, Viney gave Phillips a push and sent him over on a steer that was lying down. Phillips thought it was a log and awkwardly fell astride of it with his face towards the tail. The "log" jumped up and began running and kicking, and poor Phillips was lifted into the air so that blue sky could be seen between him and the steer at every jump. He finally took a seat on the 'ground, and from the expressions used would not have been considered a pious young man.

At the age of twenty Mr. Viney set out with his friend Phillips on foot for Indianapolis. There Viney worked in a brickyard during the summer and in a shoeshop during winter.

At the age of twenty-one he was married to Miss Dorinda Bay, the daughter of Squire William Bay, of Indianapolis. Squire Bay had come from Champaign County, Ohio. He had served in the war of 1812 as a spy. At one time during the war of 1812 Squire Bay was sent out with a squad of men under the command of a certain Captain Wood to watch the movements of the British and Indians near the Maumee River. During one night they saw what they thought was a body of Indians, but it proved to be a drove of cattle. They were obliged to travel during the night and remain hidden during the

day, but were passed by Indians who came uncomfortably close to them. While they remained hid a snow fell about two inches deep, so that they could be tracked. Then they knew that they must return to the army with all speed, which they did, a distance of thirty-five miles. The Indians, who were following up the spies, came up about the time the latter reached the army. Bay said, that on one of his expeditions he became very sick, so sick that he was crazy, and was left to die, but was found and brought into camp on a sled.

Mr. Viney remained at Indianapolis nine years. Game was plenty there. He remembers seeing forty wild turkeys on a four acre block. He says that when turkeys are chased a long distance, they hide their heads as ostriches are said to do in the desert.

In March, 1837, he made a visit to McHenry County with his brother-in-law, Simpson Bay, and in August following he came to McLean County to make it his home. Deer were then exceedingly plenty. At one time, while marking out a claim with his brother-in-law, Simpson Bay, they started a drove of thirty deer, which ran past Bay and he fired at the herd, not at any particular deer, and succeeded in killing one.

Mr. Viney came to Bloomington, where he lived one year, then went to Monmouth, in Warren County, where he lived five years, then he returned to Bloomington, where he lived until about five years ago, when he moved to the place where he now resides, on the east side of Blooming Grove.

Mr. Viney tells of a change in the weather which took place in 1840 or 1842, which reminded him of the celebrated sudden change of December, 1836. One morning, when the snow was on the ground and the weather was cloudy and warm for winter, he went to mill six miles north of Monmouth. He stayed at the mill over night, and in the morning he found that it had rained and the snow was gone. He started home with the flour and bran of six bushels of wheat. When he arrived at Monmouth it snowed and turned very cold. There he caught sight of one of his neighbors about a quarter of a mile distant, starting for home, and tried to catch up with him. Viney kept within about a quarter of a mile of his neighbor, all the time they were going home, but could not gain on him. When the neighbor crossed

the first creek and went through with his horse, he left a mark which Viney could watch, and Viney says that by the time he could travel a quarter of a mile and reach the place, the ice would almost bear his weight. The cold was most intense, and though he was wrapped up in bed-clothes and had the wind to his back, it sometimes seemed that he must freeze.

Mr. Viney's amiable wife died October 21, 1871, at the age of sixty-three. He has had a family of twelve children, of whom six are living. All the living are in Illinois, except one who went to California. They are:

William M. Viney, who lives in California.

David Viney lives a mile and a half north of his father's.

Mrs. Lucinda M. Cox, wife of Rev. Amos Cox, lives in Virginia, Cass County, Illinois.

Mrs. Martha J. Clary, wife of James Clary, lives with her father, or rather her father lives with her.

Alvin L. Viney lives in Bloomington.

Edwin Ray Viney lives at his father's house, and makes his home there.

Mr. Viney is about five feet and ten inches in height, weighs a hundred and thirty or forty pounds, is muscular and never was afraid of work. He made great exertions to support his family, in the days when it seemed hard to do so. He is full of fun, loves a joke, particularly a practical joke. His head is bald, and his eyes have a pleasant, practical-joking smile. He is a man of the best of sense, and what his hands find to do he does with his might, industriously and perseveringly. He is a good sharp judge of character and sees through men easily.

John T. Gunnell.

John T. Gunnell was born in Fairfax County, Virginia, ten miles from Washington, on the first of May, 1796. His father, Allen Gunnell, was descended from Welch and English stock and was quite wealthy. He was blind from his birth, but his blindness was not noticed until he attempted to walk. He had a plantation and about forty slaves. Some of these he liberated and would have done so with all, but was prevented by the passage of a law by Virginia prohibiting the liberation of slaves. This kind gentleman died in 1822 at the ripe age of seventy-two.

His death was occasioned by eating too many cherries, of which fruit he was very fond. John received his early education at a district school, and later, at the age of eighteen, he finished at Alexandria, which was about ten miles from his father's home. He was not specially educated for any profession or trade, but was trained to attend to his father's affairs. His father was so strongly opposed to slavery that in the year 1814 he sold out and removed to Nashville, Tennessee. After remaining there two years his father moved to Christian County, Kentucky, where he bought one thousand acres of land and commenced raising produce, particularly tobacco. In May, 1820, John T. Gunnell married Elizabeth Major, a double cousin of William T. Major, of whose life we have made a sketch. She was an only daughter and was usually called Queen. This was near Frankfort, Kentucky. By this marriage he had one son, Thomas Allen Gunnell. Two years after the marriage of John T. Gunnell, his wife died, and his son Thomas was brought up by his grandmother near Frankfort, and now lives in Saline County, Missouri. Thomas was for some time a slaveholder, as he obtained a great many by marriage, and was obliged to take care of them, and when they were liberated by the war of the rebellion he was glad to be relieved of the responsibilities of their charge. Mr. John T. Gunnell was for a while clerk of the Circuit Court and held his office at Hopkinsville, while his mother and sisters remained to oversee the farm; but when his sisters went the way of the world and were married, his mother came to town and kept house for him. On the first of November, 1827, he married Catharine Athelia McKenzie, near Hopkinsville, and moved to his farm. They have had a family of nine children, seven of whom are living, four boys and three girls.

In 1833 Mr. Gunnell sold out with the intention of moving to Texas; but this country was then under the government of Mexico, which had passed a law requiring all marriages to be performed after the ritual of the Catholic Church, or they would not be recognized as legal and binding. But Mr. Gunnell was a Protestant, and as this little matter could not be arranged satisfactorily the plan of going to Texas was given up, and the family came to Tazewell County, Illinois, in the year 1834. During the fall previous to his removal he entered a quarter section of

land in Tazewell County, Illinois, had a house built on it and made arrangements to have ten acres planted in corn. His goods were sent by water and the family started in carriages with two other families. The party consisted of Mr. Gunnell, his wife and three children; William Davenport, his wife and two children, and Mordecai Bullock, his wife and two children. The party was two weeks on the road, but at last arrived safely on the twenty-fifth of April, 1834. No accidents or adventures occurred on the journey except that at one time Mr. Bullock came very near being drowned. Davenport and Bullock settled in Walnut Grove, now called Eureka, Woodford County. Mr. Davenport was intended for the profession of the law, but he became a preacher and was the principal mover in building up Eureka College.

After living in Tazewell County for three years (until 1837) Mr. Gunnell sold his land there for ten dollars an acre and moved to Stout's Grove, now called Danvers Township, where he bought two hundred acres of land at seven dollars an acre. Here he lived for thirty years until the day of his death, which occurred April 28, 1867, after two weeks severe illness. The farm still belongs to the family and is managed by the eldest son.

Mr. Gunnell was not an active politician and held but one office of profit, which was that of circuit clerk in Hopkinsville, Kentucky. For twenty-one years preceding his death he was treasurer of Danvers township, which shows very clearly the confidence reposed in him by his neighbors. In politics he was a Whig and afterwards a Republican. He was a member of the Christian Church and for many years was a deacon in that organization.

Mr. Gunnell was commanding in stature, being nearly six feet in height. His hair was dark and curly, his whiskers had a reddish cast, but late in life were gray. His forehead was high and full, and the expression of his countenance was intellectual. His eyes were large, the color of hazel, and had an intelligent, penetrating expression, and when pleased had a very kind, pleasant look. He was an excellent business man and very careful with all of his accounts. He thought a great deal of his family and was always anxious for their welfare. He was buried at Stout's Grove.

The following are Mr. Gunnell's children born during his marriage with his wife Catherine:

John T. Gunnell, jr., lives at home; Dr. James Lincoln Gunnell lives in Mackinawtown; Mrs. Lizzie Vaughan, wife of Mr. Vaughan, General Manager of the Chicago & Alton Railroad; Joseph Manson Gunnell is a farmer, and lives at Minier on the Little Mackinaw; Washington McKenzie, Margaret Ann and Mary Belle, live at home. The latter is the pet, of course, keeps the house lively and makes the mischief.

John Willard Billings.

John W. Billings was born August 25, 1810, in Charlton, Worcester County, Massachusetts. His father's name was William Billings and his mother's name before her marriage was Lucretia Parker. The Billings family is an old one, and its origin is given by Mr. Billings, as follows: "I have learned from the history of the Plymouth colony that the name of Billings in America is derived from two brothers who came over from England, not in the Mayflower, but a few years after the voyage of this celebrated vessel. One of the brothers settled in the New England colony and the other in the colony at Jamestown, Virginia. I am a descendant of the Plymouth stock and am branded a full-blooded Yankee, dyed in the wool, which I never wish to deny." On the other hand, those members of the Billings family who were descended from the brother who settled in Virginia, no doubt prided themselves on being good southerners and good rebels during the war. Their names appeared very often in that connection, but their northern namesakes probably sent enough soldiers to the Union army to attend to them.

William Billings, the father of John, was a shoe manufacturer. He manufactured shoes from what were called Calcutta hides, though they probably came from cattle in Spanish South America. These shoes were sold principally in the Southern States to be worn by negroes. He took a great interest in his trade. When one of his sons, Parker Billings, died, the old gentleman said sadly: "I intended to make a fine workman of Parker." William Billings died in the year 1817 when John was only seven years of age. The family, owing to some mis-

fortunes, was left in rather straightened circumstances. There were five children in the family and the death of the father scattered them. John was sent from one relative to another for a while, but at last was taken by Major D. Williams, an old soldier of the Revolution, and by him raised until the age of twenty-one. Major Williams was in many battles. He was at Saratoga and in all of the contests of that memorable campaign, which ended in the surrender of General Burgoyne. Mr. Billings says of the Major: "Many a time did he thrill my boyish heart with the account of that campaign, how the bullets whizzed, the artillery thundered and the red-coats ran! He was present when General Burgoyne surrendered his sword to General Gates, saying, with a low bow, 'The fortunes of war, General Gates, have made me your prisoner.' The victorious General returned the sword with a courtly salute, saying, 'I shall always be ready to bear testimony that it was not through any fault of your Excellency.' When the old gentleman would tell of this circumstance, he would spring to his feet and march across the floor with his military tread, and his cheeks all aglow with the thought that Burgoyne had surrendered! He was a good old man; his latch-string was out; his house and barn were open to man and beast, and his purse-strings were loose, when benevolence or charity required. Mrs. Williams, his wife, was a patriotic and Christian lady and not a whit behind her husband in everything good and merciful. I am indebted to him for many moral lessons and to her for many prayers. If there is any good in me, they, under the Most High, are the bestowers of it. The master has long since said unto them: 'Come up higher.'"

Mr. Billings, in his younger days, heard a great deal of the West; he heard from a nephew of Major Williams that the West was a place where fifty acres of wheat could grow in one patch! and when young John grew up, this had a great influence in deciding him to go West. He went to school in the meantime and had good books to read, black birds to shoot and fish to catch. What more could a young man wish?

At the age of twenty-one Mr. Billings was indentured to an architect and builder, as an apprentice for three years. He served his time faithfully, and then began work on his own account. He worked one year for William Howe, the inventor

of the Howe Truss Bridge, one of which spans the Illinois River at Peoria. He is a brother of the Howe who invented the sewing machine of that name. The whole family of Howes were remarkable for their mechanical genius.

In 1837 Mr. Billings decided to try his fortune in the West, as the times were very hard. His friends attempted to dissuade him from his course, but without avail. He says: "I took counsel only of myself; my faith was fixed; my face was set, and my loins were girded for a race toward sundown." He and a fellow-shopmate started August 20, 1837, from Norwich, Connecticut, on the banks of the Thames River, on board of the boat Aurora, for the great West. He says: "The reader will not imagine a faint heart, when I say that my visage lengthened and my eyes misted over as the Aurora bore me away from my native soil, bound for Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois."

He went to New York and there took passage up the Hudson River. He was shown the places on this great river which have become famous in history. He saw the national school at West Point; he saw the place, where the great chain was stretched across the river during the Revolutionary War; he saw where the sloop Vulture, of Arnold and Andre notoriety, was moored, while the traitor was negotiating his treason, and upon which he finally fled. At Albany he went on board of a canal-boat for Buffalo. Not a great while before they reached the latter place, a stranger, who came on board, had an altercation with the captain, who was a short, fat man and wore a ruffled shirt. The captain intimated, that the stranger was a fool, and the latter responded, that the captain was a "hog, wearing a ruffled shirt." The result was a tussle, in which the ruffles became ruffled still more and somewhat bloodied from the injured nose above, while the stranger found himself crawling out of the canal.

When he arrived at Buffalo, the houses for entertainment were all full, but he managed to get quarters next to a good old couple, who belonged to the Society of Friends. At Buffalo he took a boat for Chicago. On board of the boat was a widow and her children. They were Catholics, and every morning they knelt in a group, with their crosses about their necks and their beads in their hands, and remained motionless for half an

hour or more. At Mackinaw Straits he saw many Indians. He says: "Their wigwams circled around the water's edge for a mile or two. The lake was in a measure covered with bark canoes, the Indians showing much skill in their management. Some were fishing, others lazily loitering upon the smooth waters, entirely listless and careless of their appearance." Some were anxious to trade. The squaws offered bright pebbles, curious shells and bead-work of many fanciful patterns, and the men offered fish, venison and the furs of small animals. When the boat was about to start, the captain gave warning, but one canoe, containing an Indian, a squaw and two papooses, was late in leaving, and when the wheel revolved, this canoe was turned keel up. Mr. Billings says the little papooses floated as naturally as balls of cotton or life-preservers. While between Mackinaw Straits and Chicago, they saw a deer swimming in the water and took it on board and brought it to Chicago. It was a fine five-pronged buck. Mr. Billings says, this was the only steamboat deer-hunt he ever heard of.

At Chicago, Mr. Billings and his companion made arrangements to have their baggage taken to Tremont, in Tazewell County, by a "brawny, long-legged, long-armed six-footer, who had come to Chicago with four yoke of oxen and a load of bacon." This was their only opportunity, as they could find no teams going to Bloomington. They then set out for the latter place on foot, and for the first time saw the broad prairie. Mr. Billings says: "Never had we seen such an ocean-land; for the first time I realized the idea of a fifty-acre wheat field! The wonders of the Great West were unfolding before us. I had seen the mountains of New England, but their sublime heights were eclipsed by the broad expanse of level land now before us." They diverged from their course to look at some lands on the Kankakee River, and there saw hunters killing chickens with double-barreled shot guns. It was a novelty indeed. They proceeded on to Bloomington through the prairie grass, which grew from one to three feet high. At one time they thought they saw their fifty-acre cornfield in the distance, but found it to be grass growing seven or eight feet high on wet land. It was a miniature cane-brake. They came on to Eppard's Point on Rook Creek (Little Vermilion), and here Mr. Billings bought a

claim for one hundred dollars, giving the occupant a year to remain. He proceeded to Bloomington after a few days delay. Here he saw the militia out and training. General Covel and Colonel Gridley, afterwards General, were in high feathers.

Mr. Billings speaks of Bloomington curiously and beautifully, and gives some reminiscences of the prominent men of the place. "James Allin, merchant, was one of the main proprietors of the town, and State Senator from this district. I heard him speak of one of his trips to Vandalia, when that city was the capital of the State. He and some others went part of the way there and found the roads so nearly impassable that horse teams could not travel, and they were compelled to take an ox-team, and he whom the nation now honors and mourns more than any other man, our martyred President, Abraham Lincoln, with his long legs and longer ox-whip, drove them triumphantly into the State capital." The Circuit Court was in session in Bloomington when Mr. Billings arrived, but closed about a week afterwards, and the judge and lawyers prepared to go to Tremont, Tazewell County, to the session of court there. Among them was His Honor, Judge David Davis, who rode a spirited horse; but as he wished to ride in a carriage with some of his legal friends, and as Mr. Billings wished to go to Tremont for his goods, the latter rode the Judge's horse. Mr. Billings was not accustomed to horseback riding, though he did pretty well with the fiery Bucephalus. After riding eight or ten miles the company stopped for water and when they started on, Mr. Billings fell behind. When he attempted to re-mount he became rather eager and pitched clear over the horse, and in so doing lost his hold of the rein. The animal bounded away and left poor Billings meditating upon the expression of Solomon: "Verily, a horse is a vain thing for safety." He went forward and explained matters to Judge Davis, feeling much confused and anxious about the animal. It was afterwards found at Funk's Grove, where it had been bred. As Mr. Billings' baggage had not arrived at Tremont when he came there, and as the landlady of the tavern was sick, he assisted in the culinary department, and for a week was chief cook and dishwasher for twenty or thirty lawyers and clients. Mr. Billings' baggage had by this time arrived, and he took it to Bloomington.

In the fall of 1839 Mr. Billings was taken sick with the bilious fever, which was a disease very common in the West. He was nursed for several weeks by Mr. and Mrs. William Wallace, and wishes his obligations for their kindness to be expressed in this sketch.

Mr. Billings is about five feet and six inches in height. His eyes are, one of them gray and the other a light brown. His head is rather bald, owing to sickness in his youth. His nose is aquiline and his features delicate. His age begins to appear, as his hair is turning gray; he uses spectacles to read and write, and he has been somewhat deaf during the last fifteen years. His countenance is expressive of kindness of heart, and his appearance is quiet and unassuming. He is a great worker and is constantly on the move, but has retired from business. He possesses great mechanical skill. He is much interested in science and art and is well informed with regard to matters that are transpiring. From the quotations made in this sketch it has no doubt appeared to the reader that Mr. Billings has many of the qualifications of an interesting writer. It seems natural for him to bring out his ideas clearly by contrasts, and he is helped by a sense of humor and a lively imagination.

Mr. Billings married, March 26, 1840, Miss Rebecca Ann Hatfield, who came from Hopkinsville, Christian County, Kentucky, in October, 1836, with the family of her stepfather, James C. Haden. They have one daughter, Eliza L. Billings, who lives with her parents. Mrs. Haden, the mother of Mrs. Billings, resides with her daughter.

Henry Richardson.

Henry Richardson was born October 26, 1807, in Sudbury, Massachusetts. He was of purely English descent. When he was ten years of age his father died. Henry Richardson was then thrown in a great measure on his own resources, and he went into a factory for making cloth, in the city of Lowell. He worked in it for eleven years, going through all of the departments and becoming at last superintendent. In 1835 he went to Lexington, Kentucky, to take charge of a factory, which had been superintended by his brother. But he could not endure

the system of slavery, and in September, 1837, he left Kentucky and came to McLean County, Illinois. Here he entered one hundred and sixty acres of land, which included the little grove about half a mile west of Old Town timber. He was active and industrious. He hauled goods from St. Louis, Peoria and Pekin for Judge McClun and others. He camped out at night making fires to keep off the wolves.

He sold his entered land for seven dollars per acre, and in the spring of 1845 bought the Michael place near the south end of Blooming Grove. Here he lived until the spring of 1851. He raised stock, and during the celebrated "hard times" of 1837–46 he sold it cheap. But it cost him little, as he could buy corn for five cents per bushel to feed to it. In the spring of 1851 he sold the Michael place for fifteen dollars per acre. Then he took his family to visit his grandfather Fisher's people in Francestown, New Hampshire. This was indeed a visit, for it lasted nearly a year. He returned to Bloomington and went into the grocery business, in which he remained until the time of his death, which occurred December 17, 1872. Mr. Richardson was for many years superintendent of a Sunday school and deacon in the Congregational Church. During the latter part of his life he was an elder in the Second Presbyterian Church. During all of his life he was a zealous, working Christian and died in full faith in his Saviour.

In September, 1827, at the age of twenty, Mr. Richardson married Miss Lucy Fisher. By this marriage he had six children, of whom four are living.

Henry W. Richardson died in 1853.

Justin W. Richardson lives at Millington, Kendall County, Illinois. He was for a while editor of the *Bloomington Pantagraph*, afterwards of the *Quincy Whig and Republican*, and now owns and edits the *Millington Enterprise*.

Lunsford P. Richardson was a soldier during the rebellion in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers, Company A. He is now connected with the house of Culver, Page, Hoyne & Co., Chicago.

John C. Richardson died in 1857.

William F. Richardson was, during the rebellion, a soldier in the Mercantile Battery from Chicago. He is now in the grocery business on Main street, Bloomington.

George H. Richardson was in the One Hundred and Forty-fifth Illinois Volunteers. He is now with his brother William in the grocery business.

Mrs. Richardson died March 30, 1859. In December, 1864, Mr. Richardson married Miss Caroline Robinson. No children were born of this marriage. This lady is still living.

Henry Richardson was about five feet and eight inches in height, had rather a light complexion and was rather bald-headed. His son Lunsford very much resembles him. He was a very good man and very kind to his family. He was very quiet in his disposition and his health was usually good. He died of heart-disease and was sick only a few minutes.

Joshua R. Fell.

Joshua R. Fell, eldest son of Jesse and Rebecca R. Fell, was born January 21, 1804, in East Caln township, Chester County, Pennsylvania. The Fell family lived in various places in that vicinity. About the first of January, 1821, Mr. Fell was apprenticed to learn the blacksmith's trade in Downingtown, Chester County, Pa., where the family then lived. While Mr. Fell lived in Downingtown, the first survey was made for the Pennsylvania Centrail Railroad, running from Philadelphia to Pittsburg. But it was not until the year 1834 that locomotives commenced running, some ten years after its actual construction was commenced. It does not now require so much time to build a railroad. Joshua Fell lived in many places in Pennsylvania. In the year 1831 he moved to Salisbury in Pequay Valley, where he engaged in business on his own account. During this year he married Sarah Harlin, daughter of Thomas and Elizabeth Harlin. The ceremony was performed after the manner of the Friends, in Old Kennett Meeting House, on the 16th of June, 1831. Joshua Fell lived in Pequay Valley about six years after his marriage.

In the middle of May, 1837, they commenced their move to Bloomington, Illinois. Their journey lasted forty days and was remarkable for a freak of the weather never heard of before nor since. On the twenty-third of June they arrived at Hickory Grove, between Paris and Urbana, Illinois. During that night a rain began to fall, but it was afterwards changed to snow. The

snow storm was so heavy that it bent down bushes and trees, for the snow lodged in the foliage which was full and perfect, as would be expected in the month of June. Mr. Fell says: "As this was my first experience with the State of Illinois, the prospect was by no means encouraging; but having lived for thirty-six years in Bloomington and never having experienced such peculiar phenomena since, I have become reconciled to the climate of the West."

On Christmas day, 1837, Mr. Fell had the misfortune to lose the sight of his left eye. He was killing pigs for his winter supply of meat, and during a scuffle with a lively pig, which had some objections to being turned into pork, Mr. Fell was drawn against the end of a fence rail, which was pressed against his eye. He was confined in a dark room until the following April, and the sight of his left eye was destroyed.

Mr. Fell has, since 1837, lived a quiet life in Bloomington; has been one of the most honest and fair-minded of American citizens. He has one fault, which the author takes liberty to criticise. It is one which is far from common—it is his exceeding modesty. He always underrates himself and his influence, and seems always anxious that others shall receive the credit of that which impartial observers would award to him. This old gentleman is as worthy and fair-minded as he is modest. He has the spirit of the Society of Friends, of which his father was a member, and his feeling towards others is that of peace and good will.

Mr. Fell had three children born to him in Pennsylvania. They are Charles E., Mary E., and Thomas H. Fell. He had three children born in Illinois: Lucretia M., Sarah Ellen and Rebecca. Three of his children are dead. They are Thomas H., Lucretia M., and Rebecca.

Mr. Fell is about five feet and ten inches in height. His features are somewhat prominent, but while looking at him one does not think of his features, but rather of the man's simplicity and worth, of his modesty and kindness of heart. He thinks a great deal of his brothers, Thomas, Kersey and Jesse, and seems more anxious for them than for himself.

Jonathan Glimpse.

Jonathan Glimpse was born August 4, 1811, in Preble County, Ohio, on a farm, nine miles from Eaton, the county seat. His father's name was Emmanuel Glimpse, and his mother's, before her marriage, was Lydia Sulgrave. Both were of English and German descent. His father was a farmer, and Jonathan was also brought up as a tiller of the soil. Jonathan belonged to a family of nine children, having five brothers and three sisters. Of these, seven are still living. Jonathan received only a limited education, the opportunities for education being rare in those days. The parents of Jonathan were religious people, who early taught their children to fear God and keep his commandments. They belonged to the Dunkard Church.

In order to improve their circumstances, and being opposed to slavery, the Glimpse family moved from North Carolina in 1808 to Preble County, Ohio. Here they lived until 1818, when they moved to Wayne County, Indiana. After a two-years' residence there, they moved in the year 1820 to Indianapolis. Indianapolis was then a very small place, containing only two business houses. A man called John Givans kept a small stock of groceries there, and another family named Walpools kept dry goods and groceries together. But it was a lively place, and even at that time gave signs of its future greatness. The first court house in this little town was then in the course of erection. Mr. Jonathan Glimpse's father settled with his family six miles south of the city of Indianapolis, on the east side of the White River, where they lived for about ten years. It was here that Jonathan attended school for about six months, when his education was finished. This was in the year 1830. In the month of March of that year his mother and an elder sister died. In consequence of this great loss he left home on the Fourth of July following, and went to Indianapolis, where he worked for some time in a brick-yard. In June, 1832, he enlisted in the Black Hawk war. Their war commissary was General Hanna, who was the father of the late William H. Hanna of our city. Mr. Glimpse states that General Hanna was a very prominent man in Indianapolis at that time, and adds that his son resembled him in personal appearance. Mr. Glimpse served about sixty days in the Black Hawk war, when it terminated in the capture

of Black Hawk himself. Mr. Glimpse was in Chicago when peace was proclaimed, and he says that "Chicago was likely to become a lively place." He there discovered only two small grocery stores, the joint capital of which did not amount to more than $1,000, in his estimation. The lots on Lake street were then sold at $35 each. From Chicago he returned again to Indianapolis, where he worked for a short time on a farm west of town, belonging to Nicholas McCarty.

On the first of January, 1835, he married Miss Elizabeth Bay. Mr. Henry Brenton, who had been his captain in the Black Hawk war, performed the marriage ceremony. In February of the same year he moved to Laporte, in the northern part of Indiana, where he lived until January, 1837, when he emigrated to McHenry County, Illinois, accompanied by his mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and two brothers-in-law. On his journey to Illinois, which lasted four days, he again saw Chicago, and was quite astonished at the change the place had undergone. He joined the Virginia settlement in McHenry County. After having selected a location, he commenced building a log cabin. Three of their party went to work hauling logs for the palace, and by sunset of the second day after their arrival they had all the logs for building a cabin, 16 by 18. In three days the mansion was finished and ready for occupancy, when Jonathan felt rich. In May of that year he was out of provisions, and went down the Fox River for a fresh supply. He took his team and traveled about fifty miles, when he arrived at a settlement, where he bought ten bushels of corn and ten bushels of potatoes, for which he paid one dollar a bushel. The corn was the little "eight-row" corn, which is now quite out of use. On his return home he called at the mill, about five miles from his house, which had been built the summer previous to his arrival. It was a horse-mill. The customers had to find their own team, and pay twelve and a half cents a bushel for grinding. Mr. Glimpse says, to grind three or four bushels a day was as much as one man could do, and he had to be very lively to get so much done, and then it was a meal that now our cows wouldn't eat. He did not raise a crop in the Virginia settlement, but loaded his things and went to Bloomington,

where he arrived on the 20th of November, 1837. On the day of his arrival he and his brother-in-law each lost a horse by the colic.

The first acquaintance which Mr. Glimpse made in McLean County was John Magoun, who was plastering at the house of David Trimmer, in Hudson township. During the winter of 1837–8 he lived in Bloomington, and in the spring of 1838 he moved into a house belonging to Dr. Henry, which was then standing where Durley Hall now is. His barn was on the lot now occupied by Evans Brothers, grocers. The north slough was then about a hundred yards wide, and the people often had to pull the cows out of it in the spring of the year. Mr. Glimpse often heard the howl of wolves when he was at his barn. In 1839 he raised corn in Durley field, which extended from Mulberry to Walnut and then east to Evans street. It was during this year that Mr. Glimpse was introduced to Abraham Lincoln, as he attended court in company with John T. Stuart; and he states that he often heard the pleadings in the court house while he was plowing corn.

In 1842 Mr. Glimpse built a house in the southern part of the town, which cost him $600, but as nearly as he can remember it cost him only fifty cents in money in building it. He states that such a thing as money was not in the country. Their principal stock in trade in those days was lumber. If any one desired to buy a horse, or cow, or wagon, he paid for it in lumber or other merchandise. He says he took dry cows for lumber at $5 and $6 a head, and wintered them and sold them to Dr. Painter for $7 a head. In payment, Mr. Glimpse took from Dr. Painter a horse, valued at $50, and a young dog at the same price as a cow. After various other small and profitable speculations, Mr. Glimpse engaged in 1845–6 in the butcher business, in which he succeeded very well. In 1847 he was elected constable, served two years, and was afterwards re-elected for four years. During his second term of office he served only one year, when he was nominated by the Democratic party for sheriff, and was elected. His majority was 138. In the fall of 1852, after his term in the sheriffalty had expired, he went to the land sale with the intention of buying land, taking with him about $1,000 in gold. The land was sold at from $1.25 to $2.50

an acre, but as he considered the price too high, he came home without buying any. The same land is now worth from $30 to $100 an acre.

In 1857 he entered into the grocery business, in which he lost all he had saved. His good nature induced him to give too much credit, and when hard times came on shortly afterwards he could not collect any of his debts. He was obliged to discontinue business on this account, and he says: "I had numerous friends in the days of prosperity, but when adversity overtook me I had no friend to help me." He, however, still possessed two hundred and sixty acres of land on the Mackinaw, and to this land he moved an old frame house, the upper part of which was burnt off. This building, which still stands on the Mackinaw, was the first court house in McLean County, and Mr. Glimpse thinks it would do Young America good to go down and look at it.

In 1862 he was elected Supervisor of Hudson township, which position he filled with entire satisfaction to the people who elected him.

Mr. Glimpse is not a rich man, but he is happy and contented. He does not ask for riches, but believes in the prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." He has had a family of nine children, of whom three are living, namely:

Susanna, wife of C. R. Curtis, who lives in Farmer City.

Lydia, wife of Joseph M. Dalton, who lives in Bloomington.

Hattie E. Glimpse, who lives with her father.

In personal appearance, Mr. Glimpse is about six feet in height; appears to be very muscular; is broad shouldered; has hazel eyes. His hair is turning gray, but he still has plenty of it. He is a man of quiet manners, and does not believe in much talk.

Dr. Henry Conkling.

Doctor Henry Conkling was born in April, 1814, at Morristown, New Jersey. He lived in New York city with his parents until he was seventeen years of age. A queer little incident occurred when Henry was six or seven years old. He had heard a great deal of Lafayette, and when the old Revolutionary soldier made his last visit to America, it was one morning

announced that he was in the City Hall receiving visitors. Little Henry was wild with excitement, and ran at once to the City Hall with his hat off, worked his way through the crowd and grasped the hand of Lafayette. Of course the little fellow was delighted, as it was quite an event in his young existence. Dr. Conkling received a very fair common education. He attended the high school in New York, and went to the academy at Morristown, New Jersey. At the latter place he studied French, Latin and Greek.

In 1831 the Conkling family moved to Ohio. In the spring of 1837 Dr. Conkling was married in Knox County, Ohio, and in October, 1838, he came West. He traveled on horseback, but the journey was a hard one. The roads were in a very bad condition, and the country seemed almost a wilderness. He came to Leroy, where he had a brother living, who laid out the most of that town. He remained there a few months and returned to Ohio. In the following fall he came West with his wife and child. They traveled in a two-horse wagon and camped out on the road. Their goods were sent by water by way of Pekin. Some of them came within six months and some not for a year after they were shipped. At that time the deer and wolves were very plenty, and almost every evening the wolves made music around his dwelling. Dr. Conkling studied medicine with Dr. Edwards at Leroy, and taught school there and at Old Town timber.

The political campaign of 1840 was the log-cabin, hard-cider and coon-skin campaign. Such political excitement was probably never known before. General Harrison's name, his acts and everything connected with his life created the greatest enthusiasm. The cry of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too" raised the wildest excitement. People built log-cabins and covered them with coon-skins and dealt out hard-cider; and in order to represent "Tippecanoe" they sometimes made a canoe! During this campaign a large meeting was held at Springfield. Delegations came in from all over the country. Large parties went to Springfield, camping out on the way, with their various devices. A number of citizens from Bloomington and adjoining towns built a canoe and took it with them to the great meeting. Among them was Dr. Conkling. They camped out on the road at Waynesville and Elkhart Grove. When they came to the

Sangamon River they found it very high, and were obliged to swim their horses and wagons over. Those who could swim did so, while those who could not, crossed in a flat-boat. They stayed several days at Springfield and had an enthusiastic time. The State capital was then a muddy little village, and the party were obliged to camp out, for the little place could not furnish any accommodation for so large a crowd. The party returned home with enough campaign thunder to last them during the summer and fall.

In 1843 Dr. Conkling moved to Sugar Creek, near Mount Hope in the southwestern part of the county, and practiced medicine there one year. He then moved to Washington, Tazewell County, but here his health failed him and he returned to Ohio. While there he read and practiced medicine five years and received his diploma in the term of 1849–50 from the Sterling Medical College, located at Columbus, Ohio. His wife died in Ohio, and in the spring of 1850 he came back to McLean County, Illinois, and settled at Hudson, nine miles north of Bloomington. While there he practiced medicine fourteen or fifteen years. On his return from Ohio, he married the widow of Lucian A. Sampson, who had died of the cholera in 1848. This very amiable lady died October 19, 1873. When Dr. Conkling first practiced medicine in Hudson the country was wild. He was accustomed to ride around Money Creek, Lexington, Panther Creek, Mackinaw, and White Oak, and sometimes as far as Mount Pleasant. He had many rough adventures while riding his rounds, and sometimes broke through the ice while crossing the Mackinaw. Sometimes he was obliged to swim the river as there were no bridges across it then. Oftentimes, for amusement, he chased the deer and wolves while riding to see his patients. He rode over that region of country for a distance of twenty or thirty miles around.

In 1856 or 1858 Dr. Conkling had a very lively adventure with a horse-thief, and as a description of it will show much of the condition of the country at that time, it is given here.

The doctor had been on the north side of the Mackinaw where he had been unexpectedly detained, and while coming home late on Saturday night, he passed a man on horseback this side of Kappa, bareheaded, going north on the highway. The

night was pretty dark, and the doctor could not recognize man or beast. When he arrived home, he found his stable door open and his horse, saddle and bridle gone. The doctor aroused two of his neighbors and obtained the assistance of two young men, one of whom carried a rifle. The party of three then started, the doctor in his buggy and the two young men on horseback. They crossed the Mackinaw where Kappa now stands and crossed the prairie north to Panola and up through it two miles to a point of timber called Brewer's Point. There the party learned by waking up a family that the dogs had barked loudly some time before, and by this they knew they were on the track of their man. The prairie was twelve or fifteen miles across and when they were in the midst of it, they saw a man walking and leading a horse, about three miles distant and about four miles from the timber. When the stranger saw the party he mounted his horse and started for the timber, and the two young men started for him, while the doctor followed in his buggy. The chase was intensely exciting, one of the young men had a racing mare, and all parties seem to shoot across the prairie. Sometimes they were in sight, and sometimes they went down out of view, and before long they all disappeared in the timber. Shortly afterwards the doctor came into the grove and found his horse, for the thief had been hard pressed and let it go. But the thief was considered bigger game than the horse, and some of the citizens of the grove turned out to assist in the chase. After hunting around for some time the doctor peeped into a hazel thicket and there found a stalwart man lying on his back, with his eyes shut, pretending to be asleep. They immediately took charge of the gentleman and carried him to Bloomington, thirty miles distant, where they arrived a little after dark. When they came to the jail the doctor went in and brought out the deputy sheriff, and the young men said that while he was gone the thief had tried to get away; but he protested "by shures, shentlemens, I wouldn't try to get away from a child ten years old." Suddenly, in a moment of inattention, the thief sprang out into the street, and his quick movement scared the horses, which were not tied, and they began to run. The thief and the horses both went down Centre street, and the former sprang into an alley by a blacksmith shop (near Kadgihn's). The doctor

went for the thief, the others attended to the team. But the thief hid himself so successfully that all parties gave him up, except the doctor, who would never give anything up. He hunted the town over, and at last discovered his man starting out of the alley he had first entered. The thief ran down Washington street, at first keeping the sidewalk and afterwards the road. When near the end of the street he fell, and the doctor grabbed him before he could rise. The excitement of the chase brought many citizens, who immediately secured the thief (who wouldn't run away from a child!) and took him to jail. He was put into a cell with four or five other candidates for the penitentiary. Within about six weeks these industrious gentlemen had cut a hole through the floor of their cell, and with a case-knife had dug a hole under the foundation of the building and up to the open air. They left without any formality. They "stood not upon the order of their going but went at once," and were never recaptured.

At that time people were all anxious to catch the thieves, which infested the country, and the whole neighborhood was willing to turn out, if need be, but the insufficient jails allowed prisoners to escape.

During the late war Doctor Conkling was sent to the South by Governor Yates as an additional surgeon, to look after the sanitary condition of the soldiers. He went to Fort Donelson, to Shiloh and other places. While at home he looked after the sick and wounded soldiers on furlough, and extended their period of absence when they were unfit for duty. He was government pension surgeon for about three years after the close of the war.

In the spring of 1864 Dr. Conkling moved to Bloomington. During this year he wrote a campaign document entitled, "The Inside View of the Rebellion and the American Citizens' Text Book." A great many thousand copies of this document were circulated. Illinois took the first ten thousand, which were printed by the *Chicago Tribune*. The document was also published in Cincinnati, and many thousands of copies were circulated in Ohio, Indiana and other States. It was a remarkably effective campaign document and greatly helped to roll up the large majority which was given to re-elect Abraham Lincoln.

We now come to that part of the life of Dr. Conkling which is considered the most important by the people in this vicinity, and that is his connection with the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad. This road was first called the Danville, Urbana, Bloomington and Pekin Railroad. The first meeting called for the purpose of taking steps to build it was held at Urbana. After some consultation it adjourned to meet at Leroy, McLean County, on the seventh of August, 1866. At the latter meeting delegates were present from the points on the proposed line and the best of feeling prevailed; everyone was hopeful. Still another meeting was held on the twenty-seventh and was still more largely attended and confidence in the enterprise began to grow. But in the meantime some opposition was manifested; nevertheless the friends of the road effected an organization and elected C. R. Griggs as President, William T. McCord as Vice President, and Dr. Henry Conkling as Secretary. In the building of a railroad many interests are effected, favorably and otherwise, and it so happened that this proposed railroad interfered with other railway projects and the opposition to it in some places became so strong that its friends despaired of success. Nevertheless, Dr. Conkling clung to the project and worked for it through good and evil report. Many citizens thought the enterprise chimerical, and when the question came up as to whether Bloomington would lend assistance the matter seemed hopeless enough. But the Doctor had "kept his powder dry," and when the day of election came for the citizens to decide by their ballots whether they would help the enterprise, the Doctor worked night and day. He spared no exertions and was a host in himself. He carried the day and saw the project attended with the most complete success. He went to Springfield and obtained the charter for the road and never rested until the work was complete. The road was consolidated with the Indianapolis, Crawfordsville and Danville road, and was called the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western, which is its title now.

Dr. Conkling held the position of secretary of the road for eighteen months, and then, as the offices of the company were removed from Bloomington, he resigned. He has ever since been a director of the road or special agent. The Doctor has made no money out of this road. This may well seem a matter

of astonishment. How is it possible for a man to work night and day for the success of his enterprise, without hesitating or relaxing his efforts, and finally bring it to a glorious conclusion, and not make any money? But so it is. The Doctor was anxious for the development of the country and for the public welfare, and, having once undertaken the work, he never allowed it to flag. On the first of May, 1870, he drove the last bolt which tied it together from Pekin to Indianapolis. On the second of May the citizens of Bloomington presented him with a fine gold watch as some slight testimonial of their appreciation of his efforts to build the road and develop the interests of the city. The watch has in it a pretty design of a locomotive and tender, with the letters I., B. and W. Above this design is an inscription, "Presented to Dr. H. Conkling by the citizens of Bloomington, May 2, 1870."

Dr. Conkling has been connected with the Methodist Church for the last thirty-three or four years. He has taken an interest in the growth of the church as well as in the development of the material interests of the country. From the nature of his business he became well acquainted with the country and watched its development. He saw the farms opening out, the houses springing up, and later he saw the old buildings give place to the new. Very few men are held in such high esteem, and it would be well if all would act from motives as pure and honorable.

Dr. Conkling is a tall man and rather slim. His hair and whiskers are becoming gray as age creeps on. His eyes are gray, but they have a very clear expression. He would never be taken for a railroad man; he does not seem to possess a material nature. He does not have the appearance and expression of a man who works for money; but seems one who would rather have a clear conscience than any amount of wealth. But, in looking over this sketch, we can see pretty clearly that his will-power, his disposition to hold on and never relax his grip, is very large. He hunted down the thief who stole his horse, and he carried through, to final success, the project of building the I., B. & W. Railroad, when it would most certainly have failed had it not have been for his efforts.

CHENEY'S GROVE.

Jonathan Cheney.

Jonathan Cheney was born September 13, 1785, in Freeman's Fort, on Booth's Creek, in Virginia, in what was then called New Virginia. His parents were born in New York, and were Americans as far as can be ascertained.

Jonathan Cheney married, March 22, 1805, Catherine Owen. They were raised together. She was born October 16, 1787, in Edward's Fort, (she thinks). She is of Welch descent. The people in those days, (1787) were obliged to live in forts nearly all the time, and go out to work protected by a company of men as a guard. They were oftentimes short of provisions, and Mrs. Cheney, who gives these items, remembers when they were obliged to live two weeks on boiled nettles, as no bread could be obtained. The Indians were a constant source of annoyance and trouble, and oftentimes lay in wait for the settlers, as they left the forts in the morning and went to work. Mrs. Cheney's great uncle was killed by Indians while on his way to work.

Mr. and Mrs. Cheney, after their marriage, moved about fifteen miles away to some land, which they owned, and remained there eighteen months, when they moved (in the fall of 1806) on horseback to Champaign County, about ten miles from where Urbana now stands, and thirty miles from Columbus, Ohio. Mary Cheney, afterwards Mrs. Stansberry, was born two days after their arrival. They lived there until the fall of 1817, when Mr. Cheney moved to Southern Illinois. He crossed the Wabash and went out on the main road from Vincennes to St. Louis. When they came out on the prairie, where nothing could be seen but the level earth and the blue sky, Mary Cheney remarked that she had "never been so far from land before." The country was soft and quicksandy, and sometimes the horses would sink in up to their fetlocks. The Cheney family was obliged to get provisions some miles away across a swamp called Purgatory. This swamp was impassable except by a bridge. But a high water came and washed the bridge away, and they were left for three weeks with very little to eat, as it was impossible during that time to get provisions. They then started back to Ohio. There were at that time five chil-

dren in the family. They crossed the Wabash River when it was very dangerous, and the water plashed in. The weather was then very cold, so cold that the horses were whitened with the frost of their own breath. Mr. Cheney walked and drove the horses while the family rode in the wagon on a feather bed with a feather tick over them as a cover. One child, Keturah, was very troublesome, and had to be tied down. They made good time in traveling, and returned to their old place in Ohio. There Mr. Cheney bought seven hundred acres of land of General McArthur, and put up a saw mill and grist mill, and seemed to be in a flourishing condition, so far as his worldly prospects were concerned. But he was unsatisfied, and he determined to come to Illinois. The family started September 21, 1825, and arrived October 16, at Blooming Grove, at John W. Dawson's place. The family had by this time grown to eight children. They lived two weeks with Mr. Dawson. On the fourth of November they came to Cheney's Grove. Their cattle were grazed for a while at the head of Old Town timber upon blue grass, but soon a fire came and burned it off, and the cattle were brought to Cheney's Grove.

During that winter Mr. Cheney went back to Ohio to settle up his business and sell that part of his land which he had not previously disposed of. While there he suddenly changed his mind and determined to bring his family back to Ohio. He wrote to them to come back; but fortunately his letter never reached them. During that winter Mrs. Cheney remained alone with her family, and saw, during the whole time, four white people, two men and two women. This was from January 1 until April. The family lived in a cabin, which Mr. Cheney had put up before he left, and their cattle lived on the twigs of trees, principally Linn brush; but the milch cows received a little corn in addition. The stock went through the winter and came out in good condition in the spring, without the loss of a single animal. The family ground their wheat in a coffee-mill and their corn at a horse-mill, twenty-five miles distant. When the boys made arrangements to go to mill, they calculated how much provision would be necessary to support the family until their return, and they usually started in time to prevent the supply from being exhausted. But at one time they met with delay

and Mrs. Cheney had to bring down her coffee-mill and grind wheat to support the family until the boys returned. She first ground the wheat with the coffee-mill set coarse, and then ground it again with the mill set fine. The flour made the best of bread. The family raised their first corn on the south side of the timber without any fence, while the stock was kept with the family on the north side. On the south side of the grove some Indians were camped with a hundred head of horses, and they ran and capered over the ground, which Mr. Cheney had plowed and planted. He ordered them to leave, and at last told them that if they did not make themselves scarce by a certain time, he would bring the white men down on them. Then he pointed a fire-brand at their wigwams in a significant manner, and they left in haste.

During the winter of the deep snow the Cheney family numbered seventeen persons in all, and they were obliged to be lively in pounding corn in order to have something to eat. Mr. Cheney picked the corn from the crib and prepared it for pounding. Ebenezer Cheney, Jonathan's nephew, who had been a blacksmith, pounded corn; Thomas Cheney, (Jonathan's son,) Elijah Britton and George Spore, cut and drew the wood and fed the cattle shocked corn; Henry Ball fed the horses and calves; Owen Cheney went to school at Blooming Grove, and Mrs. Cheney, Mary, Keturah and Emilia did the housework and spun the tow. Everyone had plenty of work. The snow came and covered up the pigs, and they had to be spaded out. They could be found by little holes in the snow, where their breath had thawed up through. The family all had good health and were not made sick by rich fare or over-eating.

Jonathan and Catharine Cheney's children and children's children to the third generation have grown to be legion. They are:

Mary Cheney, who was born September 13, 1806, in Ohio, was married to Abraham Stansberry, and died in 1867. She had five children (two of whom lived to be grown) and five grand children.

Thomas Cheney, born October 6, 1808, in Ohio, married Susan Maxwell, and lives in Sonoma County, California. He

has six children, all of whom are living, and all but one have families. He has thirty-one grand-children.

Owen Cheney, born September 2, 1810, in Ohio, married Maria Dawson, and had five children, three of whom lived to be grown and have families. He has four grand-children. He died at the age of thirty-eight.

Rebecca and Elizabeth Cheney were twins, were born in Ohio January 6, 1813, and died in infancy.

Keturah Cheney was born February 16, 1815, and died January 14, 1834.

Emilia Cheney was born January 29, 1817, in Ohio, was married to Ashley D. Horr and had five children, three of whom are living. She has had seven grand-children. She died June 12, 1862.

George Cheney was born February 18, 1819, and died August 17, 1866. He married Cynthia Ann Hall, had eight children and four grand-children.

One unnamed child died in infancy.

William Haines Cheney was born February 18, 1822, married Mary Jane Orendorff and had nine children and one grand-child.

Catherine Cheney was born May 30, 1825, in Ohio, was married to John Prothero. She has had five children.

Return Jonathan Cheney was born August 24, 1828, at Cheney's Grove. He married Margaret Green and had four children. She died, and he afterwards married Maria Rice and had three chilldren.

Rebecca Cheney was born December 7, 1831, was married to Benjamin Prothero in May, 1848, and has had several children, four of whom are living.

It will be seen then that Jonathan and Catharine Cheney have had thirteen children, of whom four are living. Their grand-children are fifty-nine, and great grand-children are fifty.

Jonathan Cheney died March 21, 1862. He was about five feet and ten inches in height, was straight and muscular, had a large forehead, was a very determined man, and his appearance would show that when he undertook anything he tried very hard to carry it through. He was a pleasant, cheerful man, and loved practical jokes. He was the first settler at Cheney's Grove, which took its name from him.

The information necessary for this sketch of Jonathan Cheney has been furnished by his widow, Catherine Cheney, who lives at the house of her daughter, Mrs. Benjamin Prothero. The old lady is now in the eighty-seventh year of her age. She complained that her faculties had failed her, but from the information furnished, she will be seen to have remembered the incidents of her husband's eventful life remarkably well. She was quietly attending to her knitting as she talked, for her old habits of industry clung to her. She is a very kind old lady and receives all the care and attention possible to make her life pleasant.

Hon. William Haines Cheney.

William Haines Cheney was born February 18, 1822, in Champaign County, Ohio. In 1825 the family came to Cheney's Grove, in what is now McLean County, Illinois, as is seen by the sketch of his father, Jonathan Cheney. Here Haines Cheney received his limited education. He attended school for some time under the instruction of his sister, afterwards Mrs. Stansberry. She kept her school at Cheney's Grove during the winter of the deep snow. He attended school during the winter seasons until the age of nineteen, and studied the old Dillingworth spelling-book. It was the custom in the early schools to study aloud, so that the master could be certain that the scholars were really at their lessons. The result was a noisy, distracting hubbub of voices. But it is pretty clear that such scholars could never be sick with the consumption. This noisy system was broken up at Cheney's Grove by a certain Mr. Harberson, who introduced the quiet system. He was a very fine teacher and would be so considered even at the present time. He kept a subscription school.

The little Indian boys often came to see young Haines and taught him to use the bow and arrow, and he became quite skillful and could bring down the little birds out of the trees.

Mr. Cheney acquired a taste for hunting and killed deer, wolves and turkeys. The deer are by far the gamiest animals to be hunted, particularly when hunted with dogs and horses. When they are caught, they never give up and put their heads on the ground, as the wolves do, but fight to the last. Mr. Cheney

speaks of a buck, which was wounded and brought down by the dogs, but which would, nevertheless, have whipped the dogs and escaped, had it not been shot again.

Mr. Cheney was obliged in early days to go a long distance to mill; was at first compelled to go to the Big Wabash and afterwards to Green's mill near Ottawa, seventy-five miles distant. When Jonathan Cheney broke the first prairie he was obliged to go to Eugene on horseback with his plough-irons to get them sharpened. This was about eighty miles distant.

In early days the doctors were scarce, from which it might be inferred, that the health of the people was good and the number of deaths few; but the hardships of the settlers, the turning up of much raw prairie soil, and various other things, were the causes of much sickness, even in the absence of doctors.

In the early days boys were obliged to work. Haines Cheney plowed corn, when he was seven years old, and it did not hurt his constitution at all. He wore the simplest clothing, for the old settlers made all of their articles of wear. He never wore anything but home-spun, until he was eighteen years of age. In 1840 he won a suit of clothes on a wager that General Harrison would be elected president. The wager was paid and the suit was cut by the tailor in the latest fashion of that day. The material was mixed jeans, Mrs. Cheney's own make. After he had this suit, Haines Cheney was for some time a popular man among the ladies.

Haines Cheney was married November 10, 1842, to Miss Mary Jane Orendorff, daughter of William and Lavina Orendorff, by B. H. Coffey, the Clerk of the County Court and ex-officio Justice of the Peace. Mrs. Cheney was a lady very much respected and admired by a large circle of friends. Mr. and Mrs. Cheney have had a family of nine children, seven of whom are living. The children are:

Lavina, born March 19, 1844, wife of William Henry Beckwith, lives at Saybrook.

Jay Cheney, born September 18, 1846, died January 11, 1847.

Miss Kate Cheney lives at home.

Charlie Cheney, born May 2, 1851, is married and lives in Jasper County, Indiana.

Miss Emma Cheney lives at home.

Wiley Cheney, born August 8, 1857, died August 1, 1860.

Harry Cheney, born December 13, 1858, Mary Belle Cheney, born February 1, 1862, and Minnie Estelle Cheney, born December 30, 1865, all live at home.

Mrs. Cheney died August 7, 1868, and was buried in the old cemetery, and afterwards removed to the new cemetery.

In 1867 Haines Cheney was elected to the State Senate to succeed Hon. Isaac Funk. The session was noted for the passage of the State House appropriation, the location of the Industrial College at Champaign, and for improving the Illinois canal and the building of the southern prison.

Haines Cheney married, May 28, 1873, Miss Caroline Brown, daughter of Demas and Mary Brown of Medina, Ohio. She is a very amiable and pleasant lady and possesses much tact and judgment.

Mr. Cheney is of medium height, is rather slim, though a man of good development of muscle. He has dark hair and gray eyes. He seems a gentleman of good taste and correct judgment, and is very much respected, not only in the community where he resides, but wherever he is known and his influence is felt.

George Cheney.

George Cheney, son of Jonathan and Catherine Cheney, was born February 18, 1819, in Champaign County, Ohio. When in the sixth year of his age his parents came to Illinois. He received his common school education at Cheney's Grove. He was very little of a hunter, but could chase wolves, as this was really part of the business of the settlers. At the age of twenty-two he married Miss Cynthia Ann Hall, daughter of Prior and Mary Hall, of Old Town timber. Prior Hall was an old settler, but in 1850 he went to Sacramento, California, where he died in the fall. When George Cheney was married he settled on a farm, now known as the Harpster farm and occupied at present by Amos Bay. But George Cheney's family afterwards went to live on the Cheney homestead, which was afterwards divided, William Haines Cheney taking one-half and George Cheney the other. In the spring of 1866, George Cheney's

house was burned, and he immediately began to build anew; but when he had only commenced the work, he died. His death occurred August 17, 1866, after a three weeks illness with typhoid fever. He had eight children, of whom six are living. They are:

Mary Eliza, born January 28, 1842, died July 19, 1845.

Almira, born September 21, 1844, wife of J. W. Lowry, lives at Saybrook.

Owen Cheney, born November 2, 1848, is married and lives at Saybrook.

Orval Cheney, born December 8, 1852, lives at home and works the farm.

Thomas Cheney, born February 5, 1856, Hellen Cheney, born May 31, 1858, and Lincoln Cheney, born December 24, 1860, live at home.

William Cheney, born July 18, 1864, died July 28, 1866.

George Cheney was of medium stature and rather slim, but was rather fleshy a few years previous to his death. His eyes were dark brown and expressive. He was very quick in his movements, but was quickly exhausted. His constitution was never rugged, as he had the typhoid fever, when fourteen years of age and never fully recovered from the effects of the disease. He was a very kind husband and a very indulgent father. He believed in universal salvation, but did not belong to any particular church. He was buried in the old cemetery, but removed to the new cemetery, which forms a part of his farm.

James Vanscoyoc.

James Vanscoyoc was born February 20, 1798, in Monongehela County, Pennsylvania. His father's name was Jonathan Vanscoyoc and his mother's maiden name was Hannah Wall; but at the time of her marriage to Mr. Vanscoyoc she was a widow, and her name was Mrs. Ketchum. When James Vanscoyoc was five or six years old, his parents moved to Columbiana County, Ohio, where they remained seven or eight years, and there James received such education as could be had in those early days. The family then went to the Mad River country, but it was so sickly that after one year's time they returned to Columbiana County. Shortly afterwards they went to Wayne

County, where the family lived until they were grown up and scattered. There James Vanscoyoc married in April, 1819, Drusilla Lewis. During the following year he moved to Fountain County, Indiana, where he experienced hard work and very little else. In 1829 he moved to Old Town timber in McLean County, Illinois. There he went to farming, which has been his occupation ever since. He lived there about twenty years and then moved to the old Means place at Cheney's Grove, where he has resided ever since.

Mr. Vanscoyoc has been something of a traveler in the West. He first made a trip to the Red Banks in Illinois on the Mississippi River, six or seven years after he came to the country, but had no particular adventure. His next trip was to Texas in about the year 1853. He went with a party of men first to St. Louis, and from there to the little town of Napoleon at the mouth of the Arkansas River. This little place looked as if it were always in danger of being overflowed. They went by water up the Arkansas River about seven hundred miles to Fort Smith. This was then an enterprising little town of whites, Indians and half-breeds, the latter predominating. The Indians were the Cherokees, a very smart tribe. In conversation he found many Cherokees as smart as any white men he ever saw. He found a white man named Geary, who had married a squaw. She was pretty dark colored, but was dressed in silks that rattled and shone. Many of the Cherokees were farmers and seemed half like Indians and half like white men. The most of the Cherokees, who were in business, owned slaves. They held court and tried cases as white men do. Many of them were rich and owned large herds of cattle. Mr. Vanscoyoc went from Fort Smith to the Red River country, where he visited the Chickasaws on the north bank. He thought them more civilized than the Cherokees. When they first went to the Indian Territory, they had large cotton plantations, which had been cultivated by negroes. He saw there the finest field of corn he ever beheld. It covered about one hundred acres, was dark green in color and rank in growth, and the blades were long and wide. He crossed the Red River and went on to Texas, but saw nothing of much importance except some very fine wheat. On the return of his party they crossed the Arkansas River a little below Fort Gibson.

The White River empties into the Arkansas a few miles above, and its waters, which are very pure, run for a long distance before they mingle with those of the larger stream. After crossing the Arkansas River the party were obliged to send over to the White River side for pure water. Nothing else of importance occurred on the way home. In May, 1873, Mr. Vanscoyoc took a trip to Colorado. He went to Kansas city and there saw buffalo hides by acres hanging on poles, and large squares of them were piled up ten feet high. He went up the Kansas River and says the land there was the prettiest he ever beheld. The bottom lands were from a half a mile to six or seven miles wide, but very little timber grew on them. He says that Russell County was a particularly fine country. The buffaloes were plenty there and the buffalo "wallows" were plentier. The latter were places where the buffaloes rooted in the ground and wallowed as the pigs do. He went to Denver, Colorado, and to Cheyenne, and from there started home. On his return he stopped on Grand Island, Nebraska, and was most favorably impressed with the appearance of the land, as it was very level. But after all his travels, Mr. Vanscoyoc still clings to old McLean County.

Mr. Vanscoyoc has had seven children. They are:

Perry Vanscoyoc, who was born April 17, 1820, and now lives in Arrowsmith township.

Isaac Vanscoyoc, the next son, died when quite young.

Rebecca Vanscoyoc was born February 7, 1825, was married to Marks Banks, and lives in Padua township, next to the timber.

Rachel Vanscoyoc was born August 29, 1828, was married to John Newcom, and lives at Cheney's Grove, a little east of her father's.

Walter Vanscoyoc was born September 10, 1831, and lives in Arrowsmith township.

James Vanscoyoc was born December 28, 1834, and lives at the homestead at Cheney's Grove.

Hannah Vanscoyoc died when very young.

Mr. Vanscoyoc is about five feet seven and one-half inches in height, has a fair development of muscle and a sanguine temperament. His hair is only partly gray, notwithstanding his ad-

vanced age. He can work yet if he chooses. He seems to be a decided and firm man, and must have been a man of good abilities and very accurate perceptions. He is honest, kind and pleasant, but firm and resolute.

Thomas Cunningham.

Thomas Cunningham was born November 18, 1818, in Clark County, Indiana. (For ancestry of the family see sketch of King S. Cunningham.) The parents of Thomas Cunningham were good people and very kind to their children, but were careful to enfore strict obedience and always set a good example. They are both buried in Saybrook Cemetery.

The Cunningham family settled at Cheney's Grove in October, 1829. There Robert Cunningham entered four hundred acres of land. The old gentleman lived to see his family of fifteen children grow up to manhood and womanhood. All of them were married and settled in life; twelve of these children are yet living and six are in McLean County. Thomas Cunningham, the subject of this sketch, was the sixth child. His education was necessarily limited. He attended school in Cheney's Grove every winter after the family moved there, until he was twenty-one years of age. During his last year's schooling he went to Old Town timber. This school was conducted with as much noise as possible. The teacher walked across the floor and whistled and sang, and the scholars exercised their vocal powers in a similar way. The books used were few. Mr. Cunningham only remembers McArthur's History of the United States. Thomas only obtained the rudiments of an education.

Mr. Cunningham was never much of a hunter, and only killed one deer, and that was one which came up near his door. But he often chased wolves, and when he came near one he would jump from his horse, catch the vicious wolf by the hindquarters and thrash it on the ground, before it could curl up to bite.

Thomas Cunningham married, February 21, 1841, Miss Minerva Ann Spencer, daughter of James and Susannah Spencer, of Livingston County, Illinois. Mrs. Cunningham is an exceedingly kind lady and her pleasant manner makes the stranger feel easy in her presence. She wears spectacles now, as women

sometimes must as well as men. She is a lady of fine sense and her husband always listens to her with respect.

They have had a family of six children, four of whom are living. They are:

Phoebe Ann, born December 10, 1841, was married to Henry Warrick of Livingston County, and some time after his death to Granville Michaels.

Lucinda Jane, born April 28, 1844, was married to John Armstrong of Livingston County, and some time after his death to William Vanhorn.

James William Cunningham, born July 6, 1851, is married and lives in Livingston County.

Ellen Catherine died when nine months old.

Harvey Johnson Cunningham, born November 26, 1854, lives at home.

Lewis Harrison Ballard Cunningham, born June 14, 1859, lives at home.

Mr. Cunningham is about five feet ten inches in height, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds and is broad shouldered. His beard is gray and his hair is turning, but is heavy, showing ing great vitality. His eyes are hazel, and he seems to be a quiet, good-natured gentleman, a man who never does things in a hurry, but always takes time to think.

King Solomon Cunningham.

King Solomon Cunningham was born December 26, 1823, in Clark County, Indiana. His father's name was Robert Cunningham, and his mother's name was Aphia Cleveland. His father, who was born about the year 1780, was of Irish descent, and his mother was a Yankee. Robert Cunningham was a soldier of the war of 1812, and fought under Harrison at Tippecanoe.

In 1829 the Cunningham family came to Cheney's Grove from Clark County, Indiana, where Robert Cunningham had lived for twenty years. At Cheney's Grove the family went to farming, and a few years afterwards Robert Cunningham built a water mill on Sangamon Creek. The stones for grinding were the nigger-heads from the prairie, but they did very good work. The water at that time was usually high enough to run the mill

all summer. Mr. Cunningham was obliged to work, and his boys were obliged to do the same, for the West was no place for idlers.

Mr. King Solomon Cunningham is particularly eloquent concerning the sudden change in the weather, which took place in December, 1836, and says that as the cold wind rolled on, it froze the air so rapidly that the frost seemed a moving cloud of smoke. He speaks of the two rainy seasons, when the water in the creeks and rivers rose to enormous heights. In 1844 the Mackinaw was higher than it had ever been known before or since. The Sangamon Creek was too high for Cunningham's mill to run. The year 1858 was another rainy season, and Sangamon Creek was higher than in 1844.

King Solomon Cunningham married February 29, 1849, Cyrena J. Thompson, who lived on the Mackinaw, five miles from Lexington. Her father, John B. Thompson, was one of the oldest settlers of McLean County. They have had six children, three of whom are living. They are:

Mrs. Eliza Jane McFarland, wife of J. B. McFarland, lives six miles north of her father's, in Cropsey township.

Henry B. Cunningham lives in Sonoma County, California. He is an active, industrious young man, and his father feels justly proud of him.

John W. Cunningham, the youngest of the family, is the pet and lives at home.

King Solomon Cunningham is five feet ten inches in height, is rather slim in build, is bald-headed, has a bright, clear eye and straight features. He is very kind in his manner, has been obliged to work hard, but has been successful in life, and is a settler who does credit to McLean County.

James Rumsey Means.

James Rumsey Means was born March 22, 1825, in Louis County, Kentucky. His father's name was Robert Means, and his mother's maiden name was Sarah Rumsey. His father and mother were both born in Virginia, and were both of English descent. The former was born in 1785 and the latter in 1795. Robert Means was a soldier in the war of 1812, and after his death his family obtained a forty-acre land warrant on his ac-

count. In the fall of 1829 the Means family moved to the head waters of the Little Vermilion River in Illinois. In the following spring they came to Cheney's Grove, where they arrived March 9, 1830, and located on the north side within one mile of the west end. They went to farming, and during the first spring broke forty acres and fenced it, and put up a log-cabin.

During the winter of the deep snow the family pounded their corn with a wedge. This was attached to the lower end of a pole, which reached to the roof of the cabin and was fastened to a spring and was easily managed. The children pounded the corn and were kept at it for hours at a time.

In the spring of 1832 Robert Means went to the Black Hawk war, but stayed only a few days. While he was gone Mrs. Means made the children plant corn between the hills of the preceding year without ploughing. Mr. Means came back before planting time was over, and put in his entire corn crop in the same way and afterwards ploughed between the rows. He raised an excellent crop.

Robert Means died August 1, 1835, and James Means, then ten years of age, was the oldest boy, who could work, in a family of ten children. One feeble brother, two years older, died shortly afterwards. The following are the children of Robert Means' family:

Mrs. America P. Ball, widow of Snowden Ball, lives in the west end of Cheney's Grove.

Mrs. Keturah McMackin, wife of James McMackin, lives one mile north of the old homestead.

Mrs. Jemima Stansberry, wife of Andrew Stansberry, lives in Allen County, Kansas.

John Means, twin brother of Jemima, died at the age of twelve years.

James R. Means lives at Saybrook.

David Dixon Means lives about a mile north of the old homestead.

Joseph Keever Means died at the siege of Vicksburg, two days before the surrender.

Owen Amos Means lives three miles northeast of Saybrook.

Mrs. Elizabeth Green, wife of John M. Green, a soldier under Sherman, lives on the east side of Arrowsmith township.

Mrs. Margaret Vanscoyoc, wife of James Vanscoyoc, lives on the old homestead.

James Means became the man of the family after his father's death, and they worked the whole of the farm without assistance. Mr. Means, sr., had been a skillful hand to stack wheat, and James learned to do it when only fourteen years of age. The Means family made all their own clothing, both linen and woolen, and raised everything they wore.

James Means was raised a moral young man and remembers with what horror he once saw one of his companions steal three nails. He was taught not to swear or use bad language; but on one occasion he broke away from his early training. He was bitten by a hound belonging to David Ball, and the latter beat the hound and swore at it, and James got the idea that it was the swearing which effectually controlled the dog. Some time afterwards, while going to the house of Mr. Ball, the hounds again came out, and James thought they meant to kill him, and concluded that it was better to swear than to die; so he cursed them with all his might, in every shape and form. Two girls, who belonged to the family, were not far distant and they heard the fracas and called off the hounds.

Mr. Means was an expert swimmer and remembers one little incident, which shows what men will do in case of necessity. John M. Stansberry, who had never learned to swim, was carried by the current of Sangamon Creek down into a deep hole. He hallooed as he went under, and James Means went to his assistance; but Stansberry rose and swam out without help, though Means followed behind ready to assist him if necessary.

James Means was obliged to do a man's work and attend to a man's business while he was still quite young. He once went to Eugene, near the Wabash, to mill, lost a horse, and was obliged to travel a hundred miles to recover it.

Mr. Means has had his experience in going to market to Chicago. He went at one time with three yoke of oxen to his wagon, and those, who accompanied him with horse teams, were careful not to get far ahead, as they might need his oxen to pull them out of the sloughs. But on their return the unloaded horse teams went more rapidly, and as they carried the provisions, Mr. Means was left for twenty-five hours with nothing

to eat. He afterwards carried his own provisions and allowed the rest to go ahead.

Mr. Means tells a good story of Ephraim Myers. He says that on one Sunday Abraham Stansberry's house caught fire, and the alarm was given at the church. All who had teams brought them out, and the wagons were immediately filled with persons who wished to assist in putting out the fire. Among those who jumped into James Means' wagon were Ephraim Myers and a Methodist preacher. Means drove so fast over the stumps that the preacher was frightened and jumped out at the first opportunity; but Myers was cool, and gave directions quietly, saying: "Go steady, Jimmy," "Put them through, Jimmy," and when they came to a smooth road, Myers remarked that he would tell the preacher that he did not love his Jesus.

Mr. Means has done some hunting and enjoyed the excitement of the chase, though it has sometimes been attended with danger. He once killed a horse while chasing a wolf. The horse stepped into a badger's hole and fell and broke its neck. The last wolf chase in which Mr. Means took part was very exciting. The wolf was a half-breed between the gray and the prairie varieties. Mr. Means broke down two horses in chasing it, but came up to it on the third horse and ran it into a den. But the den was drifted partly full of snow, and the wolf was pulled out by the tail and killed.

Mr. Means is a man of steady nerve and sees clearly when matters appear exciting. The following incident shows his steady nerve, and also the remarkable coolness of one of his daughters. Once, while coming home from church, Mr. Means and two of his children were riding one horse, and one of his daughters was riding another. The latter horse became frightened and ran for home, and Mr. Means feared that when it would come to the bars it would stop suddenly and throw his daughter off and perhaps kill her. He dropped the two children who were with him, and rode up near his daughter's frightened horse, but could not catch it or reach the child. The girl, under his directions, slipped down on the side of the saddle, holding to the pommel, and when her father gave the word, loosened her hold and dropped to the ground with very little injury.

Mr. Means married, May 7, 1844, Nancy M. G. Stansberry. He has had six children, of whom four are living and two are dead:

Mary A. Means was married to John Pitts, and lives in Saybrook.

Sarah M. Means was married to J. S. Barwick.

Owen Amos Means died in 1865 with small-pox.

Lee and John Henry Means live at home.

James Edward Means died in infancy.

Mr. Means is five feet and ten inches in height, weighs over two hundred pounds, is strong and heavy set, and has done a great deal of hard work. He has brown hair, sandy whiskers and brown eyes. He is a strictly honest man, has the best of judgment, seems to be prosperous, and is a first-class business man. He thinks a great deal of children, and remembers clearly the incidents of his own childhood. During the Black Hawk war his father once went up to the Mackinaw to learn the condition of affairs, and Mrs. Means took her children to Robert Cunningham's mill for protection. There the little Means children began building a small fort, but soon gave up their childish arrangement, and Mrs. Means went back to her home.

Ephraim Scudder Myers.

Ephraim S. Myers was born December 9, 1801, in Louis County, Kentucky. His father's name was Jacob Myers, and his mother's maiden name was Nancy Means. Jacob Myers was of German descent and Nancy Means was of Dutch and Irish stock. He lived in Kentucky, where he was born, for twenty-five years and then came to Illinois. In the fall of 1826 he came to the Little Vermilion River, to that part of Edgar County which now forms the county of Vermilion. He and his cousin, James Dixon, came out together with a horse, which they took turns in riding. Mr. Myers first chopped wood for ten dollars per month for the Salt Works at Danville, and afterwards went to breaking prairie and farming on the Little Vermilion River. He married, December 21, 1828, Eliza Childers, and in April, 1830, he came to Cheney's Grove.

Mr. Myers talks very eloquently sometimes about the deep snow. He says that he left his wagon standing in his yard and

when the deep snow fell no wagon was to be seen; it was completely covered. A day or two before the heavy fall of snow Mr. Myers came from mill with enough corn meal to last his family through the winter, but he divided with his neighbbors, and before long was obliged to pound corn as the rest did. He killed deer when the snow first fell, but they soon became poor and not worth killing. A day or two after the heavy fall of snow he went out hunting and followed a deer for some distance, when it went to a place where a dozen or more deer had tramped a space around them about twenty feet across with the snow drifted on all sides in high walls. For once in his life he became excited and fired three or four times while they were charging around and jumping about, but missed them. At last they broke from their pen and he shot two of them when they had run a short distance away. During that terrible winter the deer came up, after night-fall, and ate hay with his cattle.

Mr. Myers commenced hunting on the Vermilion River, when he first came to Illinois, and was very successful. He has had many adventures after game, and knows the country around for many miles. He has killed a deer or a wolf in every hollow and by every creek or spring. The largest deer he killed was up on the Mackinaw, and it was indeed a most enormous buck. It weighed two hundred and forty pounds dressed, and the skin weighed twenty-one pounds without the ears or lower part of the legs, and twelve pounds after it was dried. After Mr. Myers had killed his game, it sometimes required ingenuity to bring it home. At one time, when he killed two deer, he put one on his horse's back and tied the other to its tail and made it bring them both in. Mr. Myers and Thomas Cheney were once down to a grove near Gibson, about nine miles east of Cheney's Grove. They had with them a dog called Drummer. They started a deer and Drummer drove it away, and Cheney said that when the dog came back he would kill it. It soon returned and Cheney shot it. Mr. Myers said immediately that the grove should be called Drummer's Grove, and it has borne that name ever since.

Mr. Myers has often hunted wolves. He used to set pens for them, and once caught two wolves at one time. He has often chased wolves with horses and dogs. He says that the wolves

run a great deal faster than they formerly did, and that in early days any little cur could catch one. When the settlers chased them on horseback, it was very seldom that the wolves escaped; but now it is next to impossible to catch a wolf with dogs or horses. Mr. Myers formerly kept seven hounds to hunt wolves and gave them plenty of business. But, notwithstanding all of the precautions of the settlers and all of their hunting with dogs and horses, the wolves continued thick and every day some farmer's pigs or sheep would suffer. But in the year 1850 the people all turned out for a grand hunt, and went after the wolves in their dens, before the little wolf puppies were large enough to come out, and killed thirty in two days, and after that they were never so troublesome.

Mr. Myers thinks that in all of his experience with wild animals the badger is the worst to kill and hardest to fight. A badger is a bluish colored animal with whitish stripes. It is shaped much like a woodchuck, and is about the size of a raccoon. Its teeth and nails are very long and sharp, the latter measuring nearly an inch. The animal is exceedingly strong, and really loves to fight. Mr. Myers says that while his dogs were once barking at a badger's hole it came out for fight, and it required five dogs to whip it. A badger will usually run when a strong force of dogs is after it, and when an attempt is made to dig it out of its hole it will sometimes dig down nearly as fast as it is dug after, and the dirt flies in all directions. Mr. Myers once dug out a hole in which he found two young badgers and a bull snake. This was in the spring of the year. He thinks they must have passed the winter together.

During the Black Hawk war Mr. Myers took his wife down to the Little Vermilion River for safety and came back and lived for nearly two months alone. The people were badly frightened, but not badly enough to keep Abraham Stansberry and Mary Cheney from getting married. The farther away the people lived, the more they became frightened at the danger, which they could not understand, or about which they could not obtain reliable information. Some soldiers who came up from Paris, in Edgar County, about seventy-five miles south of Cheney's Grove, said that the people there were too much frightened to raise a wedding.

The old settlers tell very few snake stories, but Mr. Myers tells one which may be relied upon. In 1871, in harvest time, his sons killed thirty-two rattlesnakes in a meadow within one hour.

Mr. Myers' first wife died, and he married Mrs. Louisa Ann Stansberry, a widow, August 14, 1848. The following are the children and members of Mr. Myers' family:

Nancy Myers was born September 16, 1829, and died August, 2, 1840.

Jacob Myers was born January 12, 1832. He enlisted during the rebellion in the 116th Illinois Volunteers, and died of sickness on his way home from Vicksburg in May, 1863.

Thomas Myers was born January 11, 1834. He was a soldier in the army under Colonel McCullough. He was at the battle of Shiloh. He afterwards became sick and was sent back to Quincy, Illinois. He lives about five miles east of his father's.

John Myers was born April 1, 1836. He was a soldier in the 116th Illinois Volunteers. He was at Vicksburg and Arkansas Post, but was sick during a part of his term of service. He lives at his father's home.

Robert Myers was born April 27, 1838. He was in the 116th Illinois Volunteers, and died of sickness at Vicksburg.

Fielden Myers was born April 25, 1840. He volunteered to go into the army, but was taken sick and never mustered in. He lives at home with his father.

Elizabeth Myers was born September 17, 1842. She was married to Henry Lowry, and lives at Gibson, Ford County, Illinois.

One child, Henry Myers, died in infancy.

Andrew H. Stansberry, a son of Mrs. Louisa Ann Myers by her first marriage, was born February 15, 1842, was a soldier in the 70th Illinois Volunteers, under Colonel Reeves. He lives in Howard County Kansas.

Daniel Ham, a boy who lived with Mr. Myers, and was for a while a member of his family, enlisted in the 4th Illinois Cavalry. Mr. Myers wishes the boy's name put in this record to show how many went from his house into the army.

Margaret Myers was born March 15, 1850, was married to Oliver Roe, and lives a mile and a half south of her father's.

The following live at home :

Sarah, born November 28, 1851.

Clay, born August 30, 1855.

James, born December 26, 1858.

Mr. Myers has sixteen grandchildren and thirteen are boys.

Ephraim S. Myers is about five feet and eleven inches in height and appears rugged and tough. He has a sanguine complexion, blue eyes and perfectly white hair and whiskers. He is a man of very independent character and great courage. He takes his own course, and, if people do not like it, they can go their own way. His favorite expression is that he can "hoe his own row," and he has done so very successfully, although it seemed a rough one sometimes. He does not ask unnecessary favors. He has a great deal of humor about him sometimes, and loves a good joke as well as any old settler.

William Riggs.

William Riggs was born September 7, 1803, in Washington County, Maryland. His father's name was Samuel Riggs, and his mother's maiden name was Priscilla Marshall. Both were of English descent. Samuel Riggs was a plain farmer and a worthy man. When William was only one year old the Riggs family came to Bourbon County, Kentucky, where they remained about three years and then went to Bluebank Creek, Fleming County, same State. There he bought land and was obliged to sacrifice his stock to do so, but after five years he had the misfortune to lose his land, as he was obliged to pay a security debt.

In 1824 William Riggs made a trip to South Carolina with a drove of hogs, which he sold there. He was delayed there for some time, as the weather continued warm in December, and he could not sell his pork until the season grew cooler. While he was delayed he saw something of slavery, and it was far from pleasant. The cotton planters there had usually from one to three hundred negroes on a farm. The planter with whom they stayed, Mr. Hyder Davy, had on his plantation a square of ten acres, in the center of which was his house, a little higher than the remainder. Around this square and facing inwards were the negro quarters. One evening Mr. Davy told Mr. Riggs and the drovers, that he would show them a sight, and he blew a

little bone whistle, giving various signals, and immediately about one hundred little colored children, between the ages of three and six years, as naked as the day they were born, came out of their quarters into the square and began dancing and capering about. After they had danced and capered for half an hour, Mr. Davy gave another signal, and they ran for their quarters as fast as squirrels. The field-hands were treated by the overseers in the most brutal manner. The former were allowed one peck of meal to eat per week and absolutely nothing else. Every Saturday night the field-hands were obliged to deliver up their shoes, which were locked up carefully until Monday morning. At that time the negroes came and received their shoes and their weekly ration of meal and were set at work. The shoes were taken from them on Saturday to prevent them from running about, for, as the country was flinty, they would cut their feet if they walked without shoes. The field-hands were required to pick a certain quantity of cotton per day, and in the evening their pickings were separately weighed, and whoever failed to produce the required amount was whipped. A woman was whipped by being thrown on her face and having the lashes applied to her bare back. When a man was whipped he was made to grasp a post and put his wrists through an iron ring, which was made to spring down on them and hold them fast. His shirt was then drawn over his head and the lashes were applied to his bare back. While the hands were in the field, the overseer was always on horseback with his cat-o'-nine-tails, and some one was whipped every day. The cotton-field was picked over three times. At the first two pickings the pods would split open and the cotton hang out and be easily picked, but the third time the pods would split only partially open and the cotton was then difficult to gather. The negroes would often come in from the field with their thumbs and fingers bleeding and torn by the cotton-pods. The nursing infants belonging to the women, who worked in the field, were placed in charge of a negress too old to work. At nine o'clock every day she placed these infants in a mule cart in which was a bed of straw and blankets, and took them to their mothers in the field to be nursed. This was repeated at twelve o'clock and again at three o'clock in the afternoon. The hands never left the field until they stopped work at night. Such was slavery.

When Mr. Riggs sold his pork he came back to Kentucky on foot. He walked in fair weather one hundred miles in three days, but he was somewhat delayed by high water and required fifteen days for his journey.

Mr. Riggs married, December 28, 1826, Nancy Pitts, and rented a small place for four years. In the fall of 1830 he moved to Illinois with his brother-in-law, Henry Pitts. In December of that year the heavy snow began falling. On the day that the heavy snow fell, Henry Pitts was driving a lot of pigs to Eugene, Indiana, on the Wabash, and was caught in the storm. Mr. Riggs went with a horse to assist him, and they took their pigs through. On their return they walked with their horse through the snow, which was up to their thighs. First one would lead the horse and break the way, while the other would whip the animal from behind. A crust was beginning to form on the snow and traveling was exceedingly hard. On the last day of their journey, they came from Newcom's Ford to Cheney's Grove, a distance of fifteen miles, and took turns in leading the horse. They shaped their course by the wind, which blew over the prairie very cold. When they came near Cheney's Grove they found that they had missed the course by two miles, and they changed their direction and tried again. After going about two miles Pitts stopped and wanted to rest and said he would feel better if he could sleep. Mr. Riggs then whipped him with the hickory gad until he was ready to fight, and at last they started ahead with the horse and arrived safe. Mr. Riggs thinks that if Pitts had been left to sleep he would have frozen to death in twenty minutes. Mr. Riggs' feet were badly frozen and the toe-nails and thick skin on the heels came off. The toes and heels were frozen so stiff that they thumped on the floor like potatoes. Mr. Pitts was frozen in the same way. One of Mr. Riggs' ears was also frozen. He was unable to do much work for some time, but could pound meal, as all were obliged to do during that desperate winter. He made for himself a pair of moccasins of deer hides, and turned the hair inward and by bundling up his feet he could get out and feed his stock. On the tenth of the following March he went to Blooming Grove on horseback, and on his return carried a spinning-wheel and led his horse, which carried two and a half bushels of meal; but

the animal was obliged to carry Mr. Riggs and the meal, spinning-wheel and all across the Kickapoo. The slush from the melting of the deep snow was then from ankle deep to three feet.

During the winter of the deep snow some of the settlers gathered the deer together in parks and fed them. Mr. Jonathan Cheney collected about fifteen deer in a park and kept them six or seven years, when a high wind blew down a part of the fence and they escaped.

During the spring of 1832, while the Black Hawk war was carried on, the women collected at the house of the widow Ball while the men stood guard.

In the fall of 1837 the Riggs family made a visit to Kentucky, traveling on horseback. They traveled four hundred miles there and four hundred miles to return. Mrs. Riggs carried her one-year old child in her arms during the whole journey. She was a fine horse-woman, having been raised on the Kentucky hills where it required ingenuity to manage an animal and stick to it. They traveled on an average thirty-five miles per day.

Mr. and Mrs. Riggs have raised six children, four sons and two daughters, and have seen them all grow up and become settled in life. They have all been converted and made members of the Methodist Church. They are :

George W. Riggs, who was born December 11, 1827. He now lives one mile north of his father's homestead.

Henry M. Riggs was born September 6, 1829. He was a soldier in the Thirty-seventh Illinois Volunteers, and on becoming a veteran was made a captain in the United States Colored Infantry. He was at Pea Ridge, the siege of Vicksburg, and in many other battles. He lives in Bloomington.

Priscilla M. Riggs was born August 10, 1831, was married to J. D. Lewis, and lives about three-quarters of a mile from her father's.

William H. Riggs was born February 13, 1834. He has had a wide-awake life, has been to California and seen something of the world. He is now president of the Saybrook Bank, owned by Riggs and Brother.

Mary Jane Riggs was born September 28, 1835, was married to Moses T. Hall and lives in Saybrook.

Samuel R. Riggs was born February 13, 1838, was a soldier in the One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois Infantry, was at Vicksburg and Atlanta, and in many other engagements. He was severely wounded at the siege of Atlanta while relieving a picket guard. He was then commanding a company. He is now cashier of the Saybrook Bank owned by Riggs and Brother.

Mr. William Riggs is five feet and eleven inches in height, has gray hair and beard, has a Roman nose and bright, expressive, humorous eyes. He is a man of large mind and sound judgment, and is very conscientious. He is a man of clear ideas and talks clearly and to the point with very little effort. He is as modest as he is worthy. He seems to be in good health and circumstances, and enjoys a happy old age. Mrs. Riggs still lives, happy and contented, and it will not be long before she and her husband can celebrate their golden wedding.

Snowden Ball.

Snowden Ball was born August 4, 1814, in Louis County, Kentucky. His father's name was Richard C. Ball, and his mother's maiden name was Catherine Cleary. Snowden Ball lived in Louis County, Kentucky, where he was raised, for seventeen years. There he went to school and received his limited education. When he was seventeen years of age he came to Cheney's Grove and went to farming, as all the early settlers did. He was married October 29, 1835, to Miss America Pentegrass Means, daughter of Robert and Sarah Means, of Cheney's Grove. Their domestic life was remarkably happy. His constitution was never very rugged, but he usually enjoyed good health, with the exception of a sickness occasioned by an accident, which happened to his knee. He died of consumption March 1, 1873. He left a family of eight children, all of whom are living. They are:

Sarah S. Coile, wife of John Coile, born August 13, 1836, lives in Howard County, Kansas.

Catherine H. Riggs, born August 23, 1838, wife of William H. Riggs, lives at Saybrook.

Keturah E. McKenney, born March 27, 1842, wife of William H. McKenney, lives a quarter of a mile north of her mother's.

Richard C. Ball, born April 9, 1844, lives in Howard County, Kansas.

Mary Elizabeth Palmer, born April 2, 1846, wife of Charles Palmer, lives one-half a mile south of her mother's.

John H. Ball, born August 7, 1851, Rhoda Ann Ball, born June 8, 1853, and Frank Baker Ball, born November 19, 1860, live at home.

Snowden Ball was about five feet and eleven inches in height and slenderly built. His hair and whiskers at the time of his death were nearly gray. His eyes were dark brown. He was a very resolute man, but cautious in his dealings and temperate in his habits. He thought much of his family, and worked hard for them.

Hilleary Ball.

Hilleary Ball was born March 8, 1817, in Louis County, Kentucky. His father's name was Richard C. Ball, and his mother's maiden name was Catherine Cleary. He does not know the descent of his parents, but the name would indicate an English ancestry. The father of Hilleary Ball died when the latter was only eight months old. Hilleary Ball lived in Louis County, Kentucky, where he was born, for thirteen or fourteen years. There he went to school and received some little education to prepare him for the work of life. In the fall of 1831, he came with his uncle Joseph Cleary Ball to Cheney's Grove, where he arrived November 10. The journey was very pleasant, requiring one month, which, however, included some delay in visiting friends on the way. Previous to their arrival Henry Ball had made arrangements for building a cabin, but when they came they found the work scarcely commenced. But all parties immediately began work, and the log cabin went up speedily. The puncheon floor was made of green wood, which froze every night, and the old carpet or quilt which was laid on it, was frozen fast. The family went to farming on their arrival, and experienced the usual vicissitudes of a pioneer life. Hilleary Ball went to school for a while at Cheney's Grove, and remembers one curious incident of his school days. The settlers at

Cheney's Grove turned out to hunt two wolves, one a black wolf and the other a gray. After being chased all over the timber, the black wolf was caught and killed near the school house. Hilleary Ball saw it coming with the hunters in full chase, and spoke out quickly, and came near getting punished for his excitement. But the school was in such an uproar that the master let out the scholars, and they saw the wolf killed and the hide raffled off among the hunters.

Mr. Ball never became much of a sportsman, though he often chased wolves and killed them with a stirrup. He sometimes poisoned them with strichnine, and sometimes, when one of his domestic animals happened to die he would set it out as a bait for wolves and shoot them when they came near. Mr. Ball has had the usual contests with the fires which came sweeping over the prairie, and at one time had his farm burned up, with the exception of the house and barn.

Mr. Ball married in November, 1838, Calista Hildreth, who was born in New York and came to McLean County at an early day. He has had six children, three boys and three girls, five of whom are living. They are :

William Henry Ball, who lives in Cheney's Grove township, about three miles northeast of his father's, in Section No. 10.

Elizabeth Theodosia Ball was married to William Evans, and lives near her brother William Henry.

Julia Ann Ball was married to Samuel Gallagher, jr., and lives in Saybrook.

Amos Ball lives in the northwest part of Champaign County.

Alfred Ball died when very young.

Harriet Ball, usually called Hattie, is the baby, or pet, and lives at home.

Mr. Ball is about five feet and ten inches in height, and is what would be called a good-looking man. His hair and whiskers are beginning to turn a little gray. He has a well shaped head and eyes that are expressive of fun and good humor. He is sometimes a little eccentric in his manner, but is a man of good feeling. He takes care of his property, and is thrifty and prosperous. When he was asked to give some information of his early life he was out attending to his property, but he sat down

under the shade of a tree and talked easily, cleverly and humorously. He is a kind and accommodating neighbor and a pleasant gentleman.

William Kendrick Stansberry.

William Kendrick Stansberry was born August 29, 1820, in Washington County, East Tennessee. His father's name was Edward Stansberry and his mother's was Polly Ann Graham. Edward Stansberry and his wife were both almost entirely of English descent. Mr. W. K. Stansberry once saw his great grandmother Graham, who lived to reach the advanced age of one hundred and ten years. Edward Stansberry was born near the close of the eighteenth century. He had eleven brothers and four sisters, enough to keep him company in his youth. He moved to Tennessee and there was married, and in Washington County his son William K. was born. In 1833 Edward Stansberry moved with his family to Cheney's Grove, where he remained until the time of his death, which occurred in 1861. The Stansberry family was the fifth to come to the grove.

The journey to Cheney's Grove was long and tedious, requiring six weeks to accomplish it. They were one week on the Cumberland Mountains, and while there, lived on corn-bread and pumpkins. They arrived at Cheney's Grove on the last day of October, and when they came, the neighbors all turned out and helped them build a cabin, which they succeeded in finishing within three days. It was made of logs, of course, with a puncheon floor. They made their bedsteads by inserting poles in auger holes bored in the wall. The bedstead had only one leg out in the room. They made a table by splitting two broad puncheons and putting legs to them. They had stools made of little puncheons, and during the following year they indulged in the luxury of a loft made of Linn bark.

During the fall after they came to Cheney's Grove, Edward Stansberry went with a party of men after wild hogs, and they killed twenty-five or thirty, and Mr. Stansberry's share of the pork amounted to five or six hundred pounds. They went to Perrysville, Indiana, for their grinding. In 1834 the family suffered severely; they all had the ague except Kendrick, and

were at one time obliged to go eight weeks without corn-meal, except what they could grate for themselves.

When William Kendrick Stansberry became sixteen years of age, he was a great hunter, and from that time until the age of twenty-five he scarcely ever killed less than fifty deer per annum, and great numbers of turkeys. He killed one turkey which weighed twenty-five pounds dressed. He once shot a doe and knocked both eyes out, but when he took hold of her she nearly kicked the clothes off of him. On the day that Polk was elected president he went to see the voting, and on the way killed two bucks at one shot. At one time he shot a buck sixty or seventy yards distant through the heart, and it ran towards him and fell about ten feet away. He also hunted wolves and caught a great many in traps, on horseback and by running them down.

Mr. Stansberry occasionally did a little trapping. In February, 1842, he caught in the Sangamon River, in a steel-trap, the largest otter he ever heard of. He discovered its track in the snow on the ice and found its habitation. It had cut a hole in the ice between the forks of a tree in the water. Mr. Stansberry watched the hole and tried to shoot the otter, but it was too sharp for him. He at last went to Farmer City and bought a steel-trap, which he set by its hole and caught the animal by the fore-legs, and its tail was frozen fast in the ice. It measured nine feet from the tip of its tail to its nose. The skin was sold for ten dollars.

Mr. Stansberry has some lively recollections of Ephraim Myers, one of the greatest hunters in the West. Mr. Myers is a humorous man and has a great many queer traits of character. At one time Ephraim Myers, Edward Stansberry and Fielding Lloyd were taking up a bee tree and the little Stansberry boys were looking on and eating honey. Old Ephraim thought the little chaps should have something to do, so he pretended to be afflicted with the colic and made them rub him down. If they stopped rubbing for a moment he would groan and make them work again.

W. K. Stansberry has many recollections of old times and the fashions of early days. He particularly remembers the Methodist preacher, who could be recognised as far as seen, by

his horse and saddle-bags. The preacher's salary was a hundred dollars a year. The one, who had Cheney's Grove in his circuit, traveled from Big Grove (Champaign) to Middletown, (now called Mahomet,) then to Cheney's Grove, then to Indian Grove (near Fairbury), then to Mackinaw timber (where Lexington now is), then to Blooming Grove, Randolph's Grove and Hurley's Grove (where Farmer City now is), in succession, and finally back to Big Grove the starting point. It required four weeks to make the round trip. He wore a white cravat and a plain, round-breasted, jeans coat. But afterwards the fashion changed, and he wore his coat straight-breasted. No person was allowed in the meeting-house, who wore ornaments of any kind. Mr. Stansberry was once careless enough to wear a shirt which had the pleats on the bosom running crosswise instead of up and down, and he was not allowed to enter the meeting-house or attend divine service at all. The meeting at Old Town timber was held in an old barn, which is standing yet. In early days people yoked up their oxen to go to church, and the smart young men took their sweethearts on horseback behind them. Mr. Stansberry sometimes went as far as Farmer City, a distance of eighteen miles, to take his lady to church. After church he would go back, stay all the night with the family and return home the next day. He has frequently seen half a dozen young men riding to church with their sweethearts on behind them and has often seen a lady riding on horseback to church and her husband walking before.

Mr. Stansberry has had the experience peculiar to the early settlers; he has driven pigs to Chicago and sold them for $1.25 per hundred weight, has chopped wood for twenty-five cents per day, has harvested for fifty cents and hauled wheat to Chicago for thirty cents per bushel.

Mr. Stansberry's hunting days came to an end at the age of twenty-five, when he was married. This important event occurred January 8, 1846. His bride was Miss Sarah Jane Yazel. He has had five children, all of whom are living. They are:

Mrs. Harriet Emeline Hyre, wife of Jonathan Hyre, who lives in Saybrook.

Mrs. Olive Jane Simmons, wife of D. Haldeman Simmons, lives in Saybrook.

Edward Stansberry lives at home.

Mrs. Cora Bell Smith, wife of Clinton Smith, lives in Saybrook.

Milton Stansberry lives at home.

After Mr. W. K. Stansberry was married he stopped his hunting, except occasionally for bee-trees. Year before last he found thirty bee-trees from which he took three hundred pounds of honey. Last year he found twenty-one bee-trees. He has in the house honey which is three years old. He is about five feet and six inches in height, is heavy set, and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. He is a good-natured man and would seem to be on good terms with all of his neighbors. He has dark eyes and heavy black hair, which has hardly yet begun to show the effects of time. He is somewhat stout in appearance, has a clear and rather heavy voice and a heavy, black moustache, and would be called a good-looking man if he would dress himself up. He is now the postmaster at Saybrook. He has been a very temperate man and has never drank whisky. He says that if he had his life to live over he would be a preacher!

Otha Owen.

Otha Owen was born October 5, 1823, in Mechanicsburg, Champaign County, Ohio. His father's name was Uriah Owen, and his mother's maiden name was Kesiah Jaco. His father was partly of Welch descent and was born in Virginia. He was a soldier in the war of 1812. He died in 1832 or '33, and his wife followed him two years afterwards.

Otha Owen lived in Champaign County until he was ten years of age, when he was sent to Green County to live with his uncle Elias Owen. He came with his uncle Elias to Cheney's Grove, where he arrived September 6, 1834. The journey was pleasant and uneventful. They immediately went to farming. Otha Owen was obliged to work hard, but found some time for school, though not as much as he would have liked. He was often sent with the grist to mill in his younger days, and sometimes made the grand journey to Chicago, camping out at night. He speaks very warmly of the manners and customs of early days, when everybody was acquainted with everybody, and people made it their duty to visit the sick and see that they all received attention.

During the greater part of the years 1844 and '45, Mr. Owen lived in Sangamon County, where he worked for eight and one-third dollars per month.

Otha Owen married, November 20, 1845, in Sangamon County, Susannah Cline, and came immediately to Cheney's Grove. It was then bitterly cold weather, and their journey was a hard one. Mr. Owen says it was the coldest weather he ever experienced, and has since often wondered why he did not freeze to death. The chickens fell from their roosts and died of cold. It did not thaw for nearly three weeks. During that winter Mr. Owen bought his meat for five dollars per hundred; but during the following year he had pork for sale and received for it only one dollar or a dollar and a quarter per hundred. The pigs, which the farmers raised, were little long-nosed fellows that could put their snouts through a fence and eat up a potato hill.

Mr. Owen has had his experience with fires on the prairie, and has had some fencing burned by them. He says the worst prairie fire he ever saw was on the farm of a certain Mr. Wentworth, who lived within eighteen miles of Chicago. Six teams, including Mr. Owen's, were passing at the time, and the teamsters took off their horses, put them in the barn and began fighting fire. They succeeded in saving the house and barn, but the remainder of the farm was simply a waste of cinders.

Mr. Owen never hunted much, but has chased wolves, which were the farmer's greatest pest. He chased them on horseback and says that there was a great deal of difference in their speed, so much so that he could tell at almost the first jump whether or not he could catch the wolf he was after. If it was a fast wolf it would run slowly at first and look over its shoulder in an impudent, suspicious way, and when pressed more closely would show speed, but would never take the trouble to do more than keep out of the hunter's way. But if the wolf was a slow one it seemed to know that it must do its best and get down to its greatest speed immediately. When Mr. Owen saw a wolf of this kind he always felt sure of catching it in a short race. He says the slow wolves have all been caught off, and those which are now left can scarcely be caught at all. The breed has been improved and made a faster running breed by a process of

"natural selection." A wolf was recently started in Belleflower township and chased ten miles before being caught. Such a chase never was formerly made after a prairie wolf. Occasionally the early settlers chased the timber wolves more than ten miles, but never the prairie wolves. The early settlers would sometimes run their horses to death or break their wind, or run into an ant-hill or a badger's hole in chasing the wolves, and it was not always a safe business. Mr. Elias Owen had a severe fall by his horse running into a hole, and Mr. James R. Means killed a horse on one of these fast chases.

Mr. Owen has had eleven children, and of these eight are living.

Otha Owen is five feet and five inches in height, has a sanguine complexion, but is somewhat slim in build. He is like the most of the old settlers, cordial and friendly, and his manner is warm and pleasant and honest. His hair is nearly gray and his whiskers likewise. He has a good, kind expression, and will be remembered as one of the best of the old settlers.

Joseph Newcom.

Joseph Newcom was born August 25, 1814, in Clark County, Ohio. His father, whose name was Ethan Newcom, was a Jersey Yankee, and his grandfather, whose name was also Ethan Newcom, was a Jersey Yankee and a Revolutionary soldier. Ethan Newcom, jr., the father of Joseph, married a widow, Mrs. Mary Woods, whose maiden name was Mary Marsh, and she was a Jersey Yankee, too.

Joseph Newcom says that nothing of importance occurred during the first fourteen years of his life, and thinks that children did not know as much and were not as smart as the children are at present with all the advantages that schools can now give.

In the fall of 1828 the Newcom family came to Sangamon timber, Illinois, to what was afterwards called Newcom's Ford. There they arrived one evening tired and hungry, and the next morning Ethan Newcom found a bee tree before breakfast. The family went on to Blooming Grove, but after staying there for two weeks, went back to Newcom's Ford, which took its name from them. During their first winter at the ford they hauled

corn from Blooming Grove, forty miles distant. Newcom's Ford was a stopping place for travelers, and the Newcom's kept a house of entertainment. Sometimes, in the fall of the year, twenty-five or thirty teams would stop there at once. The price of entertainment was eighteen and three-fourths cents per meal and fifty cents for keeping a man and horse over night. They went to Eugene, on the Big Vermilion River, near the Wabash, for their flour and groceries. But, notwithstanding some little inconveniences, the Newcoms lived well and happily. At one time Joseph Newcom went with his sister on horseback to Big Grove, fifteen miles east of the ford, to a wedding. While there the weather turned cold and everything was frozen up. On their return they found the sloughs all easy to cross, except one, which the horses refused to touch. It had frozen over and had fallen and the crust of ice on top was held up by the grass, and the horses refused to cross it. Joseph Newcom was obliged to go into the water up to the waist to break the ice while his sister followed on horseback.

People often had great difficulty in crossing at Newcom's Ford, and were frequently obliged to swim the creek with their teams. A man named Henry Pitts had a horse drowned in crossing the creek, as it did not swim well, but went to plunging when it struck the deep water.

The hogs belonging to the settlers would run wild when turned loose for any length of time, and were sometimes very dangerous. On one Sunday Ethan Newcom went out to hunt bees, when he saw a hog in the distance coming towards him. He thought he would let it come up to within a short distance of him and then frighten it, but when the hog approached it began to bristle up its hair and walk sideways, and Mr. Newcom saw that he must "get out of that" very quickly. The timber was about fifty steps distant, and he broke for it on the keen run with the hog after him. He reached the timber in quick time and sprang up a tree, and the disappointed hog could do nothing but walk around and raise its bristles. Such was Ethan Newcom's attempt to frighten a wild hog!

While the Newcoms lived at Newcom's Ford the flies were very bad on the horses and cattle. For about six weeks in the year the large green-head flies prevented all travel by day.

Everybody was obliged to travel by night, and even then they were troubled with the flies at moonlight. The flies were so thick and so bad that they would kill a young horse if it were turned loose. They would drive it nearly crazy and suck its blood; but now they are comparatively rare even in the worst part of fly time. The long prairie grass on which they used to breed has been eaten off and has become almost a rarity. Joseph Newcom says he has many times been obliged to travel by night, and would bend forward and sleep with his arms around his horse's neck.

During the winter of the deep snow Joseph Newcom was sent to Cheney's Grove to school. He boarded at the house of Benjamin Thomas, and went to school to Mary Cheney. He rode to school on a blind horse with two of Mr. Thomas' little girls, one on behind and one on before. He was obliged to break the road a great many times, but always succeeded in keeping it clear. On the last day of February, when the snow was about to melt, he walked home to Newcom's Ford on the crust. Had he delayed another day he could not have gone home for a month, as the melting of the deep snow kept everything swimming. A year or two afterwards Mr. Newcom went to school at Blooming Grove, to old Billy Hodge.

The Newcoms were great bee hunters and found many trees. The bees were very different in their dispositions. Some would allow their honey to be taken very easily, and would make no trouble; some would fight, but would be cowed by smoke, and some would fight and pay no attention to smoke. At one time Ethan Newcom and Joseph each found a bee tree, and as they were in the vicinity of other bee hunters, decided to cut the trees immediately, although the day was a warm one in September. They cut Ethan Newcom's tree first, and when it fell the hollow burst open and the bees fought desperately all the time the honey was being taken out. Joseph Newcom was stung again and again. He was in his shirt sleeves, and wore shoes without stockings. As the day was warm the perspiration made the sleeves of his shirt cling to his arms, and the bees stung through it again and again. They lit on his legs and crawled up his trowsers and lit on his face and nearly stung him crazy. At one time he ran off, whipping bees with his hat, and acci-

dentally threw it in some high grass, but kept on running and whipping at the bees. When he became free from them he hunted for his hat, but never found it, and was obliged to go bareheaded for two weeks. They took twelve gallons of honey from the bees and a great deal more was wasted, as the gum had split open in falling. The next tree they cut yielded about eight gallons of honey, and the bees fought harder than the first swarm. Joseph was obliged to cut it and take out the honey alone, as the flies were very bad, and his father had to attend to the oxen. He was sore for several weeks after this bee hunt. Honey was the most abundant article raised. Mr. Newcom once took a thousand pounds of honey and sixty pounds of beeswax to Chicago in one load. He received six cents per pound for the honey and twenty-five cents per pound for the beeswax.

In October, 1835, the Newcoms came to Cheney's Grove, to the north side, and settled where John Newcom now lives, and went to farming. They bought their place of Henry Pitts.

Mr. Newcom was a great hunter after wolves and coons. During one fall he and his father killed twenty-five wolves and twenty-eight coons. Ethan Newcom killed the wolves, and Joseph and his dog, Ring, killed the coons. During the spring of the year, when Harrison was elected President, a snow came two feet deep and stayed on for eight days, and during that time everybody hunted for wolves. Every grove in the country was alive with hunters, but Cheney's Grove beat them all, for the hunters there killed sixty-eight wolves.

The Newcoms were in the habit of making maple sugar, as that was the only sugar used. During one spring they made two thousand pounds of sugar and a barrel of syrup. They made eleven hundred pounds in seven days and nights with eight kettles, and could have made a third more if all the sap had been saved. The Cheneys made about fifteen hundred pounds. The sugar sold for ten cents per pound.

Ethan Newcom had eleven children in all, and of these five lived to have families. They are:

Mrs. Mary Vanscoyoc, wife of Perry Vanscoyoc.

Joseph Newcom, whose sketch we are writing.

Mrs. Rosanna Smith, wife of Jacob Smith, lives in Arrowsmith township.

John Newcom lives at the old homestead.

Mrs. Elizabeth Arbogast, wife of William Arbogast, is now dead.

Joseph Newcom married, February 2, 1844, Eliza Jane Devor. He has had eleven children, nine of whom are living. They are:

Nicholas, born January 26, 1845.
Mary Ann, born August 16, 1846.
Nancy Jane, born March 22, 1848.
Ethan Allen, born January 1, 1850.
Joseph Aaron, born May 28, 1851.
Isaac Luther, born May 8, 1853.
Owen, born February 24, 1855.
Mereposa, born August 14, 1856.
America Catherine, born September 23, 1858.
Jesse, born January 4, 1861.
Sarah Elizabeth, born June 29, 1862.

Isaac Luther and Owen are dead. The latter died in infancy. All who are living reside at home, except Nancy Jane, who is married to Richard Ball, and lives in Howard County, Kansas.

Joseph Newcom is five feet and eleven inches in height, is rather slender in form and has bright, humorous eyes. He believes in getting up early in the morning and going to work. He is honest himself, and will not deal with any one who is not also honest and truthful. At one time a person who was known to be a good workman and an industrious man, and had formerly worked for Mr. Newcom, wished to come back again. But although no fault could be found with the young man's work, he was not permitted to come back, as Mr. Newcom would not allow anyone around his premises who could not be relied upon to tell the truth.

Isaac Stansberry.

Isaac Stansberry was born July 13, 1805, in Greene County, East Tennessee, within twelve miles of Greenville. His father's name was Ezekiel Stansberry, and his mother's name before her marriage was Esther Neil. His ancestors were of German and Welch descent. Ezekiel Stansberry died when Isaac

was about nine years of age. Isaac Stansberry remembers very clearly the war of 1812, as several of his elder brothers served in it and were at the battle of Horse Shoe, under Jackson. Before this the family had moved to Washington County, and there Isaac lived until September 29, 1825, when he married Ruth Lacy. He then moved to Greene County, where he went to farming. In about the year 1832 Isaac Stansberry went on a flat-boat with a load of produce down the Noulachuckee River into the Holston River and thence into the Tennessee and down over the Muscle Shoals at Florence. They sold out their load at Tuscumbia and returned home. He made several such trips and saw something of slavery there. At one time he saw forty mule teams abreast ploughing cotton. The teams were driven by negroes who were followed up by an overseer with a whip, which had a lash six feet in length. The whip was made for business, too, and not for ornament. The overseers sometimes combined generosity with brutality. An overseer once brought some negroes on board of a steamboat and gave them each a drink of whisky. Then, at a nod of his head, they ran off to work; but one of them was a little slow about starting and the overseer shoved him overboard into the water.

In 1836 Mr. Stansberry came to Cheney's Grove, McLean County, Illinois. He came with a party of about thirty-six persons. They had a pleasant journey, though rather a long one. Mr. Stansberry immediately went to farming on his brother Abraham's place. He found the times very hard and would have gone back to Tennessee immediately, but could not get away. He arrived late Saturday night, and on Sunday morning went to mill bright and early. The people at Cheney's Grove were very sociable and welcomed all new comers. Mrs. Stansberry says they were all "big bugs" together.

During the winter after his arrival Mr. Stansberry went to Milwaukee, Wisconsin, with Thomas Cheney. They took with them a drove of pigs. They had no very dangerous adventure, except that once while camping out they became very cold and were afraid of freezing to death, and went six miles farther on to a house where they found shelter and a warm fire. On their return they had difficulty in crossing some of the streams, which were about to break up in the spring. The water along the

shores of the Mazon was rising above the ice. They threw pieces of wood on the ice along the shore in order to make a bridge for the wagons to cross. At that early day Milwaukee was not half as large as Saybrook. The buildings were rough, "ornery" looking things and gave little promise of the present city.

Mr. Stansberry has had ten children. They are:

Sophia Jane Stansberry, who was born August 6, 1826. She married James R. Lewis, and lives less than half a mile from her father's house.

Thomas A. Stansberry was born July 27, 1828, and lives in Saybrook.

Ezekiel F. Stansberry was born May 22, 1830. He lives about three-quarters of a mile from the south side of Cheney's Grove with his aunt McMackin.

John F. Stansberry was born January 28, 1832, and lives in Hancock County, Illinois.

Jesse W. Stansberry was born January 24, 1834, and lives just east of his father's.

Julia E. Stansberry was born February 13, 1836, was married to Simon Cavanaugh, and lives two miles east of her father's.

Abram M. Stansberry, born June 15, 1838, died in infancy.

Isaac N. Stansberry was born December 2, 1839, enlisted in the One Hundred and Sixteenth Illinois Volunteers during the late war, and died of sickness at Milliken's Bend near Vicksburg.

Melissa C. Stansberry was born March 27, 1843, was married to I. J. Hardsock, and lives in Saybrook.

Henry M. Stansberry was born June 7, 1846, and lives at the homestead with his father.

Isaac Stansberry is about five feet and ten inches in height, has gray hair and dark eyes, is a kind-hearted, pleasant man and a gentleman. He seems to have succeeded pretty well in life, and lives about a mile and a half southwest of Cheney's Grove.

DALE TOWNSHIP.

Robert Harrington Johnson.

Robert H. Johnson was born November 11, 1796, in Virginia. His father was Francis Johnson, and his mother's name before her marriage was Nancy Harrington. Francis Johnson was born in Ireland, and brought to America when he was four years of age. Nancy Harrington was partly of Pennsylvania Dutch descent. When Robert Johnson was only four years of age he was taken to Jackson County, Tennessee, where he lived until he was twenty-six or seven years of age. There he followed farming and tanning leather. He married in August, 1814, Bathsheba Potter. In about the year 1822 or '23 he went to Overton County, Tennessee, where he lived until the year 1828, when he came to Illinois. He came on his journey by team and arrived at Blooming Grove on the first of December. He had no particular adventure except that his daughter Mathurza fell from a horse which she was riding, and broke her thighbone, and the party was delayed fifteen days in consequence. The party arrived at Blooming Grove in the evening of December 1, when everyone for miles around was at church. As the party passed the church, a bell on one of the colts was heard by the congregation, and it was known that another family had arrived. The addition of a single family to the neighborhood was then a great event, and at the close of the meeting the entire congregation, which was not large, though it included everyone in the country for a great many miles around, came to see the Johnson family and give them a welcome. No one waited for an introduction, but each shook hands cordially and said: "How are you, Brother Johnson?" and, "How are you, Sister Johnson?"

The family first moved to Three Mile Grove, now called Harley's Grove, into a log house fourteen feet square, with a few logs extending for a porch. This cabin was put up for the Johnson family by George Hinshaw some months before their arrival. It happened in the meantime that the Funks (Isaac and Absalom) had driven a lot of pigs to this grove to eat the mast, and the latter had taken possession of the unoccupied cabin. Pigs which have been running in the timber, become

wild, and when excited or aroused are more dangerous than any other wild animal. During the night after the Johnson family moved into their cabin, they heard their dog barking and fighting with the hogs. The cabin had no door to it. A hole had been cut out for entrance, and also another for a fire-place. In the latter a large fire was burning, and some green sticks were near by. Mr. Johnson jumped up and grasped a long, green stick and met the hogs, about seventy-five in number, in the door-way as they were attempting to come in. He fought them there for life, while Mrs. Johnson prevented them from coming in at the fire-place by throwing fire at them. Mr. Johnson fought until he was exhausted completely. He battered their heads; he struck powerful blows, and at last knocked off the snout of one of the hogs, which ran squealing away to Funk's Grove, followed by the whole drove. But Mr. Johnson, fearing the return of the brutes, put his family into the wagon to protect them. The next day Isaac, Absalom and Robert Funk came up to Harley's Grove to whip the band of villains, who, they thought, had been knocking out the eyes and breaking the snouts of their hogs; but when they learned what a fight Mr. Johnson had made to protect his family from being eaten up by the brutes, they left in a different humor.

As the Johnson family was the first to settle in Harley's Grove, the wild animals were taken by surprise. A day or two after the hogs were driven off a black wolf came up close to the door. During that winter Mr. Johnson killed a great many deer within half a mile of the house. At one time he severely wounded a deer, which turned on him and knocked him down several times; but it was so badly hurt that he broke away and left it in a thicket within a few hundred feet of the house. He went in for ammunition, and told the children to stay inside and hold the door shut. But when he started for the thicket, the children disobeyed orders and ran out and climbed the fence, and jumped on the stumps to see the fun. The deer sprang up and ran towards the children, but the dog grabbed it by the ear and Mr. Johnson shot it through the neck and it fell within a few feet of the door. During the spring following, Mr. Johnson fenced forty-five acres of land and planted nearly all of it in corn. But he was unable to enter it immediately and soon after-

wards a man named Jack Hougham entered it away from him and gave him forty-five dollars for his improvement. It was a custom among the old settlers never to enter a man's claim away from him; but Mr. Hougham had no such delicacy. He gave Mr. Johnson notice of his intention and went to the land office and took up the land. Mr. Johnson then settled on the south side of Twin Grove, improved a claim and entered the land, and lived there until 1837, when he was killed by an ox which he was attempting to yoke up to a wagon. This was on the twenty-first of February, 1837. He was a very industrious man, and made shoes and looms in the winter, and worked his land during the summer. He tanned leather for the whole country around.

Mr. Johnson had ten children, two of whom were born in the West. They are:

Nancy Johnson, who married Moses Wooden Brown, and lives at White Oak Grove in Woodford County.

John S. W. Johnson lived at the head of the Mackinaw and died in 1865.

Mathurza Johnson, now the wife of Jeremiah Rhodes, lives three miles from Bloomington, on the Leroy road. She furnished the items for this sketch, and seemed to have very clear ideas and a good recollection.

Jacob H. Johnson lives between Brown's Grove and Twin Grove.

Thomas P. Johnson lives near Osceola, Clark County, Iowa.

Benjamin M. Johnson lives about a mile and a half west of Bloomington.

Francis, Lewis S., and James B. Johnson, are dead.

Mary Jane Elizabeth Johnson married John Fowler, and lives in Osage Mission, Kansas.

Mr. Johnson was about six feet in height, was possessed of immense strength, but was very good-natured, kind-hearted and religious. He never wished to quarrel with anyone, was always on good terms with his neighbors, and was very honorable in all of his transactions.

William Beeler, Sr.

William Beeler was born September 26, 1796, in Fayette County, Kentucky. His father's name was Samuel Beeler and

his mother's name before her marriage was Mary Graves. His father was descended from the Dutch of Virginia, but his mother probably came from English stock. The father of Samuel Beeler, who was the grandfather of William Beeler, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and saw some very hard service and severe campaigning. He sometimes laid on brush heaps at night to keep out of the water. Samuel Beeler moved to Kentucky at an early day, where he was often engaged in contests with the Indians. He was a great hunter, and very skillful in the use of the rifle. At one time, while the settlers were troubled by the Indians, Mr. Beeler went with three other men out hunting for buffalo and deer, which were both very plenty. Mr. Beeler killed a buffalo and afterwards a deer. Two other deer ran off, but came back unaccountably in fright, and were both killed by the hunter. But as Mr. Beeler was skinning one of the deer he learned what had frightened them back, for he heard a cracking in the brush and looking up saw a man coming; and a second glance showed him to be an Indian. Mr. Beeler sprang instantly for his gun and ran, and was pursued by six Indians who fired at him. He stubbed his toe and fell, and they set up a whoop, but he sprang to his feet and ran forward, and as he was remarkably fleet he distanced them all except one, which he turned upon and shot. He then had some difficulty in finding his camp, but arrived there at last, and found only one of his companions. The camp was moved into a sink-hole. The next morning the remainder of the party came in, and all returned home. The Indians killed several families, stole several horses and tried to get away with the plunder, but were pursued and killed, and the horses recaptured.

When William Beeler was ten years of age he went with his father's family to Butler County, Ohio, and there they lived while the war of 1812 was fought. Samuel Beeler was in this war, and was a colonel at the battle of Tippecanoe.

William Beeler says that while he lived in Ohio the Indians were to the whites as a hundred to one. They were a kind of people who were much influenced by the pleasures of sense. They were always drunk, whenever they could find liquor. Mr. Beeler has seen a hundred drunken Indians with only two or

three sober ones to keep them quiet. He remembers one time particularly, when some friends came to see his father from Kentucky, they all made a visit to a camp of about a hundred Indians. The latter had with them a negro whom they had raised, and he was the only sober man among them. They were nearly all dead drunk, and the ground was covered with their stupid, insensible bodies. One Indian was sober enough to fight with his squaw, but the latter whipped the savage finely. The Indian's feelings were much injured at this, so he poured a bucket of water on his head to make him a little sober, and again went to fighting the squaw, and succeeded in whipping her.

When William Beeler became of age he went to Kentucky, and there married Mary Hall. He lived there a few years until the death of his wife, and then moved back to Ohio, where he lived until he came to Illinois. He married, October 14, 1824, Elizabeth Sheeley. He came to Illinois, to what is now McLean County, in the fall of 1830, and settled in the southern edge of Twin Grove, where he has remained ever since.

Mr. Beeler suffered a great deal during the winter of the deep snow. When the first heavy fall of snow came, he found his pigs all huddled together in a pile to keep warm, but the snow had melted down around them, and Mr. Beeler found them wet and shivering. He made a lot of shavings from a Linn rail, and cut hazel brush, and in this his pigs made a bed and kept warm.

During the Black Hawk war the settlers were all liable to take panics occasionally, and often collected together in houses for fear, but no disturbance was ever made by the Indians in this locality.

Mr. Beeler has had six children, three of whom are living. They are:

William Beeler, who lives about a mile and a half south of his father's, in Dale township.

Mrs. Mary Stiger, wife of William Stiger, lives in Covel.

Mrs. Harriet Rockwell, wife of Lorenzo Rockwell, lives on the south side of Twin Grove, within a few rods of her father's house.

Mrs. Cynthiana Elizabeth Hinshaw, wife of J. U. Hinshaw, is now dead.

Morgan Washington Beeler grew up to manhood, but is now dead.

Mr. Beeler is rather less than the medium height, and though too old to work, is tough and hardy. He is a pleasant talking old gentleman, and is considered a patriarch at Twin Grove; for, while obtaining items for this work, everybody seemed anxious that a fine sketch should be written of "Uncle Billy Beeler." He has been very successful and leads an easy, comfortable life.

William Beeler, Jr.

William Beeler, jr. was born February 8, 1822, in Fayette County, Kentucky (probably). When he was only a year or two old his mother (whose maiden name was Mary Hall) died, and his father moved to Ohio, as stated in the foregoing sketch. His father married Elizabeth Sheeley, and in the fall of 1830 the family came to Twin Grove, where they arrived October 14.

During the winter of the deep snow Mr. Beeler, sr., fed three yoke of cattle, which he brought with him from Ohio, on the boughs of trees. The cattle became so accustomed to their fare that they would run after the sound of an ax in the timber while Mr. Beeler was cutting a tree for them, as eagerly as they ever hastened to a feed of corn.

The Indians were not plenty when Mr. Beeler came to the country. He remembers some who came to his father's house, and were great traders. They were ready to swap at any time, and quick to see when they obtained the best end of the bargain. The settlers exercised their ingenuity in making clothing. The best clothing was made of buckskin, and a good pair of pants of this material lasted three years. The buckskin was tanned by soaking it in weak ley or lime-water and scraping it with a knife or sharp-cornered instrument. This took off the hair and the grain. The grain is a kind of coating next to the hair, and must be worked off or the skin can never be made soft. After being scraped, the skin is soaked in the brain of a deer and washed in soapsuds, and may be colored by smoke.

The early settlers were very humorous, and loved practical jokes. One favorite joke was what was called "sniping." It was played by persuading some one that snipes could be driven

into a sack, and the victim was induced to hold the sack by the end of a log during a dark night, and would be left there to find out the sell at his leisure. It would hardly seem possible that anyone could be hoaxed by such a simple and absurd performance, but some of the smartest and sharpest of men have been "taken in" by that very thing. Mr. Beeler tells of the manner in which a party of young men at a corn husking at Mr. Beeler, sr's, "sniped" a young stranger who had been working for Osborn Barnard. While the boys were husking corn they talked of catching snipe, and had great disputes as to the number that had been caught on various occasions. The stranger was in the mean time growing eager. At supper time they discussed the matter again and proposed to go sniping. They counted those who were willing to go, leaving out the stranger, and said they had not enough men. But one said: "Why, here's the stranger; he can go." "No," said another, "he doesn't understand it." "Well," said the first speaker, "if he can't do anything else, he can hold the sack!" "Boys," said old Mr. Beeler, "I wish you would catch a few snipe, for I feel sick, and I would like some first rate." The stranger was not only willing, but eager, and said very modestly, that he would do whatever they thought best, as he did not understand "sniping." After dark they placed the stranger by a log with the caution that the snipes made a low whistle, and when he heard it he must answer promptly. They left him standing for an hour or more, when William Beeler and a young man named Dudley Dore went out near the log and gave a low whistle, which the stranger promptly answered. Beeler and Dore laughed so heartily that they could not pucker up their lips for another whistle. They went back to the house and a young man named William Stiger was sent out to bring the stranger in; but the stranger declared that he heard the snipes whistle, and he wanted to stay and catch them. It required all of Stiger's ingenuity to bring him to the house. When they arrived the party was gone. After waiting some time, the boys came in one after another, telling what a lot of snipes they had, and wanted to know why the stranger had not remained at his post. The poor fellow laid the blame on William Stiger as best he could. He told the Barnards

a few days afterwards of what a lot of snipe he might have caught if William Stiger had not interfered.

The settlers hunted and trapped a great deal. A trap set for turkeys was the most absurd thing imaginable. It was simply a little pen with a hole at the bottom large enough for a turkey to walk in. Corn was sprinkled in a line leading through the hole, and a turkey picking up the corn walked through the hole. They would starve to death before finding their way out.

One of the most cunning of animals is the wild cat. The settlers around Twin Grove once hunted a wild cat, which had stolen a piece of tallow. They had four inches of snow in which to track it, and they followed it all day long. The cunning animal would go back on its track and cross it in every way in order to lead the hunters astray, and sometimes it would walk a log and spring off a long distance. Towards nightfall the hunters came upon two tracks. Old William Beeler and his dog followed one and the remainder followed the other. Beeler and his dog soon treed the cat, and the remainder of the party came to the scene of action and commenced a general firing. The cat jumped around in a tree top, snapping and breaking off limbs. At last it was wounded and jumped down and the dogs killed it, after a long and savage fight. The cat threw itself on its back and fought fearfully, and Mr. Beeler thinks the dogs would never have killed it had it not been wounded.

William Beeler, jr., married, July 5, 1844, Catherine Layton. He says he cradled oats in the forenoon and was married in the afternoon. Some years before this, when young Beeler and a friend wished to go out on a squirrel hunt, old Mr. Layton wished William to help bind oats, and, when William refused, the old gentleman told William that the latter could never have one of Mr. Layton's daughters unless he gave up the squirrel hunt. But two or three years afterwards William Beeler succeeded in capturing one of the daughters. His wife died April 8, 1862.

On the 11th of January, 1868, he married Miss Mary A. H. O'Neal, a daughter of Cary O'Neal, of Benjaminville, a member of the Society of Friends. Mr. Beeler has had fourteen children, five of whom are married. The names of those who are married are:

Mrs. Harriet Ann Westmoreland, wife of James Westmoreland, lives a quarter of a mile from her father's house.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Fry, wife of Jepsy Fry, lives three miles west of her father's, at Round's Grove.

Mrs. Mary Ellen Banner, wife of Joshua Banner, lives about one mile north of Dry Grove.

John David Beeler lives in Arrowsmith township.

Mrs. Alferetta Fry, wife of Evander Fry, lives about a quarter of a mile west of her father's.

Mr. Beeler is five feet and eleven and one-half inches in height, and seems strongly made. He is full of fun and humor. While telling a joke he appears very dry until the funny part comes in, and then his eyes have an amusing and wicked expression. He enjoys a practical joke perhaps as well as any one in McLean County. He is a kind father to his family, and has succeeded well in life.

Jesse Hill.

Jesse Hill was born March 24, 1809, on Cherry Run, about five miles from Lexington, Kentucky. His father's name was James Hill, and his mother's maiden name was Polly Cope. His father was of Irish descent and his mother of English. James Hill, the father of Jesse, lived during his young days in Pennsylvania, where he was born. At the age of eighteen he ran away from home and went to Kentucky, where Jesse was born. James Hill often had trouble with the Indians. At one time they captured a young woman and were taking her away, when James Hill, Daniel Boone and others went after the savages and re-captured the girl before the redskins could cross the Ohio River near the mouth of the Kentucky River. James Hill was a noted man for fighting Indians and building mills. He was a great mechanical genius. He made a great many long-waisted clock-cases, and carried on a cabinet shop. He built a mill on Cherry Run and another on Eagle Creek; he built a saw-mill, a grist-mill, a still-house, and many other things. His ingenuity never failed him. At one time he built what he called a chain-mill. He found a little spring which poured its water over a rock and down a fall of sixty feet, and he utilized this by making a chain one hundred and twenty feet in length and attaching

buckets to it, one to every other link. This chain ran over a cylinder, and as the little stream from the spring flowed out it filled the buckets with water and pulled down one side of the chain which turned the cylinder, and the power was utilized in driving the mill. It was a great curiosity, and people came from all over the country to see it. By means of the little spring he obtained power enough to cut three thousand feet of hard oak lumber in a day.

Jesse Hill was a young child at the close of the war of 1812, but he remembers the burning of tar barrels in the streets to celebrate the victory at New Orleans. When he was nine years of age the Hill family came to Madison, Indiana, and then moved to the celebrated little spring, where his father put up the chain-mill. When Jesse Hill was twenty-one years of age he moved to Twin Grove, Illinois, where he arrived October 9, 1830. He lived with Colonel Beeler for a year and a half after his arrival. Colonel Beeler had known the father of Jesse in Kentucky, and the two gentlemen had once traded horses. Mr. Hill, sr., gave the Colonel three hundred dollars "boot" in exchanging horses, and the horse which Hill received died a day or two afterwards. When Jesse Hill came to Illinois he heard the Colonel bragging about this horse trade, and the circumstance made them acquainted, and Hill afterwards made matters still more agreeable by marrying the old gentleman's daughter.

Mr. Hill's experience with the deep snow was in gathering corn, when he was obliged to reach down into the snow for the ears. He was obliged to go every other day for corn. During that winter old Billy McCord had some pigs in the brush and they came out every day for their feed, making a deep path which had walls of snow on each side. The path was only wide enough for one pig to travel at a time, and they would be frequently frozen while standing in it. During this year, in the month of March, Peter McCullough and Abram Hays went to Bloomington, and on their return became lost. They were blinded, as the melting snow made a thick fog, and they could see only a short distance in any direction. McCullough and Hays were utterly bewildered and shouted for help. Their cries were heard and the neighbors started out to rescue them, but horns had to be blown to prevent the rescuers themselves from becoming lost.

During the spring after the deep snow the ground was so flooded with water that immense logs were floated off from the edge of Twin Grove to the prairie. These were the trunks of trees which had been blown down by a hurricane a few years before.

When the Black Hawk war broke out, Jesse Hill enlisted for the purpose of going; but the horse which he intended to ride persisted in lying down in every creek he came to, and the rider was wet so often that he took the fever and ague and gave up his hopes of martial glory and missed the chance of immortality at Stillman's Run.

Mr. Hill speaks particularly of the sudden change in the weather, which took place in December, 1836, and says that many chickens were frozen fast in the ice.

Mr. Hill has never been much of a hunter, but has occasionally chased wolves. He was once with a party of hunters after a wild-cat, when they unexpectedly started a wolf and all took after it. Mr. Hill was mounted on a race-horse and frequently ran around the wolf, but had nothing to strike it or hold it until the dogs could come up. At last it ran into a slough with Mr. Hill close behind. When the horse struck the slough it went down, and Mr. Hill was thrown over its head on the wolf. He grabbed the brute with both hands and pressed down its hind quarters, but the mittens on his hands prevented him from getting a good hold, and the wolf tore away. Mat Harbert hallooed, "hold him, Jess," but it was impossible to do it.

Mr. Hill has had some experience with fires on the prairie, and says that the most exciting part to him is the sight of a prairie fire and a back fire coming together, with frightened wolves and deer between them trying to get away.

For three years of his life Mr. Hill followed the business of well digging, and has had some interesting experience in this line. Once, while digging a well in Bloomington, on a lot belonging to a certain Mr. Thompson, Mr. Hill struck, far below the surface of the ground, a walnut log. He cut it in two with an axe, and it seemed solid, but when brought to the surface it crumbled away. While digging a well down on Kickapoo for a certain Mr. Marsh, Mr. Hill came upon a burnt brush-heap which was thirteen feet deep in blue clay. The ashes, coals and brands were plain to be seen. Mr. Hill has had some experi-

ence with "the damps," and says that they may be found in all wells, even those which are very shallow. He once went into a well, only twelve feet deep, belonging to James Tolliver of Bloomington, but had to be pulled out immediately, and was so far gone that he did not recover from the effects of it until the following day. "The damps" were cleared out by building a large fire of straw. "The damps" are not occasioned by dampness. Mr. Hill dug a well thirty feet deep for John Hay of Dry Grove, and the ground was so dry that it was fairly dusty, but the damps began to affect it and he stopped work. William Brown went down to dig, but was so affected that he had to be hauled up, and when near the top became so weak that he fell and was drawn out with a hook.

Mr. Hill has been married three times. He married, August 17, 1831, Miss Nancy Beeler, daughter of old Colonel Beeler. His second marriage was in 1840, to Miss Phebe Munsell. His last marriage was in 1861, to Miss Matilda Hancock. His domestic life has always been pleasant. He has had twelve children, of whom ten are living, and has raised five children not his own. He has five children who are married. They are:

John Wesley Hill, who lives a mile south of his father's house.

Mrs. Jane Morgan, wife of Samuel Morgan, lives one-half mile west of her father's.

Mrs. Martha Elizabeth Sackett, wife of Sabina Sackett, lives a little north of Cheney's Grove.

Mrs. Nancy Ann Rogers, wife of James Rogers, lives at Stringtown, in Dale township.

Mrs. Polly Margaret Philhower, wife of Jacob Philhower, lives in the village of Noble, on the Illinois Central Railroad, in Southern Illinois.

Mr. Hill has two sons, Zerah Munsell Hill and James Thomas Hill, who are killing buffalo in Southwestern Colorado, and have claims in Kansas, which they work during the spring and summer. One of his sons wished to send a carload of buffalo meat to Bloomington to be sold, but it was considered too hazardous a speculation. He killed a hundred and fifty buffalo in one month.

Mr. Hill is about five feet and six inches in height. He is

lively, good-natured and talkative, and seems to know a good deal and can tell what he knows. He is active and hearty, and his appearance is youthful. Age makes little impression on him, except to bring the use of spectacles. He is humorous, and the joke he tells is usually a good one. He appreciates to the utmost anything witty or funny. His imagination is lively, which makes his conversation and his ideas noticeable. He has acquired a fair competence by his industry and enjoys this world immensely.

Abram Enlow.

Abram Enlow was born January 21, 1809, in Christian County, Kentucky. His father's name was Abraham Enlow, and his mother's before her marriage was Jemina Johnson. His father was partly of Dutch descent, and his mother was partly of Irish. Abraham Enlow died when Abram was quite young. The latter received only two years schooling in his youth. Sickness and hard work prevented him from attending more.

The clothing in those days was often a curiosity. Nothing was considered more elegant than buckskin, and Abram Enlow remembers how his brother John appeared on one occasion, as he came out in a new suit of buckskin, dyed green.

In 1835 Abram Enlow came to McLean County with his brother John. Abram's first experience was not pleasant, as the winter of 1835 and '36 was very severe. He admired the fine prairies, which did, indeed, gladden the eye of a farmer, who had been used to grubbing stumps in Kentucky; but the severe winter made him return to Kentucky, which he did in 1836. But after two years more among the stumps of Kentucky, he turned back once more to Illinois. He married, September 27, 1838, Louisa Harry. On the first of October, three days after his marriage, he started for McLean County, Illinois. His journey was a very pleasant one, though the season was dry, and it was sometimes difficult to obtain water. He camped out every night. The streams had no bridges, but during that season none were needed, as the creeks were nearly all dry.

Soon after Mr. Enlow's arrival he went to the land office at Danville, and entered eighty acres of prairie, and bought five acres of timber to fence his land. He lived at his brother John's

house and rented land during the first year. During the following year he began fencing and breaking ground, and in March he moved on his own place. It was a remarkably early season, for by the middle of March the cattle went out on the prairie for feed. Game was plenty. The little prairie wolves could be seen in the morning playing around after they had killed his sheep the night before. The wolves frequently collected together in packs, and often came in the night up close to Mr. Enlow's door. Mr. Enlow was on one of the "ring" hunts, which were so popular among the settlers. The pole was put up at Normal, and they hunted towards it, killed many deer and wolves, had a social chat and went home. One deer, which was killed, was tied to a pony's tail and dragged in to the pole.

Mr. Enlow settled in the West at an unfortunate time, when business was prostrate and grain commanded a very low price. He could sell his corn and oats in Bloomington for ten cents per bushel and take his pay in store goods, and he could take his wheat to Pekin and get for it only thirty-five cents per bushel. When he came to Illinois he had only enough money to enter his eighty acres of land, buy his five acres of timber, and purchase a few housekeeping utensils and a stock of provisions. When his stock of provisions was exhausted it seemed for a while a desperate matter to live. He first obtained three dollars a hundred for his pork, but afterwards a dollar and a half; and prices reached such an extremely low figure that the neighbors all clubbed together and sent their pork to Chicago; but then they obtained less than a dollar per hundred. Mr. Enlow sent four hogs weighing each two hundred and fifty pounds with the drove to Chicago, and received eight dollars, which was just eighty cents per hundred weight. It was not until the Illinois Central Railroad came that produce began to rise and farmers commenced making money. Mr. Enlow sold his eighty acres of entered land for seventy-five dollars an acre. The timber land, which he first bought, is now covered with a second growth of fine trees.

Mr. Enlow has had four children, but only one son and one daughter grew up to manhood and womanhood. They are:

Samuel T. Enlow lives a few rods from his father's house.

Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Myers, wife of George Myers, lives about two miles southwest of her father's.

Mr. Enlow is six feet and one inch in height, is very muscular and works hard. He has a sanguine complexion, rather a bald head and large, honest eyes. He is a very pleasant man to talk to, and takes an interest in the early settlement of the country. Mrs. Enlow is a very pleasing and intelligent lady. Shrewd observers say that the success of many men is due to the influence of their wives, and it is very probable that the influence of Mrs. Enlow has contributed very materially to her husband's success in life. Mr. Enlow lives in the southern edge of Twin Grove in Dale township, is very comfortably situated, and bids fair to enjoy a long and happy life.

Richard Rowell.

Richard Rowell was born May 20, 1814, in the town of Littleton, Grafton County, New Hampshire. His father's name was Jonathan Rowell, and his mother's name before her marriage was Sarah Hoskin. Both were of Puritan stock. The grandfather of Richard was Daniel Rowell, a soldier of the Revolution. This gentleman was in the series of battles, which terminated in the surrender of General Burgoyne. Richard Rowell lived until the age of twenty-two among the rocks of Grafton County, within sight of Mt. Washington. But notwithstanding the sterility of the country the schools were excellent, and Richard received a good common education. In addition to this, he attended a grammar school at Concord, Vermont. At the age of eighteen he taught school in Vermont.

In May, 1836, he started for the West, being anxious at first to find a place for teaching school. He had no friends or acquaintances in the West, and was obliged to make his way alone. He went by stage from Littleton to Saratoga. From the latter place he rode to Schenectady on a railroad, in cars drawn by horses, and thence to Buffalo by canal. Here he took a steamer to Detroit. From that place he shipped his trunk to Chicago by schooner, and traveled on foot through what was then the territory of Michigan. His route was very nearly that which the Michigan Central Railroad now takes. He passed through Ann Arbor, which was then a respectable village,

though the great University had not been thought of. He crossed the lake in a steamboat from the mouth of the St. Joseph River to Chicago. After spending two weeks in looking at the country he commenced work in Chicago as a carpenter. The Indians of Northern Illinois, principally Pottawatomies, were then receiving their last annuity, and they were thick. About two thousand were collected in the city, but they soon left and never returned. During the latter part of October he went to the present site of La Salle by stage. The stage was a wagon, which the passengers were often obliged to lift out of the mud. He stepped from the stage on the steamboat Frontier. He saw no houses where La Salle now stands, though a few might have been concealed by the bank of the river. His berth on the steamboat was a bed of slats and nothing else. He came to Peoria and there found the prospect for school-teaching poor. So he left his trunk, picked up his valise, and crossed the Illinois River. He stayed for one night with the widow of Jacob Funk, and of her learned of Funk's Grove. He traveled on with the intention of reaching that place. But when he arrived at Stout's Grove, he found an opportunity to teach school. He began about the first of November, and continued his first term until the following April. The raising of the first store building in Danvers (then Concord) was a great event, and Mr. Rowell dismissed his school for three days to assist in the proceedings. The building still stands south of Ewins' mill. Mr. Rowell taught school during that summer and the following winter. In the spring of 1838, he and his brother, B. F. Rowell, who had come during the fall previous, commenced farming on the head branch of Rock Creek, out on the prairie, a mile and a half from timber. It was thought that these daring men would freeze to death out there, and they went by the name of "the fool Yankees." They lived until 1848 with unentered land on both sides of them. On one side of them the land was not entered until 1850. In the winter of 1853, Mr. Rowell sold out his interest in the farm and took a trip to Iowa. He had a pleasant journey, camped out and enjoyed himself very much; but in his careful observations he saw no land equal to that in McLean County. He returned and bought the premises of Mr.

Samuel Barker of Twin Grove, and has lived on this place until the present time in the township of Dale.

Mr. Rowell married Nancy Barnard, December 15, 1853. He has had three children, of whom two are living. They are, Lois and Emma, and both live at home.

Mr. Rowell is full six feet in height and weighs about one hundred and eighty pounds. His form indicates activity and strength. His head is large and well shaped, and is a little bald. His eyes are dark, bright and expressive. His mind seems to have a practical turn, and he has what phrenologists call continuity, that is, he is disposed to finish what he has in hand, and his mind is not easily driven from the work. His practical turn of mind and his clear perceptions, make his judgment more than usually correct concerning all of the material affairs of life. He is polite and obliging in his manner. He has been supervisor for about nine years, was one of the commissioners of the building of the present court-house, and possesses in a very great degree the confidence of his neighbors.

DANVERS TOWNSHIP.

Ebenezer Briggs Mitchel.

Ebenezer B. Mitchel was born August 17, 1813, in Morganfield, Union County, Kentucky. His father was Rev. Peyton Mitchel, and his mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Briggs. They were both of purely Scotch descent, but of the third generation, since their ancestors came from Scotland. Rev. Peyton Mitchel was a minister in the Cumberland Presbyterian Church. He devoted his time to the ministry and was a very effective preacher. During the war of 1812 he enlisted in the army and was elected captain of a company, but was never called into active service.

In December, 1818, the family of Rev. Mr. Mitchel moved to Sangamon County, Illinois, on Fancy Creek, about eight miles north of Springfield. They traveled in a wagon drawn by four horses. At one time the horses started to run and seemed to be unmanageable, when Mrs. Mitchel, who was a woman of remarkable resolution, ran forward, grasped the bridle of one of the

lead horses and assisted in stopping them. On the way they met old Billy Hodge, who had come to the country and was returning eastward. The Indians were then numerous and occasionally troublesome. They were the Kickapoos, Pottawatomies, Delawares and others. At one time a band of Indians went to Springfield and became intoxicated, and on their return attempted to go into Mitchel's house, when he was absent; but Mrs. Mitchel barred the door, and the dogs outside fought them. Mrs. Mitchel told the savages that her husband was sick, and insisted that they should leave; but they hung around until nearly morning, banging against the door, yelling, whooping and fighting.

The country there was very unhealthy and everyone suffered from bilious complaints. On the third of March, 1825, the family came to Stout's Grove, in what was then Fayette County, but now is McLean. There they found only two families, those of the two Ephraim Stout's, father and son. The Indians were plenty and were always anxious to trade. They came sometimes singly, sometimes in small parties, and sometimes in great numbers. They would trade anything they had, except their labor; no inducement was great enough to make them work. Mr. Mitchel tried them again and again, and was particularly anxious to have them husk corn; but they would husk half a dozen ears and stop. They had queer ideas of value, and would give more for a rooster's feather than for anything else, and would put it in their hair and be perfectly delighted. Their dress usually consisted of leggins, moccasins and a blanket, while their ears and noses were ornamented with rings. They had high cheek bones, and their skin was the color of tanned leather, or perhaps of copper, but not so red. Their feet were large and flat; their legs and arms were small, but wiry, showing the Indians to be good for walking, but not worth much for work.

Rev. Peyton Mitchel was active in the ministry and did good work. He preached the first sermon in Funk's Grove, and wherever he could find an opportunity he engaged in the work of the great Master. Churches were soon organized and schoolhouses were built, and Ebenezer Mitchel thinks the society at that time was much more reliable than it is at present. He thinks the promise of an old settler was much better than most people's bonds.

The deep snow fell in 1830 and '31. Mr. Mitchel took repeated measurements of its depth in the timber, where it had not drifted, and it there averaged forty inches. A crust on it was soon formed, and the wolves ran over it; but the sharp footed deer broke through.

When the heavy fall of snow came, a certain Mr. Barnes, an old sea-faring captain, was caught at Mr. Mitchel's house, and in order to go to his home in Mosquito Grove, the former was obliged to make some snow-shoes. They were made of bows shaped like ox-bows, and were covered with light, strong splints made of wood or bark. When they were worn they were fastened to the toe of the foot by a kind of slipper, but not fastened at the heel. When the toe was inserted in the slipper, some straps passed back, crossed the foot on the instep, and were tied behind the heel. This prevented the toe from being withdrawn and left the heel free. While walking, the feet were held wide apart, and the shoes were dragged along over the surface. If the snow was fresh, they were usually pressed down a little, but bore a man's weight pretty well. During that winter the Mitchel family were pretty well provided with corn, but soon ran out of meal. Ebenezer chopped a hole in a log as deep as he could cut, then with fire burnt it still deeper, then cut off the section containing the hole and brought it in the house and used it as a mortar. He then cut a thick stick about three feet long, worked one end small for a handle, slipped over it an iron ring, which was pressed clear to the other end, which was left large enough to prevent the ring from being slipped off. Into the larger end a heavy iron wedge was driven, and with this as a pestle, the corn was pounded in the burnt mortar. After a long pounding, the corn was sifted and the fine was used for meal, while the coarse was boiled for hominy.

When the land came in market, the settlers were usually careful not to enter each other's claims, and used all means to protect each other; but sometimes they differed as to the ownership of a claim, and their differences were aggravated by the uncertainty of the law, which allowed what was called "floating" claims. A settler could enter a quarter section of land and locate it anywhere within the section, that is, he could "float down" on any quarter section not previously entered. Some-

times he would accidentally or otherwise "float down" on some one's claim, and then would follow a land contest. But these contests resulted more from the uncertain law than from any quarrelsome disposition on the part of the settlers. They were fair-minded men, and these land contests afforded them no pleasure.

Ebenezer Mitchel was no hunter, but he occasionally went after deer and wolves, which he chased on horseback with dogs. But on one occasion he found some wolves a little too strong for him. He started a large timber or gray wolf and chased it for some distance on horseback, when it was joined by four or five others, and then they refused to run, but stood their ground and drove back Mitchel's dog. They showed their teeth and were ready for fight, and Mr. Mitchel went back for his gun, but on his return the wolves were not to be found. But as a usual thing the danger of chasing wolves did not arise from the ferocious nature of the animal, for it belongs to one of the most cowardly species, and is very easily killed. A skillful blow with a club is usually sufficient to do the work. But riding over the prairie at a breakneck pace has dangers sometimes not thought of. While Ebenezer Mitchel and his brother were once chasing a wolf, the horse, which the former rode, plunged into a slough and fell, while its rider was thrown twenty feet ahead. He rose and told his brother to go on, "he'd be up in a minute." But Ebenezer was not up in a minute. His horse's head was jammed under its body, and by the time it was loosened, his brother and the wolf had vanished. The cowardice and fear displayed by a wolf is sometimes most abject and mean. When it is run down it crouches on the ground and quietly receives the blow, which kills it. Mr. Mitchel remembers one wolf, which ran its nose into a hole and was killed in that position.

Mr. Mitchel has occasionally hunted deer and had some lively sport and some strange adventures. At one time he killed a deer after a somewhat exciting chase, and went home for help to bring it in. He and his brother, after some discussion, decided to carry it on an ox. They went out for the deer and placed it on the ox, and Mr. Mitchel rode the animal to steady the load, while his brother led the way. When they had gone about half-way home, the ox commenced bouncing, and raised

its load high in the air, and both man and deer came down together. Mr. Mitchel's ankle was much hurt, and did not become well for three months.

The fires on the prairie were a great annoyance to the early settlers, but they were grand sights. They lit up the heavens and made everything as light as day for many miles around. The grass was long on low ground, and, as the fire passed over it, the blaze rolled up magnificently. These fires often did great damage, and Mr. Mitchel sometimes lost his stacks and rail fences by them.

The sudden change in the weather of December, 1836, so often described in this volume, caught Mr. Mitchel about half a mile from home, and when he returned everything was cracking; the water and slush were turned to ice. The intense cold drove his stock nearly crazy; the chickens curled up and fell from their roosts, and everything was in confusion; but by care and great exertions nearly all was put under shelter and saved.

The country in early days was sometimes troubled with horse-thieves. They were thought to have a family in Mosquito Grove, who sympathized with them. This was the Reddon family, consisting of old man Reddon and his two sons, Jack and Harrison. At one time, when some horses were missing, Isaac Funk, Robert Stubblefield and some others came to Mr. Mitchel's house and asked him to go with them to the Reddons. He did so, and they all arrived there in the night while it was raining. The Reddons were waked up and the old man Reddon came rushing to the door saying: "Who are you, horse-thieves?" They said they were after horse-thieves, and told the Reddons that their house must be searched. After some parley it was done, but nothing was found. But suspicion of the Reddons became so near a certainty that it was decided to drive them off, and the Fourth of July was appointed as the day for a grand ring hunt, with the understanding among nearly all, that the Reddons should be the game. They went with their rifles and gave the Reddons notice that they must leave the country, and they went. Before this time a horse had been stolen, and the thieves were pressed very closely, and Robert Stubblefield with a one-eyed horse succeeded in catching up with them, and found Jack Reddon riding the stolen animal. Mr. Stubblefield had

neither pistol nor club to stop the thieves, and after riding a short time with them, and making great exertions to stop them, while all parties were going at rapid speed, he was obliged to fall back, and Jack Reddon escaped. After the Reddon family was broken up, the neighborhood had peace.

Ebenezer Mitchel married, May 26, 1836, at twelve o'clock, M., Rachel Vance. They have had seven children, of whom three are living. They are:

Mrs. Elizabeth Christian, wife of Matthew Christian, lives in Springfield.

Mrs. Emma Price, wife of Edward L. Price, lives near her father's.

Ebenezer Mitchel, jr., lives at home.

Mr. Mitchel is of rather less than the ordinary stature, but he seems to be a very active, wide-awake man, with a great deal of energy and good muscle. He is a man, who is straight-forward himself, and admires honesty and fair dealing in others. This is one cause of the great interest he takes in the doings of the early settlers. He found that their word could be depended on, and that they would make great exertions to fulfil their agreements. He says that the associations of McLean County and the many incidents which have happened while he has been in it, make it very dear to him. His children are, some of them, buried here, and the old settlers, with whom he was associated in early days, are many of them living here. He feels that they have worked together for so many years, and endured so many hardships, that they should be considered members of a common family. Mr. Mitchel has been very successful in life, and has become very well to do in the world. He has been fortunate in the enjoyment of the society of a good woman, his wife, a lady remarkable for her goodness of heart and quietness of manner.

Hon. Matthew Robb.

Matthew Robb, usually known as Squire Robb, was born July 15, 1801, in Washington County, Kentucky. His father, Thomas Robb, was born in Ireland, August 10, 1769, and came with his parents to America while an infant. Thomas Robb married Lydia Waller, a lady of Welch descent, on the 23d of April, 1795, and Matthew Robb, the fourth son, was born in

1801, as above stated. When the latter was quite small the family moved to Union County, Indiana. Thomas Robb died June 24, 1818, being thrown from a horse, and Mrs. Robb was left in not very comfortable circumstances with a large family of children to care for. But eleven of these children grew up and raised families. One of them is Mrs. Eliza Cox, now living in Southern Illinois. It was a heavily timbered country, and not very pleasant work to plough among the trees and stumps, and Matthew Robb determined to live where he could turn a long furrow without striking stumps. His education was limited, and was obtained with difficulty. He went to school only six months, as he could hardly be spared from the farm. Nevertheless he learned to write plainly and well and was a correct and rapid accountant. He was a lively young man, full of fun and the best of humor. He would carry a young lady behind him on horseback to a party five or six miles distant, and he often took young ladies to church in the same way. They had no buggies or carriages then, but they had quite as much fun, and perhaps a little more. In August, 1821, Matthew Robb married Mary McClure, daughter of Thomas McClure. In the spring of 1824, he came to that part of Sangamon County, which now forms the county of Logan, about two and a half miles from where Postville now stands. Here he raised a crop and then brought out his wife and child and household goods from Indiana. The child is the present Mrs. Abraham Stansberry, of Bloomington. When he arrived at his farm he had only twenty-five cents in silver in his pocket, but he was happy because he could plough without the trouble of avoiding stumps. In the spring of 1827 he moved to Stout's Grove. Here he lived lonely enough, as his neighbors were principally Indians. His cabin was of logs, and his door without a lock and only a spinning wheel to place against it to hold it fast.

Matthew Robb was a noted man at Stout's Grove. He was the first justice of the peace, was elected in 1827, and held the office for twelve years. He issued the first summons in September, 1827. He married the young men and women of Stout's Grove and the whole country around, but used very little ceremony in the matter. At one time when he started for

mill he was met near his house by James Snodgrass and Betsy Smith, who had come to be joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. All three went back to the house, and the service was performed before Mrs. Robb and her daughter (the present Mrs. Stansberry) could come in to witness it. The latter had been out milking, and hastened in just too late. At another time John Pore and Miss Brown, of Brown's Grove, concluded to live together for better or for worse. Mr. Pore came for Squire Robb to perform the service. The former crossed Sugar Creek to bring Mr. Robb; but as the weather had been rainy, the creek rose rapidly, and it was very inconvenient to cross. Mr. Pore crossed it on a log or beam, while the Squire sat on horseback on his own side of the stream. Mr. Pore brought his bride down to the creek and, as it was now about eight o'clock at night, torches were lit. It was raining at the time, but they paid no attention to that. Squire Robb rode a little distance into the water in order to distinguish the bridegroom and bride on the opposite bank, and the interesting ceremony was performed.

Mr. Robb was most fortunate in his domestic affairs, for his lady was one of the best of women. She was courageous, too, and did many things from which women would naturally shrink. Once, while returning home on horseback from a visit to her father's, the dogs with her started a wolf, and after chasing it for some time brought it to bay, and Mrs. Robb jumped from her horse and killed the wolf with her stirrup. She was a woman of great practical sense, and much of the credit for her husband's success was no doubt due to her. She was a very quiet woman in society, though she was fond of company and was always pleased to see her friends. She was a very religious woman and was a member of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. She died August 23, 1868, and Squire Robb died February 24, 1870. Both were buried at Stout's Grove, where a monument is erected to their memory. They had six children, of whom three grew up to years of discretion. They are:

Eliza J., born May 30, 1823. She was married to Edward Matthews, who died in July, 1863. She is now the wife of Abraham Stansberry, of Bloomington.

Lydia E., born June 15, 1828, was married to J. B. Taylor,

of South Carolina. He died some years since. She is now the wife of Hiram L. Phillips, of Stout's Grove.

Susan M. Robb, born July 15, 1831, died in May, 1850. She was never married.

Matthew Robb was six feet in height, had dark hair, dark complexion and heavy eyebrows, was rather slim, and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. He was very quick in business matters, and went ahead with all his might. He loved a joke and was full of sport. It is said that the test of a genuine humorist is his enjoyment of a joke on himself. According to this test, Mr. Robb was a humorist, for his good nature and love of fun were aroused by jokes on himself as well as on others. He had no enemies, but was friendly to all of his neighbors, and tried to make them friendly toward each other. When cases were brought before him, he tried always to act as a peacemaker, rather than as a justice of the peace, and made an effort to compromise matters and settle them amicably. In the winter of 1846 and '47 he was a member of the Legislature; but in speaking his name the title "Honorable" was seldom used, for he had been justice of the peace for so long a time that everyone knew him as Squire Robb. Mr. Robb was one of the contractors who built the jail at Mackinawtown, then the county seat of Tazewell County. When it was finished he was afraid it was not strong enough to hold the criminals to be confined in it. In order to test its strength Squire Robb was himself locked up in it, but succeeded in breaking out.

Thomas McClure.

Thomas McClure was born July 15, 1765, in Rockingham County, Virginia. He was descended from tough, hardy, Scotch-Irish stock. When he was sixteen years of age he came to Kentucky, and there his occupation was farming and shooting Indians. The latter were exceedingly troublesome, and kept the settlers continually on the alert by their stratagems and ambuscades. It was a favorite pastime with the Indians to lie in ambush near a settler's cabin and shoot the first man who stepped out, and great vigilance was always required.

The door of every cabin was guarded by a strong bar, which could not be forced, and behind it an axe was kept always ready

for use, as the most effective weapon. Robert McClure, the elder brother of Thomas, was celebrated as an Indian fighter, and with his own rifle was known to have killed seven Indians; but he hunted them a little too long, and was himself killed by them. Some comical stories are told of the encounters with the Indians. At one time the McClures and a number of others, among whom was a man named John Logan, had an encounter with the Indians in a cane-brake and killed several of the savages and took one prisoner. The latter attemped to escape, but was overtaken by John Logan, a fleet runner, and after a short, sharp struggle was killed. John Logan was asked why he did not bite the Indian in the struggle, and replied that the savage did not smell very sweet!

Thomas McClure was, in his younger days, a man of great activity and could out-run or out-jump all of his companions. In those days athletic sports were in high repute, and a fortune was promised to Mr. McClure if he would travel as an athlete, but he refused, and would not run or jump if he knew that any money was staked on the result.

Thomas McClure was not a soldier in the war of 1812, as he was then somewhat disabled by the severe hardships and toils of frontier life; but one of his sons went into the army and saw some campaigning. He was very active and earnest in raising troops. The following incident, related by Henry C. McClure, of Danvers, explains the inability of Thomas McClure to engage actively in the war of 1812:

"Thomas McClure was once on a forced march, during one of the forays with the Indians, in which he was often engaged. On this march he spied a coon in a tree top. The sight was too tempting, so up went his carbine, and off tumbled the coon. It caught among the branches, which were very thick. He threw off his bullet pouch and other trappings and started up the tree, while his companions went on. After securing the coon he hastened to his comrades and came up with them about three miles away. Then he noticed that he had left his bullet pouch and he returned the whole distance for it. He succeeded in rejoining his companions late at night. The coon cost him dearly, for although he was a man of powerful frame, the severe march caused a constriction of the tendons of one of his legs and he

was lamed for life. He had walked on that day more than fifty miles."

Thomas McClure married Susan Hynes in the year 1790, about two years before the birth of his son Robert. The family came to Indiana in about the year 1816, and settled in Posey County. In the year 1824 the family came to Illinois, and settled on the east side of the Sangamon River in Sangamon County. There their principal occupation was eating watermelons and shaking with the ague. They ground their wheat and corn at a horse mill belonging to Mr. Danley. They remained one year on the Sangamon River and then moved to Logan County, near the present town of Postville, between the forks of Salt Creek and the Kickapoo. There the McClures enjoyed themselves by catching wolves. Thomas McClure lived there until the spring of 1827, when he moved to Stout's Grove. There he built the fifth house in that section of country. It was a hewed log house nineteen feet square, and was used as a church, and people came there from many miles distant. The women would walk to church in their bare feet, for a distance of three miles, and when they came within a hundred yards of the meeting house they would stop and put on their shoes, which they had brought with them. Mr. McClure was a Cumberland Presbyterian from the year 1800, or about that time. He was elected one of the first elders of the church which was organized at Stout's Grove.

The settlers were not accustomed to the luxuries of civilization, and some of them had never tasted coffee. Some of the women could not even make it, and it is said that a peddler once gave a certain Mrs. Carlock some coffee, and she boiled it with beef, and had a fearful tasting mixture! Our informant says: "That's as true as the book of Genesis!"

Thomas McClure entered one hundred and twenty acres of land at Stout's Grove, and lived there until his death, which occurred January 3, 1847. He had ten children who grew up and one child who died in infancy. They were Robert, James, Mary John, Samuel, Nancy, Margaret, Eustatia Jane, Finis E. and Benjamin H. McClure. Of these only Nancy and Benjamin are living. Nancy lives near Eldora, in Hardin County, Iowa, and Benjamin has lived in McLean County until within the last five

years, during which he has lived near Gibson, in Ford County. Thomas McClure was about six feet and two inches in height, and, when in health, weighed two hundred and twenty-five pounds. He was universally liked and respected. It is literally true that he had scarcely a personal enemy in the world. He was not only willing, but anxious to accommodate his neighbors and friends.

Robert McClure.

The following interesting sketch of Robert McClure was written for this work by Henry C. McClure of Danvers.

Robert McClure, son of Thomas McClure, was born near Hopkinsville, Kentucky, on the 24th of June, 1792. His paternal grandfather was a native of Scotland, and came to Virginia during the fore part of the eighteenth century.

When Robert McClure was in his nineteenth year he served for three months in the Kentucky militia against the Indians. Soon afterwards he went with the family to Posey County, Indiana. On the 24th of December, 1818, Mr. McClure married Nancy Devenna Warrick, daughter of that Captain Warrick who fell bravely fighting at the head of his company at the battle of Tippecanoe. He followed farming until the fall of 1821, when he moved to Illinois and settled on Salt Creek, about two miles south of where the city of Lincoln now stands. His father, Thomas McClure, and his brother James McClure and family, made up the party. Their journey was marked by a few adventures. When they arrived at the Little Wabash timber, James McClure went out one rainy day for a hunt. He lost his way in the timber and remained over night. The next day was cloudy and foggy, and he could not see the sun to get his bearing. He traveled that day in a circle, and camped at night near his starting place in the morning. On the morning of the second day the sun came out clear, and he soon found his way to camp. His young wife was nearly frantic with anxiety and fear. A few days later, while the teams were resting on the edge of a prairie, the men began picking hazelnuts, while the women attended to the teams. Suddenly the lightning flashed close to them, and it was followed immediately by a terrific clap of thunder. One of the four-horse teams sprang forward and

upset the wagon. Another ran for two miles and did not stop until it came against two trees. The third team was attached to the wagon, where Mrs. James McClure and another woman, Mrs. Vaughan, were sitting. The team sprang forward, and Mrs. Vaughan set up a shriek, but Mrs. McClure stopped her, then climbed forward on the wagon-tongue, mounted the saddle-horse, seized the single line by which the horses were guided and stopped the team.

When the McClure family arrived at Salt Creek, Robert McClure made a claim to a farm, on which he lived for about five years. The Indians were then numerous and sometimes troublesome. At one time, while Mr. McClure was at Stout's Grove, a band of these savages, led by Toby Whiteyes and Jim Buck, came to the cabin, where Mrs. McClure and her three little children were, and asked where the "chemoka man" (white man) was. She answered that he was somewhere not far off. But they were better posted than she supposed, for they appeared enraged and said: "You lie! you lie! chemoka man gone, chemoka man gone; to-night we make powder and lead fly like damnation." Then they started off with hideous yells. Mrs. McClure took the matter coolly and was not troubled with hysterics. She sent for her sister-in-law, not far off, whose husband was also at Stout's Grove, and they held a council of war and declared the cabin in a state of siege, and prepared for defense. They shut the door and blockaded it with a table, some iron kettles and large stones, and sat behind it with axes. But the Indians did not return, which was a very agreeable disappointment to the women.

The settlers at a very early day did their trading at Springfield. At that time the seed obtained from blue-grass was of considerable value, and the settlers often went to Blue Grass Point, on Kickapoo Creek, to gather the seed. At the time of the execution of Vannoy, the wife murderer, at Springfield, Robert and James McClure and their wives started for that place in a wagon with their blue grass seed. They found the Sangamon River swollen by rains, but resolved to cross at all events. It was arranged that in case the water proved very deep, Robert McClure should hold the wagon-bed to the fore wheels to prevent them from uncoupling, and James should take care of the

hind wheels, while the ladies held up the grass seed, which was in sacks. They drove in, their horses surged and floundered, and the water rushed into the wagon-box, but all attended to their duties. They succeeded in reaching the opposite bank, but were wet enough to satisfy a hardshell Baptist. The ladies were in a sad plight, for their white dresses were wet and soiled. But they washed them, dried them on the grass, and their grass seed also, and went to Springfield in time to witness the first execution of a murderer condemned under the laws of the State of Illinois.

In March, 1827, Robert McClure moved from his place on Salt Creek to Stout's Grove. Here he made a claim, and when the land came into market, he entered four or five hundred acres. The rattlesnakes were then numerous at Stout's Grove, and Robert McClure celebrated the first year of his residence there by killing three hundred and thirty of these reptiles. The wolves were plenty, and often came into the door-yard and carried of geese and chickens. Robert McClure took great pleasure in hunting wolves and killing them with his stirrup.

During the celebrated winter of the deep snow Robert McClure walked, and sometimes rode his horse on the snow drifts over the staked and double-ridered fences. At one time, while he was riding, the crust gave way, and both horse and rider disappeared almost from sight. But he climbed out, obtained a shovel and dug a path for his horse to a more shallow place, where the animal could again mount the crust. He had a great deal of stock to attend to during that winter.

When the Black Hawk war broke out, Robert McClure and others raised a company of volunteers, and he was elected captain by a decided majority. His company did not participate in the fight, which resulted in Stillman's defeat, as they did not arrive on the ground until the day after the contest took place. He assisted at the burial of the seventeen persons, who were massacred by the savages on Indian Creek.

It may be interesting for the young ladies and gentlemen who now enjoy such rare literary advantages, to know that Robert McClure, with the assistance of his neighbors, built the first institution of learning in western McLean County. They cut and hewed the logs and built the house; they split the clapboards for the

roof with a froe and mallet; they built the chimney with coarse slats lined with clay mixed with cut-straw, called in the parlance of the early settlers, "cat and clay." They made the floor of split logs hewed on the upper side with a broad axe. Colonel McClure then made a road to the school-house from his own dwelling by blazing his way with a broad-axe and afterwards cutting down the trees and brush. The children's feet soon wore a path.

Probably very few of the younger people have heard of a whipsaw. It was a long thin saw for making lumber. It was used in what would now be considered a novel way. Two logs were laid four or five feet apart across a deep ravine. Cross-timbers were then placed on these and the log to be sawed was rolled on them. One man then stood below and another above, and after marking the log with a chalk line the exercises commenced. In this way the wild cherry lumber was sawed for the first bureau in McLean County, made by Caleb Kimler, of Blooming Grove. A six-legged table was made at the same time. Things which are very insignificant now were great events in the early days.

Robert McClure, Daniel Francis and Mr. Phillips viewed and located the State road leading from Danville to Fort Clark (Peoria). Mr. McClure was familiar with many trades, as the early settlers were obliged to be. The old anvil block which he used forty years ago, still stands in the garden of Henry C. McClure, where it was placed.

Robert McClure kept his family always well supplied with venison, wild turkey and honey, for these were all plenty. Maple sugar and syrup could also be obtained in large quantities, and the settlers kept large iron kettles in which to boil the sap.

For some time after the family came to Stout's Grove, they manufactured their Indian meal from corn brayed in a mortar made from a log about three feet long and two feet in diameter. The log was placed on end, and a hole was burned into it sixteen inches deep. This was cleaned out with an inshave. The finest meal was obtained by sifting it through a sieve made of deer skin stretched over a hoop. The holes in the skin were burned with the heated tines of a fork. The

one meal was used for bread, and the coarse for hominy. But after some years a Mr. McKnight built a mill about twenty miles distant, and the hominy mortar was laid aside. Mr. McClure was obliged to make lengthy trips for salt. He went several times to the Saline lick, near Shawneetown, about three hundred miles distant, and brought loads of salt in a wagon drawn by three or four yoke of oxen. The Illinois Central Railroad was not thought of then, but the I., B. & W. road occupied the minds of many citizens of Tazewell County. They thought particularly of that branch of the road which runs from Tremont to Pekin. But perhaps the longest trip he was obliged to make was his expedition to Natchez, Mississippi, after seed corn. Amid all these difficulties he enjoyed life well, as he was surrounded by his father, mother, sisters and their families and all of his brothers except John. The latter remained in Indiana.

Robert McClure was one of seven members, who organized the first Cumberland Presbyterian Church in McLean County. He lived a devoted member of this church and was always anxious for its welfare. In the month of August, 1834, he was attacked with cancer, from which he suffered severely for about one year, but bore the pain with great fortitude. He died August 8, 1835. His very kind wife outlived him some twenty-eight years, being called to the better land on the 7th of January, 1863. They are buried side by side in the cemetery at Stout's Grove, one mile west of where he spent the last nine years of his life.

Robert McClure's children are six in number:

Permelia, the oldest, was born April 18, 1820, in Gibson County, Indiana. She married Henry C. McClure, February 6, 1842. They now live on the farm settled by her father on the east side of Stout's Grove.

Jacob W. McClure, the second child, was born December 18, 1821, in what is now Logan County, Illinois. He married Alice W. Hall, and now lives in St. Louis, Missouri.

Charles J. McClure was born February 9, 1824, in Logan County. In 1845 he married Serepta Vansickles. He is now a farmer, and lives in Hardin County, Iowa.

Thomas B. McClure, the fourth child, was born September

15, 1827, in Stout's Grove. He married Emma H. Clark, in 1850. He lives in St. Louis, Missouri.

Susan J. McClure was born during the winter of 1830 and '31, the celebrated winter of the deep snow. She was married November 29, 1855, to Robert McClure of St. Louis, Missouri, and now lives in Franklin County, Kansas.

John W. McClure, the youngest child, died in early infancy, in Stout's Grove, one year before his father.

Robert McClure was a finely-formed man. He stood six feet and four inches in his boots. He was neither very slim nor very corpulent, weighing something more than two hundred pounds. His complexion was fair. He had dark auburn hair and deep blue eyes. He was very active and possessed of great powers of endurance. He was one of the most social and kind hearted of men. At a house raising (of a log house, of course, they had no other kind in the early days) he always carried up his corner; and on all occasions of mirth, jollity, wit and humor, he "carried up his corner," too. He had always a flow of soul, and not only enjoyed himself, but made all feel happy around him. He was remarkable for his generosity, which was manifest in all the acts and relations of his life. He has often been known to take his horses from his plow to accommodate a neighbor. He was always glad to extend to everyone a generous hospitality, and in this respect his wife was in no way behind him, for it might be said of her that she obeyed the commandment to love her neighbor as herself. She was a helpmeet to him in the fullest sense of the word, for she never manufactured and sold less than one hundred and fifty yards of jeans during each year of her married life. In addition to this she made enough cloth for use in the family, and a great quantity of bed clothing besides. All of her acquaintances were fast friends for life.

Such is the well-written and entertaining account given by Henry C. McClure, of Stout's Grove. The author of this work is under many obligations to him as well as to his witty and accomplished lady, a daughter of Robert McClure.

Jonathan Hodge.

Jonathan Hodge was born in October, 1791, in North Carolina. He was of Scotch and German descent. When he was

fourteen years of age he came to Barron County, Kentucky. In about the year 1812 he married Nancy Berry, a very amiable lady, a Virginian by birth and Irish descent. She came to Kentucky when she was very young.

In the fall of 1821, Mr. Hodge came to Sangamon County and settled on Fancy Creek. The country was then wild and full of ferocious animals, and the adventures and hunting stories of the settlers would, if described and written out, fill many volumes. At one time, when Mr. Hodge and a man named Hains were out hunting bees, they found a panther with her cubs concealed in a log. They stopped up the log to prevent her from making her escape, and collected a number of men to kill the animal. Mr. Hodge cut notches in the log with his axe, and when he saw the panther's head through one of the notches hit it a blow with the axe and killed it. The panther was large and powerful, and measured nine feet from its nose to the end of its tail. The party captured the cubs and Mr. Hodge raised two of them, until they were partially grown; but they were a little too dangerous as pets and he killed them. Mr. Hodge often hunted bees on Fancy Creek with old Shabona, the Pottawatomie chief. In the spring of 1827, Mr. Hodge moved to the south side of Stout's Grove, in what is now McLean County, Illinois, and there made his permanent residence until the time of his death. At that time the only settlers in the grove were Peyton Mitchel, Ephraim Stout, Robert McClure, Robert Drain and Matthew Robb. Mr. Hodge was a farmer, but occasionally worked at the carpenter's trade, as the early settlers were obliged to be handy at everything. He built a flat-boat at Peoria and worked at any remunerative employment, which his hands found to do. He was a great hunter and was very successful in his excursions after bees, wolves, deer, turkeys, etc.

Mr. Hodge was once called out during the Black Hawk war to go with a friend to his house, which had been vacated from fear of the Indians. A party of ten or twelve men went on the excursion. They found the house in good order and nothing disturbed. They remained over night. During the night they heard a log-chain rattle, as if it had been raised up and dropped. In the morning the first man who stepped out of doors was shot and scalped. Mr. Hodge immediately closed the door and

guarded it with an axe, but the party within was not again attacked. They returned to their homes soon after.

In order to get their grinding done, the settlers used first a hand-mill, then they went to Edwardsville, then to Sugar Creek, twenty miles south of Stout's Grove. Afterwards Ephraim Stout erected a horse-mill at the grove on Sugar Creek. This was before mills were built on the Mackinaw. Stout's mill was for many years a favorite resort of the settlers every Saturday. They met to tell the news to each other and talked over the affairs of the neighborhood.

The first camp-meeting ever held in the grove was about the year 1828 or '29. All of the preachers at that camp-meeting are now dead, except Neil Johnson, who lives in Oregon. They were Peyton Mitchel, James Davis, who died in Hopedale, Tazewell County, James McDonald, Archibald Johnson, Neil Johnson and John Berry of Sangamon County. Archibald Johnson, who died in Kansas more than a year ago, taught the first school in Stout's Grove. It was held probably in 1828, and was commenced in the spring and ended in the summer. The oldest church and oldest Sabbath school were of the denomination of the Cumberland Presbyterians. Levi Danley, of Danvers, is the only man now living, who was a married man in the township before the deep snow.

Mr. Hodge had seven children, of whom four are now living. They are:

Mrs. Sarah Danley, wife of Levi Danley, who lives in Danvers. She lived for forty years in Princeton, Bureau County, and has only lately come to Danvers.

U. S. Hodge and W. F. Hodge live in Danvers.

Mrs. Susan Jane Hobson lives in Bourbon County, Kansas.

Mr. Hodge was a tall, straight-built man, had heavy shoulders, black hair and dark hazel eyes. He was a very muscular man, who always did as he promised; he took pride in keeping his word, and was most sensitive with regard to his honor. He was a very kind man and cared very much for his family. He always exacted strict obedience from his children, though he never used harsh means. He was not a talkative man, though he enjoyed company. He was fond of books, and took pleasure in reading that book of books, the Bible.

Uriah Shelby Hodge.

Uriah Shelby Hodge was born November 26, 1817, in Barron County, Kentucky. He came with the family of his father, Jonathan Hodge, to Stout's Grove, in the spring of 1827. There he went to school—as a good little boy should—to Archibald Johnson. Young Hodge was an apt scholar and learned very fast. When he grew up to manhood he became a great hunter and had a special knack for catching wolves. He chased them with horses, bull-dogs and grey-hounds, and kept fast horses for the purpose of hunting. He grew up a farmer, but afterwards went into the mercantile business at Danvers and succeeded remarkably well.

On the Fourth of July, 1851, very early in the morning, Mr. Hodge married Miss Mary C. Clark, daughter of Henry I. Clark of Eureka, and has lived in Danvers ever since. He has a remarkably interesting family and enjoys all the pleasures of cultivated society.

Mr. Hodge is rather above the medium height, is quite muscular, and was formerly rather portly; but somewhat failing health has shown its effects. He has been very successful in mercantile life, and this has been due to his uprightness. This is shown by the fact that he has now the same customers who traded at his store when he first began business.

William Franklin Hodge.

W. F. Hodge was born August 24, 1824, on Fancy Creek in Sangamon County, Illinois. When he was about three years old the family of his father, Jonathan Hodge, came to Stout's Grove, in what is now McLean County. He was raised a farmer's boy, and continued at hard work until about eight years since, when he engaged in mercantile life. The first school he attended was kept by Archibald Johnson, but as the youthful Hodge was then very small he did not learn much. He attended the school kept by Lyman Porter, and continued under various teachers until he was twenty years of age. He has a boyish recollection of the deep snow, and clearly remembers seeing the various domestic animals walking over the stake and rider fences, and also remembers the stumps of trees which had been cut for

firewood during that memorable winter. When the snow thawed away in the spring the stumps appeared six feet high. The deer were nearly exterminated, but the wolves had a happy time and could kill all the game they chose. During that winter the neighbors all enquired after each other to see that no one suffered. A great deal of their stock perished; the sheep which were not brought home in the fall where they could be taken care of, were lost. The people during that winter gathered corn in sacks which they carried over the snow, but were obliged to feel down pretty low for the ears. The crust on the snow became so hard that five head of cattle were driven over it from the house of a man named Brown to Stout's Grove, a distance of five miles.

Mr. Hodge has hunted a great deal for deer and wolves; was accustomed to run them down on horseback. In early days the wolves were indeed saucy and dangerous. In about the year 1831, Mr. Hodge's father and mother were boiling maple sap in the south part of Stout's Grove, and in the evening his father began to broil some meat over the furnace. Soon the prairie wolves and big gray wolves smelt the meat and began to gather around and bark. They came thicker and thicker, and barked louder and louder. He had a large mastiff which was celebrated for its wonderful courage and strength, and which could kill any wild animal in the forest; but the wolves gathered around so thick that the mastiff was struck with terror and stood trembling. The wolves came so close that their eyes could be seen by the light of the fire, and Mr. Hodge grabbed his axe for fight. The meat was taken from the fire, wood was piled on, and as the flames shot upwards the wolves were frightened away.

The sudden change in the weather, which occurred in December, 1836, was clearly remembered by young Hodge. During that terrible change the chickens and turkeys were frozen fast in the congealing slush.

Mr. Hodge tells some interesting matters concerning the year of the floods. In 1844 the rain came in such quantities that it seemed for a while that Noah's ark would be needed once more. The wheat and corn were drowned out with the exception of a very little on the upland. Sugar Creek near Mackinaw timber

in Tazewell County, was that year three miles wide. The Mackinaw was that year deeper than ever before known by white men. The Kickapoo and Salt Creek were eight miles apart near Lincoln; but that year some parties crossed from one to another in a canoe.

But the weather is occasionally like the women (or *vice versa*), it goes to extremes. The season of the great drowth occurred during the year 1855. A great deal of stock then died of thirst. The sloughs were so dry that they would not yield water by digging. Sugar Creek was dry, of course. During that season Mr. Hodge dug out and walled up the Hinshaw spring, which was supposed to be perennial, but it yielded so little water that but few could get any from it. He hauled water for his stock from Barnes Grove, three miles distant. A great deal of water was hauled from the Mackinaw, and a great deal of stock was driven there. It was during this exceedingly dry season that the turf in the bottom land or swamps of Sugar Creek, near Mosquito Grove, caught fire and burned for a week or more, and the marks of the burning can be seen there to-day. The turf was burned out in spots of perhaps thirty by fifty feet; great holes were burned in the ground, and very little vegetation has grown there since. (These spots were probably small peat beds). It was so dry in the barrens that the timber grass would catch fire and burn in the month of July, and also during that month he saw grass burn on the upland prairie.

Mr. Hodge married, May 30, 1850, Emily McClure, daughter of Samuel McClure. They have had three children, but all are now dead. Mrs. Hodge is a wide-awake lady, and appreciates anything witty or pleasant. Mr. Hodge is five feet and nine inches and a half in height, and is well proportioned. His eyes are gray, and his hair shows a little of the effect of age. He is a man of good judgment in business, very cautious, but not too much so. His word can be relied on implicitly whether in business matters or in any of the relations of life. He is strictly upright in his dealings, and has been very successful in his transactions. He takes a great interest in the matters relating to the early settlement of the country, and has furnished much valuable information concerning them.

James Osborne Barnard.

James O. Barnard was born July 16, 1800, in Iredell County, North Carolina. His father's name was Francis Barnard, and his mother's name before her marriage was Jane McCord. Jane McCord was partly, and perhaps wholly, of Irish descent. Francis Barnard was American born, but was of English Quaker descent. His father, Francis Barnard, sr., grandfather of James, was captain of a whaling vessel. He was at home during the Revolutionary war, and did not take part in the contest, as it was contrary to his principles to take up arms in any cause. At one time the British soldiers came to his house and took him prisoner. One of his neighbors was up stairs, but, hearing the noise, came down and was also taken. The neighbor was not at all alarmed, but said he was willing to go with friend Barnard anywhere. They were released after one night's detention.

But James McCord, the maternal grandfather of James O. Barnard, was a very different man. He was no Quaker; on the contrary, he thought it his duty to harass the British and pick off their men. He was not a regular soldier in the American army, but he was in every scrimmage in which he could find a chance to engage. He was a sharp marksman and picked off many a "red-jacket." The British took revenge by sacking his house and tearing everything in it to pieces. His wife, Mrs. McCord, hid her little baby in the woods, that its cries might not be heard, then took the child next oldest, and with it hid in the thick pea vines near by. The soldiers utterly ruined everything in the house, then went into the milk-house, drank some of the milk, and pitched the crocks into the yard. They drove off the horses and stock, and everything on the premises was in disordered ruin. But James McCord watched for the "red-jackets" sharper than ever, and made many of them pay with their lives for this destruction of his property.

Mr. Barnard was a boy during the war of 1812, but he remembers one interesting incident which happened while the army was becoming organized. He was then living at Wilksborough, North Carolina. A company of soldiers was raised there, and one stalwart volunteer changed his mind about going and wished to be discharged. In order to bring this about, he cut off his toes and brought them to the commanding officer.

But this little stratagem was not successful, as he was compelled to go along. As the company left the village it came to a steep hill, and here the volunteer requested permission to give a parting yell. It was granted, and he set up a yell which made the woods ring and was echoed over the valleys.

In 1822 the Barnard family moved to Jackson County, Tennessee, near the mouth of Obey River, where it empties into the Cumberland, about one hundred miles above Nashville. Here they remained until the year 1828. Mr. Barnard did some traveling in Alabama during this period, and visited the celebrated spring at Huntsville. There the water flows from underneath a large rock, and the aperture is twenty or thirty feet wide and from twelve to eighteen inches deep. The water comes out with such force as to drive a large ram, and elevated water to supply the town. Mr. Barnard also visited the spring at Tuscumbia. This is three times as large as the one at Huntsville. The aperture, from which the water flows, is fifty or sixty feet wide, and from two to three feet in depth. It is really a river coming out of the ground. Flat-boats could run up to within four miles of where the river gushes out of the rock. When Mr. Barnard visited the spring he saw, about one hundred yards from the source, a wheel twenty or thirty feet in diameter. The wheel was surrounded by cows' horns attached to the rim by staples. As the water pressed against them the wheel was made to revolve. The horns were filled with water at every revolution, and emptied into a trough, which carried it away to supply a brick-yard.

In 1828 the Barnard family came to Illinois, and arrived in what is now McLean County, March 23. They experienced the difficulties and trials of the settlers at that early day. James O. Barnard laid off the town of Wilkesborough, and was the first postmaster there. He was appointed by Postmaster General John McLean, under Jackson's administration. Mr. Barnard was a farmer, as were most of the old settlers. He was deputy sheriff under Martin Scott, the first sheriff of the county after it was cut off from Tazewell. Mr. Barnard was also deputy sheriff and collector under W. H. Hodge.

On the 14th of September, 1837, Mr. Barnard married Lydia Swallow. He has had two children. They are :

Jane Ellen, wife of F. M. Hall.

Nancy Aladelphia, wife of John M. Artis—all live in Wilkesborough.

Mr. Barnard was rather less than the medium height, was slim in build, had gray hair and gray eyes. He was very decided in his opinions, and was very conscientious in forming them. He was a member of the Christian Church of the Reformation. He was a member of the Baptist Church before the reformation took place, about forty years ago. He died October 17, 1873.

James Gulion Reyburn.

J. G. Reyburn was born April 15, 1803, in Frankfort, Kentucky. His father's name was James Reyburn, and his mother's name, before her marriage, was Mary Gulion. They were both of Irish descent. James Reyburn lived in Frankfort, Kentucky, for five years, when he was taken by his parents to Chillicothe, Ohio. He there saw the prisoners, who were taken by Commodore Perry in his victory on Lake Erie. They were kept in a fort containing about an acre of land. This fort was called a bull-pen. Many women accompanied the soldiers who were captured. The prisoners were always anxious to get whisky, but none was allowed to be brought in, if the guard knew it. But the women sometimes exercised their feminine cunning and outwitted the guard, for they were allowed to pass out of the fort and back again as often as they chose, and they would smuggle the whisky through into the fort by carrying it in bladders. But the trick was discovered and stopped. When these prisoners were taken out to be exchanged, about half of them ran away and refused to be returned to their regiments. They came back to Chillicothe, but were usually an unreliable class of people.

At the age of eleven or twelve, Mr. Reyburn went into a store and acted as a clerk until he was nearly twenty-one years old. He then went back to Frankfort, Kentucky, and there sold goods until his health failed, when he began teaching school in the neighborhood of Paris and Lexington. But he did not regain his health until he came to Illinois, to Walnut Grove, where he arrived September 28, 1828. He had a pleasant jour-

ney on a one-horse wagon. At Walnut Grove he found the Harrison family and that of old Charley Moore and John Campbell. After staying in the grove only one night, he went on to Panther Creek timber and took up a claim where about forty Indians were encamped. He remained there two years and engaged in farming, but hunted more than he worked. He found as many as six bee trees in one day. At one time, while taking up a bee tree in the Mackinaw barrens, an Indian fired the grass. The wind was blowing almost a gale from the fire towards Mr. Reyburn; but soon he was discovered by the Indian, who made a back fire and prevented a catastrophe. The Indian lit the fire to start up the deer. Mr. Reyburn found a great deal of honey. He had, at one time, a trough six feet in length and eighteen inches in width, and it was full of the finest honey, and the honey in the comb was piled up a foot and a half or two feet high. It could not be sold for anything, but the wax could be traded for tobacco.

A few days after Mr. Reyburn came to Panther Creek, where he killed a deer; he hung it up and the wolves came around. He arose to drive them off, but they only came thicker. At last he stirred up his fire and drove them back with the brands. The game was plenty then. The deer came within fifty yards of his house to paw up acorns. During the winter of the deep snow he lived on Panther Creek, and frequently fed wild turkeys from his window. He had a drove of twenty-five hogs about three miles away on Panther Creek, when the heavy snow fell. They stayed there within a space thirty feet across, for six week. About one-half of them were left in good condition. The larger hogs had eaten up the little ones. Mr. Reyburn, with the assistance of another person, took a yoke of oxen and made a path by hitching them to a log and dragging it through the snow. The hogs followed in single file. Mr. Reyburn thinks the winter of the deep snow one of the pleasantest he ever spent. He had plenty of wood, as he could cut trees at his very door, and he had plenty to eat, and enjoyed himself finely.

The county of Tazewell had various expenses, which had to be met, and soon the assessor and tax collector made their appearance. Mr. Reyburn paid his first tax in 1830, and it amounted to forty-five cents. The receipt, which was given

him, was written on a slip of paper about seven-eighths of an inch in width and three and three-fourths inches long. It reads:

"Rec'd of James G Raborn $0.45 in ful for his county tax for the year 1830.

GEORGE U. MILES, D for
PHILIP B. MILES. S. T. C."

Mr Reyburn thought the tax very heavy at the time, but raised the money and paid it.

Mr. Reyburn sold his claim on Panther Creek, but remained until the Spring of 1832, when he bought a claim at Walnut Grove.

During that year he enlisted in Captain McClure's company and went to the Black Hawk war. He went first to Pekin and from there to Dixon's Ferry. After the affair at Stillman's Run he went up with the army to bury the dead, then went to Ottawa and from there to Indian Grove on Indian Creek where he helped to bury the families of Davis, Hall and Pettigrew, who were murdered by the Indians. The latter had mutilated the bodies terribly and the inside of the house looked like a slaughter pen. About sixteen persons were killed. Two boys out in the field escaped, and two girls were taken prisoners. The corpses were buried in a long pit. All but two of them had been partially buried by the time the soldiers arrived. The latter returned to Ottawa, built a fort and were shortly afterwards disbanded and sent home. On his return from the Black Hawk war Mr. Reyburn was married to Tabitha Blair. Before this important event took place he sold his gun to John T. Stuart, of Springfield, resolved to abandon hunting and remain at work. He moved to Stout's Grove in January, 1837, a few days after the celebrated sudden change in the weather, which happened the December before. He then sold groceries at Stout's Grove. In 1838 he came to what was then called Concord, but now is called Danvers, and there sold goods until 1852, and then was out of business for several years.

As the West was a wild country, many of the dangerous classes came to it from the East for a refuge. The people of the country around Mosquito Grove were troubled by a gang of counterfeiters, horse thieves and murderers, from about the year 1836

to the year 1844. This was a gang of three men, Grant Reddon and his two sons Jack and Harrison. The country was very much disturbed by the depredations of these men. Horses were stolen and many crimes committed. At one time two peddlers, who were brothers, started out from Peoria. One of them came to Mosquito Grove and was never heard of more. His brother traced him that far, but could find his track no farther. The Reddons used the goods, which belonged to the missing peddler, and the belief of foul play was wide-spread. Nevertheless people were so much afraid of the Reddons that active measures were not taken. Jack Reddon was one of the gang who murdered Colonel Davenport, at Rock Island, many years ago. At last the citizens rose, took their rifles, went to the Reddons' house and made them flee the country.

In about the year 1862 Mr. Reyburn moved to his farm, but came back to Danvers in 1865, and has lived there ever since, a part of the time engaged in selling goods. The early settlers were unused to fine dresses, as may be supposed, but they could dress in buckskin, which appeared very becoming. Mr Reyburn says that the finest suit of clothes he ever wore, were made by himself of buckskin and sewed with a whang. After awhile the woven goods of the East began to be worn. Mr. Reyburn tells of the wonderful effect produced by a calico dress worn by a certain Miss Ellis to church. She was a great belle for a while and her dress caused a great sensation. A certain Ben Conger heard of this dress and went to church to see it, and on his return was in ecstacies of delight, and said it was blue calico with a lot of white specks—never was anything so beautiful.

Mr. Reyburn's wife died, and he married Mrs. Williams, a widow. He has four children living. They are:

Sarah Ann, wife of Henry Swope, Ellen, wife of George Bunn, and Maggie, wife of C. C. Rowell, who all live in Danvers. James Reyburn, a son, lives in Bloomington.

Mr. Reyburn is a cheerful old gentleman. He is rather below the medium stature, was once very active and tough, and could endure many hardships. He is slightly built, wears glasses, but appears in good health. He takes great interest in the events of the early settlement. He is a man of much natural shrewdness and seems to have succeeded well in life.

Levi Danley.

Levi Danley was born April 4, 1803, in Clark County, Kentucky. His father, Samuel Danley, was of Irish descent, and his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Ele, was, he thinks, of Scotch descent. She was born in Virginia. Her parents moved from there to Kentucky at an early day. Samuel Danley, his father, was probably born in Kentucky. When Levi Danley was very young, he went with his father's family to Fleming County, Kentucky, where he lived until the year 1817. He lived in the extreme southeastern part of the county. The country was very rough and mountainous and sparsely settled. He went to school there and was a pretty attentive scholar. Although he received very little education, he did not allow many of the scholars to get the start of him in his studies, while he could attend school. In 1817, in the fall, the Danley family came from Fleming County, Kentucky, to Illinois. They came with a four-horse team, bringing along their cattle and hogs. Their journey was a hard one, as they were interrupted by snow, rain and mud, and could find but little to eat on the road, after they passed Shawneetown. They crossed the Ohio River at Shawneetown, and went from there to a place about nine miles west of Carlisle, and halted on Shoal Creek, where they arrived sometime near Christmas. They made their winter quarters with a man named Eades, and in the spring they built a cabin and cleared some land, for which they were allowed the first crop as pay. Young Levi hunted during the first winter of their arrival and killed prairie chickens. During the following winter he became old enough to kill deer.

During the second spring of their arrival Mr. Samuel Danley and young Levi and his brother-in-law went up to what is now Sangamon County, and made a small improvement. They made a pole camp, covered with elm bark like an Indian wigwam. His brother-in-law, Isaac Myers, moved up there in the fall, and the Danley family followed in the spring.

In 1827, a few years before the Black Hawk war, a great excitement was raised at Galena, and the settlers there feared an Indian war, and volunteers were called for. Mr. Danley volunteered to go, and enlisted in a body of men commanded by

Colonel Neal of Springfield. They went to White Oak Springs, some six or eight miles this side of Galena. There Mr. Danley was taken sick and did not enjoy the excursion at all. The scare of the settlers soon ceased, and the company returned. Mr. Danley thinks Galena was then almost as hard a place as Sodom and Gomorrah, for the principal occupation of the people was gambling and drinking.

Mr. Danley saw many Indians, and often traded and ran foot-races with them, and wrestled and engaged in other athletic sports, for which the Indians and early settlers were remarkable.

Mr. Danley lived in Sangamon County until February, 1829, when he came to Stout's Grove, in the east end, in what is now McLean, but then was Tazewell County, Illinois. The land in Illinois came into market during October, 1829, and then he bought the farm, where he settled and made his permanent home, and which he owns at the present time.

Mr. Danley married Margaret McClure of Stout's Grove, in November, 1827. He was then living in Sangamon County, and did not come to Stout's Grove until February, 1829, as stated.

The settlers usually complain of the hardships of the winter of the deep snow; but Mr. Danley says he never spent such a happy winter before or since. He had luckily gathered his corn, and his house was set in order. He had no work to do, had plenty of corn, honey, milk and venison, and lived a jolly life. On the day before the deep snow fell, he and his two brothers-in-law killed seven deer, but the snow covered them, and the hunters only succeeded in bringing in two of them. The severe winter killed off the deer and stopped Mr. Danley's fun in hunting, but a few years afterwards they again became numerous.

In 1832, when the Black Hawk war broke out, Mr. Danley enlisted in the company commanded by Robert McClure as captain, and John H. S. Rhodes as first lieutenant. They went first to Pekin, from there to Peoria, and up to Dixon's Ferry, on the usual course. They arrived at Dixon's Ferry in the evening, and about midnight the soldiers began to come in from Stillman's Run. Mr. Danley was acquainted with many of them, and saw them just before they went from McLean County. At that time they were in high feather, and were talking of what

they were going to do. Some were going to have a feather from old Black Hawk, and some were going to do something else; but at midnight, when they came back from Stillman's Run, Mr. Danley says he heard no more talk of capturing Black Hawk's feathers. But though the men were frightened, they nearly all claimed to have killed two or three Indians, and if their accounts had been correct, none of Black Hawk's men would have been living. The next morning the company to which Mr. Danley belonged was attached to the spy battalion, commanded (he thinks) by Major (afterwards General) Henry. The whole army moved forward up to the scene of the previous day's scrimmage. The spy battalion was drilled to dismount on meeting the enemy, and a few were to hold the horses, while the remainder went ahead into the fight. They found and buried the dead, both Indians and whites. The latter were fearfully mutilated and cut to pieces. Two of the Indians, who were killed, were found tied to a tree, and an Indian interpreter said that this was to indicate that the Indians would be as firm as that tree. They went back to Dixon's Ferry on the following day, and from there two or three companies went to Ottawa, as the people at the latter place wished for a guard. A man, named Walker, had been sent from Ottawa to Dixon's Ferry for assistance. Mr. Danley's company and one or two others, he thinks, went to Ottawa. Before they reached that place, they learned of the massacre of the families of Davis, Hall and Pettigrew on Indian Creek, and the next day, after getting some rations, went to the scene of the murder. There, Mr. Danley says, they found the families buried in a long hole, but the dirt over them was very shallow. They took up the bodies and re-buried them, separating the families as well as they could by the assistance of two young men, who succeeded in getting away, but who belonged to one of the murdered families. From there the soldiers returned to Ottawa, where they were not long afterwards discharged and sent home.

When the sudden change in the weather occurred in December, 1836, Mr. Danley was going into Pekin with a drove of hogs, and succeeded in taking them there; but his yoke of oxen could not be taken back home for six weeks, on account of the slippery condition of the roads, for the whole country was a

glace of ice. Mr. Danley has led the life of a hard working farmer, and has had no particular adventures since the Black Hawk war.

He has six children living. George W. Danley lives in Jasper County, Missouri.

Benjamin Franklin Danley lives near the northwest corner of Dry Grove.

Samuel Danley lives in Jasper County, Missouri.

James H. Danley lives at Lincoln, Logan County, Illinois.

John T. Danley lives in the southeastern edge of Stout's Grove.

Hardin Danley lives on the old homestead at Stout's Grove.

Mr. Danley is a little more than five feet in height, is very quick and strong. He is very anxious to see things done right, and seems particularly anxious that the items, which he has furnished, shall be correctly stated, and that no mistake shall be made about them. He is very careful in all his affairs, and has been very successful in life. His life has been very regular. He has not, since coming to Illinois, taken a drink of liquor, has never drank a glass of beer or smoked a segar or taken a chew of tobacco. His rising hour, for nearly forty years, while working a farm, was four o'clock; before that time he had no clock, and often arose and hunted his oxen, went two miles to the timber and returned with a load of rails by sunrise.

The Conger Family.

The following incidents relating to the Conger family are written by Miss Emma Conger, the daughter of Robert Conger, deceased, one of the earliest settlers at Stout's Grove.

Isaac Conger, an only son, was born in England, emigrated to America when young, and settled near Mammoth Cave, Kentucky. He married Susan Barnett, and they had four sons, Jonathan, Robert, Benjamin and Nicholas. In 1829 the family emigrated to Illinois and settled at Stout's Grove, in what is now McLean County, Illinois. Isaac Conger and his wife died soon after coming here, at the age of eighty-three. Jonathan, Robert and Nicholas Conger made farms adjoining each other. Jonathan married Lydia Howell, and they lived at Stout's Grove until the year 1848. Then they went to Iowa, again to endure

the hardships of a frontier life. Jonathan Conger died in 1856. His neighbors in McLean County tell a story of him, which shows the condition of things in the early days. He went on horseback to Bowling Green after a sack of salt. The wolves chased him, and he made as good time as some of the brave soldiers in the Black Hawk war. When he had nearly reached home, he said to one of his neighbors, "I tell you, they were coming, and oh! they looked so savage—I barely escaped with my life!" His fright was the subject of much merriment, for the old settlers did not fear the wolves, and were anxious only to catch them.

Benjamin Conger was a great hunter. One day while out in the grove he saw several deer coming towards him. As he had no gun with him he concealed himself behind a tree. When they passed him he threw his knife with all force and killed one of then instantly.

Nicholas Conger improved his farm and built what was considered a nice house in those days. He was to have been married shortly afterwards, but was taken sick and died. This was in the year 1840. He was an industrious and promising young man and a good citizen.

Robert Conger, my father, married Nancy Howell, my mother, in the year 1836. He lived for thirty years on the farm, which he first improved in Stout's Grove. He died in the year 1860, at the age of fifty-six, leaving a wife and nine children, three sons and six daughters.

My father was an old school-mate of Abraham Lincoln in Kentucky, and my mother also attended school with Lincoln near Springfield, Illinois. When I was quite a little girl I was with father in Bloomington when he met Mr. Lincoln. The latter said: "How d' you do, Bob?" Father then told me that Lincoln was a lawyer in Springfield, and that he was a good man.

Father once told me of Ephraim Stout, the man from whom Stout's Grove took its name. Shortly after my father's arrival in the country he happened to be at Mr. Stout's cabin in the evening at supper time. Their table had no cloth on it, nothing but pewter plates and some mush and milk, which the family

were eating. The old gentleman was on the hearth eating with a large iron spoon out of a kettle.

After the death of my father our family continued to live at the home place. Five years after his death my mother and one of my sisters died. The family remained together two years longer. Then our house caught fire and burned to the ground, and the family separated. The associations of our early home in McLean County, have made it very dear to us all. It was there we listened to our parents as they told us the hardships of their early lives. I have often heard my mother speak of her fear of the Indians; but she would add, that notwithstanding all her trials, those early days were full of happiness. It was great sport for her to go to the sugar camp and help make maple sugar, and eat it, too, I suppose. She would tell how she spun her dozen cuts of yarn in one day and did her housework besides. Some young ladies would blush to tell this of their mothers, but I refer to it with pride, for labor was no disgrace in those days and ought not to be now.

Such is the entertaining and very pretty account of the Conger family, given by Miss Conger; and we are sure our readers would be glad to have many such. This family was among the earliest and most respected at Stout's Grove, and among the best known in this section of the country.

Israel W. Hall.

Israel W. Hall was born February 5, 1799, in Salem, Rockingham County, New Hampshire. His father's name was Joseph Hall, and his mother's maiden name was Hester Woodbury. They were both of English descent. Israel W. Hall became a shoemaker by trade. In 1834 he came to the west and settled where now the town of Danvers stands, in McLean County, Illinois. He started for the West from Nashua, New Hampshire, traveled by canal and steamboat to Detroit, Michigan, there bought a team, and came to McLean County, Illinois. In about the year 1835, Mr. Hall and Matthew Robb laid off the town of Concord, (now Danvers.) The village settled up slowly. Mr. Hall was a justice of the peace, and the first postmaster of the place. The office was called Stout's Grove Postoffice, but was changed to Danvers, which became the name of the village. The

postoffice was not established until 1848 or '49, because of a postoffice at the neighboring town of Wilkesborough. Mr. Hall was a member of the Methodist Church, and for fifteen years his house was a preaching place for that denomination. Rev. Zadoc Hall was one of the early preachers, who held meetings there.

On the 27th of April, 1834, Israel W. Hall married Polly Stickney in Salem, N. H. He had three children, all of whom are living. They are:

Alice W., wife of Jacob McClure, lives at St. Louis, Mo.

Otis T. Hall lives on the homestead place in Danvers.

Cynthia H., wife of John Morrison, lives on a part of the homestead farm.

Mr. Hall was about five feet and eight inches in height. He was a good man, honest and fair-minded, and had the respect of his neighbors. He died January 3, 1865.

Jeremiah S. Hall.

Jeremiah S. Hall, brother of Israel W. Hall, was born April 21, 1809, in Salem, Rockingham County, New Hampshire. He lived in his native village until the age of seventeen, when he went to Boston, to learn the bricklayer's trade. He was in that city when the great celebration of 1826 occurred, making the fifteenth anniversary of American independence. The exercises were held on Boston common, and an immense crowd was in attendance. On that day John Adams said in the morning: "I have lived to see another fourth of July." But before the day was ended the bells of Boston were tolling for his death. On that day also, another Ex-President, Thomas Jefferson, died; but, as the telegraph was then unknown, the news did not reach Boston until the middle of the week.

Mr. Hall remained in Boston for three summers, working at the brick-layer's trade, and also in a shoe-factory. He worked in various towns in New England. On the 16th of October, 1834, he started for Illinois. He came from Nashua, N. H., to Troy, N. Y., by stage, and thence to Buffalo by canal. From the latter place they started on board of a steamboat for Detroit, Michigan. They were delayed by a severe storm, and Mrs. Hall had an experience with sea sickness which she yet remembers.

At Detroit they took stage for Chicago, traveling through mud and water, and after a fearful ride arrived at their destination November 7. After a short stay at Chicago he came to McLean County, arriving in December. He traveled here in his own wagon. His family boarded for a while with Mr. Francis Barnard at Dry Grove. Mr. Hall soon went to farming just west of where he now lives, in the edge of the village of Danvers. His was one of the first prairie farms, and he was much ridiculed for leaving the timber; but he held to the land, and it is now worth sixty-five dollers per acre.

In September, 1844, Mr. Hall met with a strange accident, which has puzzled the physicians. While riding through timber and under brush he had a thorn pressed into the joint of the middle finger of his right hand. The thorn was removed but a part of the point remained. The finger became so much inflamed that Mr. Hall was thrown into spasms of pain, and he narrowly escaped lock-jaw. The finger was amputated, but he has never entirely recovered. His nervous system received so severe a shock that at the present time he is liable to become stiff and rigid when any undue excitement occurs, or when he falls into any unusual attitude. His case is a puzzle to the doctors, who disagree concerning it.

On the 24th of April, 1832, Mr. Hall married Miss Jane Combs in Nashua, New Hampshire. They have had five children, of whom three are living. They are:

Hannah, Wilburn and George. The two latter are married and George lives in Nebraska. The eldest son, Edward W. Hall was killed in the army at Jackson, Mississippi. He was first lieutenant of Company B, 3d Iowa, but at the time of his death was in command of Company I. He was wounded and captured, and died a few hours after. The fight was known as Lauman's unsuccessful charge.

Jeremiah Hall is about five feet and ten inches in height, is stoutly built and has a sanguine complexion. He is healthy in his appearance, but his nerves are shattered by the severe pain of which an account is given above. He appears to be a man of correct judgment, and is faithful to his trust. His head is partially bald, and he seems to have a good development of brain. His eyes have a clear, pretty expression when he is

amused, and he is usually pleased at any kind of burlesque. He wishes it understood that he has never been a fisherman, a hunter, or an office-seeker, but has succeeded well. He is a substantial American citizen.

John Hay.

John Hay was born March 18, 1797, in Washington County, Virginia, near Abington. His father's name was Peter Hay and his mother's name was Elizabeth Finley. Peter Hay was born and raised in Boston and was of Scotch-Irish descent. Elizabeth Finley was of the same descent, but was born and raised in Virginia. Peter Hay was not old enough to take part in the Revolutionary war, but his eldest brother was a soldier in the Continental army. His father's orchard, near Charlestown, was destroyed by the British.

John Hay lived only four years in Virginia, where he was born. In about the year 1801 the family moved to Logan County Kentucky. They lived there and in Todd County until about the year 1819, when they moved to Christian County. Nothing of importance happened there except that at one time the people were uuiversally alarmed lest the negroes should rise in insurrection. In the spring of 1834 he came to McLean County and bought land, but did not move out his family until the spring of 1835. He settled on the farm where John Shorthoes now lives, near Wilkesborough, in the present township of Dry Grove.

Mr. Hay has experienced the hardships of the old settlers, and has enjoyed their sports. He remembers particularly of a grand hunt in which the settlers from all over the country participated. Some of the hunters ran down a deer about four miles north of Bloomington, tied it to the tail of a roan horse belonging to Dr. John F. Henry and brought it home in triumph.

On the 25th of October, 1821, Mr. Hay married Celia Killebrew. By this marriage nine children were born and three are living. They are:

Samuel F. Hay, who lives just west of his father's in Danvers township.

Peter G. Hay, who lives in Tazewell County, just across the line from McLean.

Susan G., wife of George Moe, lives with her father. She is a remarkably pleasant and entertaining lady, and everyone in her presence feels the effect of her good nature and her happy spirits.

Mrs. Hay died August 9, 1840. On the 19th of October, 1841, Mr. Hay married Sarah A. Daniel. By this marriage he had two children, of whom one is living. She is Aphia K. Hay, and lives at home with her father.

On the 21st of February, 1860, Mr. Hay married Mrs. Cynthia Rowell, of Danvers township, who died November 6, 1866. No children by this marriage.

Mr. Hay is about five feet and ten inches in height. He has a full face with a complexion somewhat sanguine. His hair is white and his eyes are gray. He is a man of the best of feeling and the kindest of manner. He is careful and straightforward in all things, and is anxious to do only what is fair with his neighbors. He seems to have been successful in his financial matters.

George F. Hay.

George F. Hay, brother of John Hay, was born September 18, 1814, in Todd County, Kentucky. In about the year 1819, the family moved to Christian County, just west, and there lived until George Hay came farther west. Mr. Hay received his common education in Kentucky. For a while he attended a grammar school, which was conducted on the Lancasterian plan. By this plan the teacher parsed the words and the scholars repeated his parsing. After teaching grammar for sixty days he warranted all his scholars perfect. He had a great examination at the close of the school, and the whole neighborhood was excited and glad to learn that the children understood grammar. Mr. Hay took quite an interest in mathematics, studied surveying and obtained a very good common education. He tells of a queer adventure in which he was engaged while attending a school at Bluewater, Kentucky. The streams of water in that region of country often ran under ground, and were carried along on beds of rock below the surface. Sometimes they

formed by this means extended caverns through the rocks. One of these streams ran under the ground near Bluewater Spring, where Mr. Hay attended school. But sometimes the underground stream became so full of water that it would gush up and flow over the ground for a long distance. At other seasons of the year the underground stream had very little water in it, and the opening then became an extended cave with a rivulet running through it. Mr. Hay and a companion once went a quarter of a mile through the cave formed by this underground stream. They took a lantern with them and traveled over rocks and through crevices with the water plashing by their sides. At last they saw daylight streaming down from the opening near the Bluewater Spring. As they came up they found the teacher of the school and many of the scholars waiting for them; for the determination of these adventurous youths to explore the underground water course had become known. The teacher put a stop to any further expeditions.

In 1834 Mr. Hay came to Illinois and arrived at Walnut Grove, in what was then McLean County, on the 20th of October. This grove is now included in Woodford County. On the 13th of April following Mr. Hay came to Dry Grove. In February, 1836, he was made Deputy Surveyor under Major Dickason. He surveyed a great many little towns, laid out Miller's addition to Bloomington, and also Foster's and White's additions. The difficulties of surveying in the early days were great, for it was hard to move from point to point. The streams were often swollen and the crossings were usually fords. Mr. Hay was once with a party of surveyors on the north of the Mackinaw. A heavy rain suddenly fell, and that treacherous stream became high. The party returned in a canoe by making many trips, and their horses swam. When Mr. Hay was on his way to lay off Miller's addition to Bloomington he found the streams high, the bridges overflowed and some of the planks floated off. He walked over the bridges, pressing down the floating planks, stepping over the open spaces and holding the halter of his horse as the animal swam across below. It was Mr. Hay's duty to attend to all surveying between ranges one and two east of the third principal meridian.

Mr. Hay tells a curious circumstance concerning the sudden change of December, 1836, which has never before been related. He prepared a place for his pigs to sleep, about forty or fifty rods from where they were fed. When the sudden change came they started for their bed, but some of them froze to death in the path on the way. Mr. Hay rode three miles, after the sudden change took place, but he had the wind to his back and did not suffer so much in consequence. A traveler who was caught out in that sudden change walked a mile, and arrived at Peter McCullough's house in Dry Grove. The ice collected on him, as the freezing water and slush splashed up, and his parts were so stiffened that he moved with difficulty.

When the country in the West became so settled that plenty of wheat and corn was raised, the sandhill cranes became numerous. Mr. Hay was once crossing the prairie towards White Oak Grove, when he saw a young crane, and attempted to catch it. But the old birds defended it so vigorously that he gave it up as a bad job. Their appearance is fierce, and their sharp bills and long necks make them dangerous when wounded or while defending their young.

Mr. Hay has been on many hunting expeditions, as all settlers have, and has seen the dangers of the chase. William McCullough was once chasing a wolf, when his horse stepped into a gopher's hole, and the fall broke the animal's neck.

On the 17th of March, 1836, Mr. Hay married Elizabeth Ann McCullough, daughter of Peter McCullough, the first permanent settler in Dry Grove. She is a lady of fine feeling. They have had one child, Elizabeth Lavina, wife of John W. Owen. She lives a quarter of a mile east of her father's, on the old Surface farm adjoining Wilkesborough.

Mr. Hay is a man of the kindest disposition and the strictest integrity. He is about five feet and a half in height, has a heavy head of hair, is sparse in build, but healthy and active. He seems to have had fair success in the world. He takes pleasure in exercising that hospitality for which the old settlers are distinguished.

Jonathan Bond Warlow.

Jonathan B. Warlow was born June 27, 1814, in Northampton, Massachusetts. His father's name was Benjamin Warlow, and his mother's name, before her marriage, was Elizabeth Bond. They were partly of English descent. Benjamin Warlow was a bootmaker by trade. He served his apprenticeship, which was seven years and six months, in the city of New York, but as soon as it was ended he went off as a sailor on the ocean. He married Elizabeth Bond in Boston. During the war of 1812 he was drafted and sent to Montreal, but was never in any engagement. In March, 1817, he went to Oneida County, New York, where he engaged in the work of making fine boots. He was not "well-to-do" in the world, and wished to make some change to better his condition. Before he went to New York city, at one time, he had his fortune told, and it was predicted that he would emigrate to the West and do well. He went home and considered the matter seriously. His brother wished him to go to New York city. Benjamin Warlow packed up his goods to go to New York city or the West—he knew not which. He waited for two weeks for some word from his brother; at last he placed a stick upright on the ground, and resolved to go whichever way it fell. This was on the bank of the Erie canal. It struck the ground on the western side. Soon afterwards a canal boat came along and he loaded on his goods and started for the great West. He had sixty dollars when he started. When he arrived at Painesville, Ohio, he had only thirty-seven and a half cents. He commenced chopping wood, and hired out his boys for thirty-seven and a half cents per day. There they were joined by Joshua Bond, a brother of Mrs. Warlow. After remaining for three months they all went to Pickaway County, where Mr. Bond bought a farm and Mr. Warlow worked it. Joshua Bond was a bachelor. He taught music and dancing, was as polite as a Frenchman, made a great deal of money and spent it freely. He usually went south during the winter and came up to Ohio and stayed with the Warlows during the summer. In 1834 the Warlow family came to Illinois with two wagons. One was drawn by a span of horses, and the other was drawn by a yoke of muley cattle and a span of horses on the

lead. There were ten in the party: Mr. and Mrs. Warlow and their six children, and Joshua Bond and his hired man. They camped out only once, about six miles this side of the Sangamon River. There they had two crackers for supper and one cracker a piece in the morning. They came on to Bloomington, where they arrived at three o'clock in the afternoon. It was then a very insignificant little place. The tavern was kept by a man named Caleb. No bell or gong was kept, but a steel bar was suspended by a string, and each morning the servant girl beat it with her pot-hooks to call up the boarders. Mr. Bond bought two hundred acres of land for one thousand dollars, and entered eighty acres more. On this land Mr. Warlow, sr., lived for two years, and then moved to land of his own, in what is now Allin township, immediately west of Richard A. Warlow's residence. He bought of Joshua Bond eighty acres of timber land in Brown's Grove. This was land which Bond had entered on his arrival. It was situated in the middle of the grove. It seems that the settlers, who had come in, entered land around the grove, but forbore to enter this, as they all used timber from it at Uncle Sam's expense. Warlow bought it of Bond for four dollars per acre.

Jonathan Warlow attended at Dry Grove a school taught by Milton Williams. The scholars all studied aloud and shouted their lessons, while the schoolmaster read his paper and smoked his pipe by the fire. Mr. Warlow has seen the difficulties and troubles of the early settlers. He sold pork in Pekin for one dollar and a quarter per hundred, and took his pay in trade, but was not allowed to take all his trade in groceries. He was often obliged to live for long periods on corn and potatoes, as it was impossible sometimes to get grinding done. He has also made the usual trips to Chicago, where he sold wheat for forty-five cents per bushel.

He married, November 15, 1838, Catherine Bartlett Hay, who came from Christian County, Kentucky, with her brother, John Hay. Mr. and Mrs. Warlow live in Danvers township. They have had eight children, of whom six are living, five daughters and one son.

Elizabeth Warlow lives at home with her parents.

Mary M., wife of Jesse Brainard, lives in Dry Grove.

George L., Celia Jane, Adelpha P. B. and Ida Catherine Warlow, the baby, all live at home.

Mr. Warlow is about five feet and eleven inches in height. His hair is white, and stands up from his head. He has a prominent nose and light gray eyes. He has rather a sanguine temperament, and he likes to tell funny things. He has been very successful in life and is hospitable and kind.

DOWNS TOWNSHIP.

Lawson Downs.

Lawson Downs was born about the year 1809, near Nashville, Tennessee, where he lived until he was nine years of age. Then his parents moved to White County, Illinois, and there Lawson Downs remained until he was grown. In the year 1829 he came to McLean County, Illinois, and entered his land in the present township of Downs. He was accustomed to raise pigs in the timber, which were so wild, that when he fattened them, he threw down corn and went away, or they would never eat it. When they were fat he hunted them with his rifle and shot them in the timber.

During the winter of the deep snow Lawson Downs had his sheep covered by the snow, but he found them by looking for the holes which their breath melted up through the crust. In order to get wood during that memorable winter, he was obliged to shovel his way to a tree, cut it down and haul it in with oxen.

Lawson Downs served in the Black Hawk war, having been out thirty days under Covel. For this service he afterwards obtained a warrant for a quarter section of land. He sold the warrant cheap and never located the land.

Lawson Downs and Henry Jacoby hauled goods to Bloomington, for James Allin, at an early day. It was great work and small pay. It was very hard, in early days, to earn a little money, but it would buy a great deal. One dollar and a quarter would buy an acre of land.

The prairie grass in the early days was as high as a man's head while riding on horseback. While hunting for game, the dogs, being down on the ground, could not see far. Mr. Downs

hunted with a greyhound belonging to Henry Jacoby. Downs would look ahead and see the wolf or deer running through the grass, and would tell the hound to jump on the horse. It would do so, and Downs would point out the game. The dog would immediately take after it, and was sure to bring it down.

Mr. Downs was something of a hunter. He hunted bees in the fall, and he trapped otter on the Kickapoo. He often trapped wolves. At one time he found in his trap not one of the large wolves, but one of his neighbors' black hogs. This was, indeed, "catching the wrong pig by the ear."

During the sudden change in December, 1836, many of Mr. Downs' sheep and hogs froze fast in the slush, and many chickens had their feet frozen in it.

Lawson Downs was married in 1836 to Sarah Welch. He had nine children, all boys, six of whom grew up to manhood. They are:

William G. Downs, who lives near Paoli in Miami County, Kansas. He is rather a large, fine-looking man. During the war he was a captain in the Thirty-ninth Illinois Infantry.

George W. Downs now lives at Diamond Grove. He is a man of medium stature, has black hair and dark, expressive eyes. He served three years during the war as a private in the Ninety-fourth Illinois.

John D. Downs is a man of medium size and light complexion. He was not old enough to get into the army. He lives about three miles south of Gillem Station in Downs township.

Solomon F. Downs lives near Cheney's Grove.

Albert P. and Alfred E. Downs live with their brother George at Diamond Grove.

Lawson Downs was slenderly built, and had a dark though rather sanguine complexion. He was rather slow to make up his mind, but when he had it once made up it was not easily changed. He was universally respected as an honest, upright citizen, and the township of Downs was named after him. He was no respecter of persons, except as they deserved respect by their ability or goodness of heart. He died September 7, 1860.

William Weaver.

William Weaver was born February 10, 1783, in Lee County, Virginia. He was of English descent. His father came from England at a very early day, and was a soldier in the Revolutionary war and served under General Green.

William Weaver received the little education he had at home. When he grew to manhood he made a profession of religion and became a Baptist preacher. In the fall of 1831 he came to Washington County, Illinois. In the fall of 1832 he settled in Old Town timber, McLean County, near the present line between Downs and Old Town, and there he lived until his death, which occurred September 3, 1838. He was accustomed to preach in the first school house in Empire township. When he came to McLean County he brought about sixty head of cattle to stock the farm which he opened up. He was the first farmer who brought any grafted fruit to the county; this he obtained from Curtis' Nursery in Edgar County, on the Wabash.

The settlers were greatly annoyed by fires on the prairie, and made use of all means to protect their farms from destruction. The settlers in the southwestern edge of Old Town timber were protected by a wide slough, and could fight the fire successfully.

The following anecdote is given in the language of one of the sons of the early settlers:

"About the year 1843 a certain would-be prophet, named Miller, upon whom the mantle of Elijah did not fall, predicted that on a certain day the world would come to an end. As the time approached for the termination of sublunary affairs, more or less excitement prevailed. On the south side of Old Town timber, and not far from where the village of Downs now stands, lived a boy named Mark C——, who was much affected by Miller's prediction. About a mile south of Old Town timber, and running parallel with it, was a broad marshy slough, which then afforded water the year round during the ordinary seasons. Between this slough and the timber were located the most of the farms of the early settlers, and as each succeeding year the autumnal fires swept over the prairies, stretching twenty miles away to the south, the settlers relied mainly upon this slough to save their farms from destruction. One day, while the excitement aroused by Miller was at its height, Mark and a neighbor

boy, who unfortunately lived on the other side of the little stream, were discussing the probabilities of the impending judgment when the fire of the Lord should come upon them and wrap the world in flames. Suddenly a new idea seemed to strike Mark. Thinking of the slough, he exclaimed with joy and reassurance: 'Well, thank God, it can't get to our house; it can't cross the big slough!"

It was many years after the first settlement of the country before the people could believe that the prairies would be worth anything. John Hendrix was among the first to see the richness and utility of the prairies. While he and John Benson and John Rhodes were once discussing the matter it seemed to be their opinion that if the edges of the groves could be settled that would be all they could expect. But Hendrix said: "I don't know about that, boys. This is mighty rich prairie."

Joseph Weaver was known among the settlers as "Old Father Weaver." He was five feet and eight inches in height, had a quick, lively step, and never used a cane. He was full of fun and good humor. He died of congestive chills, and, it is thought, some disease of the spine. He married, December 12, 1803, Mary Sims. He had thirteen children, twelve of whom lived to grow to manhood and womanhood. Eight are now living. They are:

Elizabeth Weaver, born January 30, 1808, died about the year 1858; was never married.

Nancy Weaver, born June 16, 1809, was married to William Jessee, and lives in Douglas County, Kansas. She is now a widow.

Mary Weaver, born November 3, 1810, married Rev. Mr. McPherson and died April 22, 1853.

Lucy Weaver died in infancy.

Sarah Weaver, born July 15, 1814, is married to Amos Neal and lives in Farmer City.

Lora Weaver, born April 20, 1816, was married to A. P. Craig, and lives in Downs township.

Hanna Weaver, born February 18, 1818, married Isaac Keeran, and lives in Miami County, Kansas.

James Weaver, born December 21, 1819, married Nancy Price, daughter of John Price, and lives in Miami County, Kansas.

Sylvia Weaver, born May 20, 1822, married John Worley, of McLean County. She died October 3, 1842.

Rebecca Weaver, born March 18, 1824, married John Campbell, of McLean County, died September 12, 1846.

Martha Weaver, born February 6, 1826, married J. M. Holloway, and lives in Miami County, Kansas.

William Weaver, born August 7, 1827, lives in Miami County, Kansas.

Joseph B. Weaver, born April 13, 1831, lives on the homestead. He was elected Supervisor in 1867, Justice of the Peace in 1870. He served three years during the war in the 94th Illinois Volunteers. He married, September 30, 1855, Margaret Kimler, and has four children.

William Bishop.

William Bishop was born September 8, 1794, in Fauquier County, Virginia. He was of English, Irish, Scotch and French descent. His father moved to Fleming County, Kentucky, when William was probably only one or two years of age, and when he was five or six years of age the family came to Clark County, Ohio. There he received some little education from a tutor, who was employed to teach in the family.

During the war of 1812 William Bishop was a teamster in the army, and went to Fort Meigs and to Fort Wayne. He frequently camped out when the snow came over him. On the campaign one of the oxen belonging to his team died, and he put a harness on the other and used it as a leader. Sometimes he was unable to get feed for his oxen and gave them salt bacon, which they ate very readily and seemed to be much strengthened by it. He often fed it to his cattle afterwards, and it made them healthy.

In about the year 1820 Mr. Bishop went to Virginia, and there married Margaret Lake. In 1833 he came to Illinois and settled in Old Town timber. When the family first arrived there, they were obliged to sleep in a wagon for three weeks. No plank could be had for love or money. At their first arrival they built a fire near an elm tree and made dinner. They found a hunter's abandoned hut, cleaned it out and lived in it during their first winter. During the next year they built the six mile house, a double log cabin, which was used for many years as a stopping

place for travelers. All of the water used was hauled from the prairie, two miles distant. They twice attempted to dig a well, but at the depth of fifty feet the ground was still dry. It was very difficult indeed to haul their water, as they had no barrel. But a circumstance occurred by which they obtained a water barrel. General Gridley at that time kept store in Bloomington. He had a barrel of honey standing outside his door, as no space was left for it inside. Some mischievous boys pulled out the plug, and the honey was lost. General Gridley used some very unparliamentary language about the matter, but as he had no further use for the barrel, gave it to Mrs. Bishop.

Mr. Bishop commenced farming on an abandoned claim. He was much troubled by prairie fires, which sometimes ran into the timber. A great hurricane swept through the timber in 1827, and piled it up in every direction, and when the prairie fire swept in among the logs it would sometimes burn for many weeks.

The memorable sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, came when Mr. Bishop was two miles from home. He immediately came home on horseback, driving a yoke of cattle. The dumb creatures insisted on going into the brush for protection against the piercing wind, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he brought them home. His chickens were many of them frozen up in the slush.

Mr. Bishop was about five feet and six or eight inches in height, and weighed about one hundred and forty-five pounds. He had dark hair, gray eyes, a sandy beard and was somewhat bald-headed. He was a hard-working man, but a lively trader. In 1842 and '43 he bought pork at Pekin and shipped it to the St. Louis market. He served for a while as County Commissioner. He died in October, 1855. He had nine children, six boys and three girls. They are:

Harvey Bishop lives in the western part of Old Town. He has light hair and a light complexion. He has his farm well improved.

Henry Clay Bishop was named after the great statesman of Kentucky, whom William Bishop admired so much. He is rather less than the medium stature, has dark, hazel eyes, is very pleasant in his manner, and is very kind and accommodating. He is a bachelor and lives about one mile south of Gillem station.

Samuel Bishop is a physician and lives at Moline, Illinois. He is a graduate of a homeopathic institution in St. Louis, and now practices medicine. Before this he went to Hamilton College, New York, where he studied for the ministry. He preached for a year or two, but left the pulpit and began the study of medicine.

George Bishop is a farmer in Dwight. He also studied for the ministry and was a preacher for a while, but went to farming.

Elizabeth, wife of B. R. Price, lives on the west line of Old Town township.

Susan, wife of James Reyburn, lives in Old Town, near Harvey Bishop.

William H. Bishop lives on his brother Luther's place, where his father died.

Mrs. Sarah B. Ayres, a widow, keeps house for her brother Samuel, in Moline.

Luther Bishop, the youngest, is a farmer, and lives with his brother William.

After the death of Mr. Bishop, Mrs. Bishop lived for five years in Bloomington, and sent her two youngest sons, William and Luther to the Normal School to be educated. She then returned to the old place, where she is still living. She is a very kind old lady, and seems yet to be enjoying the best of health.

Elias Henry Wall.

Elias Henry Wall was born December 3, 1797, in Warren County, Kentucky. His remote ancestors were Irish, Scotch and Welch. His grandfather, Henry Wall, came from Ireland, and his maternal grandfather, Elias McFadden, was of Scotch descent. His father was George Wall, a preacher in Kentucky, of the Methodist denomination, and his mother was Margaret McFadden.

Mr. Wall received his common school education in Kentucky, where he lived until he was thirty-six years of age. When he was eleven years of age he heard Peter Cartwright exhort. The latter had missed his way in traveling to an appointment and came to Mr. George Wall's house, and while there, gave the exhortation. While going from one point to another Mr. Cartwright was in the habit of marking his way by blazing the trees

with a hooked knife which he carried for that purpose. It was this habit which suggested a joke to Mr. Cartwright. When he was in a public house in New York, a room in the highest story was given him, and he inquired for a broad-axe to blaze his way up in order that he might find it without assistance. Elias Wall joined the Methodist Church when he was twenty-one years of age, and has been a consistent member ever since. He was a class-leader for fourteen years in Warren County, Kentucky, and when he came to Illinois, some of the old members of his class raised for him a class of nine members. Within a few years it increased to seventy, but has since been divided and subdivided.

Mr. Wall remembers very little of the war of 1812, besides what is written in history. When the draft for men was made he drew for his brother-in-law, James Price, and obtained a blank.

In the year 1830 Mr. Wall came to the West on a visit, and was much pleased with the country. He attended a camp-meeting on the Ox-bow prairie, and heard the celebrated Father Walker preach. In the fall he returned to Kentucky. He was married December 21, 1830, to Martha P. Savidge, daughter of Littlebury and Rhoda Savidge.

The winter of the deep snow (1830–31) was memorable in Kentucky. It fell to the depth of a foot and a half, which was remarkable for that climate.

In the latter part of October, 1833, he came to the West, but, like so many of our pioneers, had great difficulty in becoming acclimated. For eight years he was sick with various diseases; at one time he had the cholera, and after the disease was broken, his life was dispaired of, even by the attending physician. But a good constitution at last restored him.

When Mr. Wall came to the West he brought with him a black man, named Elijah Thomas, who was allowed to be free by Mr. Wall, sr. This colored man had a younger brother, named Andrew Jackson, who remained in Kentucky. He was allowed his liberty and considered free by his master, George Wall. But in course of time, George Wall died, and left no will relating to young Andrew Jackson. Everyone who had any claim on him was in Illinois, and perfectly willing that he should be free; nevertheless, the administrators of the estate bound him out

until he became twenty-one. When his time was up, he ran away to Illinois, but had great difficulty in getting through. While on the macadamized road, he passed himself off as a laborer going to work, but when he came to the border this little story was "too thin." The border was carefully watched by men with bloodhounds, and when Andrew Jackson came there, they took after him. But he was a plucky fellow; he knocked down one of the bloodhounds and left it for dead, outran the rest and triumphantly crossed the Ohio River to Illinois. Here he thought himself free, but was seized by the sheriff as a runaway slave, in the first town he came to. But fortunately he was recognized by a neighbor, who had known him in Kentucky, and the sheriff released him from custody. However, young Andrew would have soon released himself from custody, as the sheriff had kindly given him the bounds of the town. He came to Illinois and was safe. He was a smart boy, and learned to read and write, and became a very effective exhorter in the Baptist Church.

Mr. Wall settled first a little to the west of the present station of Downs, on the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad; but he now lives about four miles west of Leroy, on the road from that place to Heyworth. His farm first joined that of John Price, who was his most intimate friend. Not many years after his arrival in the West, he and John Price determined to have a school-house. Some of their neighbors in Old Town wished one also, and they all joined together and built one on the line, which divided the townships, on land given by Wall and Price. It was afterwards used by various denominations as a meeting-house. Back of the meeting-house they donated land for a camp-ground. On the third of July, 1848, Mrs. Martha Wall died. She was a very excellent lady and highly-respected by all of her acquaintances. On the twenty-second of October, 1850, Mr. Wall was married to Mrs. Clarissa Karr. She was a widow lady of very kind disposition and very estimable qualities of mind. Her maiden name was Clarissa Garrison. She is still living and enjoys a happy old age.

Among the many diseases which visited the West, was the erysipelas, which came like an epidemic. Mr. and Mrs. Wall were sick with it, and five of their relatives died with it. Mr. Wall took care of the children of his relatives who died with this

disease, and had parts of four families with him at one time, making his own family number eleven persons. This was in 1840, when the census was taken. Mr. and Mrs. Wall have no children of their own. Their son is dead, and also all of Mrs. Wall's children by her first marriage. They took care of their grandson, Asbury Barnard, for eight years, and sent him to the Wesleyan and Normal Universities. He now lives on his farm at the head of Old Town, and is in very prosperous circumstances. He loves to visit his grandparents, who have the greatest affection for him. They have raised two sets of orphan children, and seem to feel that Providence has placed them upon earth for the purpose of allowing them an opportunity for doing good.

Mr. Wall has always been a worker in the cause of Christianity, and thinks he should miss no opportunity for reproving sin. A few incidents will show this disposition. A man named Hampton kept a mill down on Kickapoo Creek in Randolph's Grove. He was a very determined man, and his neighbors stood in fear of him. He was accustomed to go hunting on Sunday, and on one of his Sabbath day hunting excursions he fell in with Mr. Wall, who was on his way to meeting. The latter said: "Mr. Hampton, if you have no respect for the Sabbath day, I hope you will respect the feelings of this neighborhood. We are a civil people here, and don't hunt on Sunday." The impressive manner in which this was spoken, caused Mr. Hampton to turn back and abandon his hunt. Shortly afterwards, when Mr. Wall went with a grist to Mr. Hampton's mill, the latter said: "By Guinea, Wall, I want you to mind your business. Mr. Randolph says you did wrong in talking to me as you did." Mr. Wall replied: "Mr. Randolph and I are two people; it is my duty to reprove sin wherever I find it." Hampton said it was hard to know the law on the subject; but Mr. Wall replied that he went by a higher authority than the law, and he said furthermore, that people had been telling him that he could not have his grinding done at Hampton's mill because of the circumstance, but thought the latter should be glad to do it as no one in the neighborhood dared to reprove him for his sin except Mr. Wall. Hampton said: "Get down here," and ground the grain very willingly. A short time after this, some young hunters killed three deer on Sunday and they were about to carry the deer on horseback past Mr.

Wall's door; but Mr. Hampton told them they had "better let Elias Wall alone." Hunting on Sunday was quite common. At one time Mr. Wall heard shooting on Sunday, and on going to the timber found two men with a large buck, which they had killed. He was acquainted with one, and, after an introduction to the other, Mr. Wall said: "You are both of you peace officers and you hunt on Sunday and disturb the peace; were you raised in that way?" One of the gentlemen afterwards told Mr. Wall that the reproof was severely felt, as his own mother was a Christian woman. Mr. Wall talked to the gentlemen and walked with them for a half a mile, and they promised him never to disturb him again on Sunday, and they kept their word.

Mr. Wall gives his experience with the sudden change in the weather which occurred in December, 1836. He says, it turned cold so suddenly that a chicken had its feet frozen tight in the ice. The sudden cold, after the snow and rain, covered the country with a glare of ice, and on this Mr. Wall was obliged to travel eight miles with an unshod horse to collect money to meet his engagements. The horse frequently slid down the slippery hills on his bare feet.

During the February following, Mr. Wall went to Danville on horseback to enter some land. He crossed the Sangamon on the ice, but on his return a thaw set in and he re-crossed in a canoe, above the ford, as it was filled with drifted ice, and the water was running rapidly. He led his horse, a fine cream-colored animal, down the bluff, and it swam across with the canoe, but could not climb the bank. It tried to swim down to the ford, and when it turned to come back, all except its head was carried by the current under the ice; but it swam back by great exertions and succeeded in climbing the bank. When the horse escaped from the danger it seemed much gratified, and "held up its tail, as if it were glad to be alive." Mr. Wall kept this horse for twenty-two years.

Mr. Wall has been troubled for the last twenty years with a cancer in his eye, and has tried many remedies for it. It has been, indeed, a great affliction, but the resolution of the old pioneer has been sufficient even for this. He has tried many different physicians with different success, but still the disease remains.

Mr. Wall is rather a tall, noble-looking man. His words and

the tone of his voice show his conscientiousness and his tender feeling. His appearance impresses one with his dignity and his kindness. He feels it to be his duty to make his life as well as his words a reproof to every form of wickedness. He is respected and loved by the people for many miles around, and is affectionately called "Uncle Elias Wall."

John Price.

John Price was born January 23, 1802, in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina. His father was an American, and his mother was born in Ireland. In 1804 his father's family moved to Montgomery County, Kentucky. In 1857 they moved to Warren County, same State, then to Williamson County, Tennessee, where they stayed a little more than three years, and then moved back to Warren County. John Price received very little education. He was obliged to go a long distance for what he obtained. He trudged three miles every day to school while in Tennessee. The war of 1812 occurred while he was in Tennessee. During this uncertain and exciting contest the neighborhood where he lived was once badly scared by a report that Indians were coming, and the militia turned out, and everyone commenced running bullets; but the alarm was false.

In September, 1821, when Mr. Price was only nineteen years of age, he married Matilda B. Rives. She was related to the historical Rives family of Virginia. But she had something better than honored lineage; she was a smart woman and possessed of good judgment, and now, after more than half a century of wedded life, she is as smart as ever, and better than a fortune to Mr. Price.

As soon as he was married, Mr. Price went to work to support his wife. He sawed lumber with a whip-saw, and after that worked at building flatboats. As the yards where he was employed were some distance from his home, in the winter time he started to work on Monday morning and did not return home until Saturday night. Sometimes he would return every night, and when he did so he was obliged to go two and a half or three miles to work and be there by sunrise and return home after sunset. He worked at sawing lumber and building flat-boats for seven years. As a matter of course he succeeded, for a man of such energy

must be sure of that in the end. In 1830 he came to Illinois on a visit, traveling in a covered wagon and camping out. He was then offered a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of land and a log cabin, near Bloomington, by Rev. Mr. Latta, for forty dollars, but refused it and entered land near where he now lives. In 1831 he again came west with his wife for a visit. He started from Bloomington to return. At that time he had heard nothing of the Black Hawk war; but when he arrived at Springfield men were volunteering to go. News travels slowly in an early settled country. In 1834 he came still again, entered land near where he now lives, remained fifteen months and then went to Kentucky for his father. He returned in the fall of 1836 to the place where he now lives, near the little station of Downs, on the Indianapolis, Bloomington & Western Railway. A part of his land is timber and part in prairie. The settlers were always anxious to get land adjoining timber, and now they are almost always to be found settled near the edges of groves. They had no idea that the prairie would be valuable except that part near the timber; but Mr. Price says that by the year 1836 he began to see that the prairie might be worth something after all. His first land was entered at Vandalia and the remainder at Danville. He has owned altogether six hundred and eighty acres, and never paid more than $1.25 per acre for any of it.

When he came to the west he sent to Kentucky for apple seed and cultivated a nursery and an orchard, and supplied all his neighbors with trees.

Of course Mr. Price remembers the cold snap in 1836, as all settlers do. He was working a few rods from his house without his coat. The day was warm and the slush was three or four inches deep. In the afternoon a roar in the west gave notice of the approaching wind. It immediately became so cold that by the time he reached the house the frozen slush would nearly bear his weight. He let down his fence to allow his cattle the shelter of some stacked fodder, and they were thereby protected from the storm and were saved, but many of his pigs froze to death.

The settlers were obliged to go long distances to do their trading. Mr. Price has hauled wheat to Chicago with an ox team, and received fifty-five cents per bushel.

All old settlers have had great difficulty with prairie fires. The grass on the prairie grew enormously high. It was quite often so high that a man on horseback was obliged to hold up his head to see over. In the fall of the year, when this grass became dry, any accident might set it on fire, and then it was a terrible sight indeed. The flames rolled along and gather force as currents of air were drawn in after them. It was impossible to escape by running before the fire; the swiftest horse would be overtaken by it. In 1836, before Mr. Price came west for the last time, he wrote to have some hay cut and put up. Twenty-four acres were cut and stacked, and when Mr. Price came out he was gratified to find his wishes attended to and his stock provided with food for winter. But soon a fire came rolling over the prairie, and Mr. Price went to save his stacks. They had been placed on mowed ground; nevertheless a little low grass had grown up and, being touched with frost, lay withered and dry. He tried to make a back fire, feeling confident he could whip it out in the low grass around his stacks, but it burned fiercely and he went at it with a brush. This only scattered it the more and his stacks went up in smoke. At one time he had a fire on his farm when he was sick with the ague and his boys were gone from home. His next neighbor tore down a quarter of a mile of division fence to save the rails, but one third of them were burned up, nevertheless. The neighbors came from miles around and put up his fence, for people then were always anxious to help one another. The prairie fires drove everything before them, the deer, wolves, rabbits, horses and cattle. The way to contend against fire is to make a back fire, but great care must be taken lest the back fire does not become as dangerous as the one to be headed off. A little water sprinkled on the grass in a line is sufficient to hold a back fire from doing damage, but after it once gets under headway nothing can check it.

Mr. Price was a great hunter and a fine marksman; he was to a great extent the leader among the hunters in that locality. During the first four years of his western life he killed twenty-five deer per annum on an average. They were then very numerous; he has seen more than two hundred deer in one day, has counted thirty go out of the timber to the prairie in one flock. A good deer was then worth a dollar. He once killed a very fine one,

which, when dressed, weighed one hundred and ninety-five pounds, and was enabled to sell the hams for a dollar or a dollar and a half. He has had many amusing episodes during his life as a hunter. He sometimes hunted with a man named Twining, who was very excitable, and missed his mark by over-anxiety. At one time when Twining had, as usual, succeeded in missing his deer, Mr. Price asked him: "Did you kill the deer, Mr. Twining?" "No, I—I elevated too high."

Deer are easily tamed if caught young. When a fawn is caught and handled once it is tamed, and it sometimes displays the most astonishing intelligence; indeed the deer may be considered the most intelligent of American wild animals, with possibly the single exception of the beaver. The deer shows the most wonderful cunning in its attempts to escape pursuit, and will wade up a stream to throw a dog from the scent. It will walk a long distance and then take a tremendous spring to one side to make the pursuer lose the track and take time to hunt for it. Mr. Price had at one time a tame deer, and a Pennsylvanian, who was traveling in his covered wagon, came along with a dog of which he had a very high opinion, and thought it could catch the deer. Mr. Price allowed the man to try it. The dog sprang for the deer and they had a lively race and soon disappeared. "Now," said the Pennsylvanian, "my dog has caught it." In an hour the deer came walking cautiously back and went into one door of the house and out of the other into the brush where it laid down. It seemed to know that the dog would not dare to follow its track through the house. The dog was lost and was not found until nightfall.

In early days the wolves were plenty: Mr. Price has stood in his door and counted five or six of them playing around in the field. He succeeded in killing the largest wolf known in that part of the country. It was of the large gray variety, and not one of the little prairie wolves. It was often chased by the hunters, but was strong and swift, and would run away from them or elude pursuit. It was so large and powerful that it would carry off grown up hogs from the pen, and it was so audacious that it became a terror to the neighborhood. It began prowling around the house of Mr. Cowden and eating a sheep which had died near by, and he sent for Mr. Price, who came one evening

to kill it. The night was clear and cold, and he went out occasionally to listen, and could hear it howl some distance away. At last he almost gave the matter up, when he discovered the shadow of the wolf on the snow as it was trotting down by the fence close to the house. He went into the house and returned with his gun, and the noise and disturbance caused the wolf to stop, when Mr. Price fired at it about eighty yards distant. The wolf could only move twenty or thirty steps, but when surrounded by men and dogs, nothing could take hold of it. It shut its powerful jaws on everything within reach, and the strongest dog in the neighborhood was obliged to stand back. Another shot killed it. It was so large that, when standing up, a common sized dog could walk under it without touching. For this wolf nearly all the farmers for miles around offered premiums of corn. Jesse Funk offered fifty bushels, and all of the premiums amounted to more than a thousand bushels. Zachariah Blue offered a fine horse for the privilege of collecting the corn, but Mr. Price would accept nothing. He said that the fun of killing the wolf was a sufficient reward.

It was the custom of the settlers to take a general hunt towards a pole put up in some central place. Mr. Price took part in a general hunt when the pole was put up near Long Point, and the settlers started out from Buckles' Grove, Randolph's Grove, Long Point and Old Town.

Mr. Price has held some township offices, but beyond this has never troubled himself much with political matters. He was the fourth justice of the peace of Priceville Precinct, and continued to hold that office for twelve years, until the organization of the township of Downs. He was treasurer of the township and of the Kickapoo Union District when it was formed, holding his office for sixteen years in all.

On the thirteenth of September, 1871, Mr. and Mrs. Price celebrated their golden wedding. About one hundred persons were present at dinner, and four of them were guests at the original wedding half a century before. Speeches were made by E. H. Wall, Thomas Twining, Joseph Weaver, Dr. Montgomery and Mrs. Lewis Case. Mr. Wall told the exploits of old settlers, and Mr. Twining enlarged upon the events of the early days. But Dr. Montgomery made the most sensible and truthful speech

of the occasion. He said that the other speakers had decidedly neglected Mrs. Price in making their remarks, and that he could safely say she made the best coffee of any woman in McLean County. He also complimented Mr. Price, and said the best job ever done by the latter was when he, as justice of the peace, married him (Dr. Montgomery). This was a slight mistake. The best job ever done by Mr. Price was, when more than fifty years ago, he married Mrs. Price. Various golden presents were made by many persons. Gold-headed ebony canes, gold spectacles, gold rings, gold coins, etc. One cane bore the inscription: "To John Price by B. R. Price, Sept. 13, 1871," and another, "To Matilda B. Price by P. B. Price, Sept. 13, 1871." When these presents were made, Mr. Price turned to his children and said: "My dear children, you have been very kind to me, and now I make you a present," and he gave each of them a twenty dollar gold coin—a rare thing just now.

Mr. Price has had a family of eight children, four of whom are now living, two sons and two daughters. They are: Mr. P. B. Price, who lives in Downs township; Mr. B. R. Price, who lives in Old Town; Mrs. Polly G. Cowden, who lives at Gillem Station, and Mrs. Nancy Weaver, who lives in Miami County, Kansas. Those children which are dead are James William, Sarah Frances, Matilda B. and John Rives Price.

Mr. Price is tall, straight, and somewhat slim. His countenance expresses decision of character, good judgment and good feeling. Self command is shown in every movement; he is a man of fine feeling, and a gentleman in the noblest sense of the word. His neighbors think everything of him, and he is, indeed, a splendid American citizens. Mr. and Mrs. Price are both in good health, and a happier, pleasanter or more sociable husband and wife never lived. Time has dealt with them tenderly, and it will be many years before they will be called to pass over the river. They are very religious.

Mr. Price's house was built large and roomy below for the purpose of being used as a church, and divine service was held in it more or less regularly for eight or nine years.

Rev. Sylvester Peasley.

Sylvester Peasley was born in Grayson County, Virginia, August, 31, 1823. His father's name was Isaac Peasley, and his mother's name, before her marriage, was Rachel Holsey. His father was of Scotch descent. His great grandfather came from Paisley, in Scotland, and this was the family name, but the spelling was changed to Peasley. This great grandfather Paisley was a general in the Revolutionary war, and served with distinction in the Continental army. Sylvester Peasley's grandfather, John Peasley, was also a soldier in the Revolutionary war, and fought in seven general engagements. He was at the battle of Guilford Court House, and his home was near the battle-ground. When the battle opened, Mrs. Peasley, Sylvester's grandmother, was told by some British officers to go into her house and wrap some beds around her to protect her from being shot. They milked her cows, but honestly paid for the milk. Those who know anything of army life will consider the latter a very extraordinary circumstance.

In the fall of 1834, Mr. Isaac Peasley's family came to McLean County, Illinois, and arrived November 3. On their journey they saw in Kentucky many drovers taking large droves of swine to the south. He saw thousands of turkeys driven on foot to Louisville, where they were shipped on steamboats down the river. When the family arrived in McLean County, they had a hard time to find a house to live in through the winter, but finally obtained a cabin of Jesse Funk. It was built of logs, with a chimney of sticks on the outside. This chimney was built of sticks with clay between them, and was plastered on the inside with soft clay. The fire-place was built of clay pressed against a rack of puncheons; the hearth was of pounded clay, and the mantle-piece was made of clay and sticks. They used a goods-box for a table and goods-boxes or three-legged stools for chairs. The doors were made of clapboards split and shaved with a drawing-knife. The floors were made of puncheons, which had been first split and then hewed with a broad-axe. The cradle was made of shaved clapboards; but sometimes the baby was rocked in the sugar trough, which was hewed out of a trunk of a tree. The pioneer bedstead has been so often described that anything further is superfluous here.

The Peasley family lived for two years as renters in Jesse Funk's cabin, and then built one of their own.

Mr. Peasley obtained a prairie team of four yoke of oxen which drew a plow with a shear of cold-hammered iron, which cut a furrow two feet wide. The wooden mould-board was from four to six feet long. This laid down the sod much better than any modern plow. Mr. Peasley could plow twenty acres before going to the shop to sharpen the shear. The routine of the day was to rise at daybreak and hunt the oxen which had been turned out the night previous to graze. This was the greatest hardship, as the dew was on the high grass, and whoever walked through it became soaking wet to the waist. After breakfast, began the work of ploughing. At noon the oxen were allowed to graze for two hours, and at night they were turned loose until morning. The snakes were sometimes very thick, and they continually retreated from the furrow as the sod was turned over, and collected together in the unplowed center. When the latter part of the patch was plowed the snakes became so thick that the grass would fairly wriggle with them. The rattlesnakes were very thick. Mr. Peasley has killed fifteen in one day. The oxen were sometimes bitten by rattlesnakes, and were made lame for sometime. Mr. Peasley never knew an ox to die of snakebite. The oxen dreaded the rattlesnakes, and when the rattle sounded the oxen sprang up faster than they ever would because of the whip. The danger of the rattlesnake's bite depends much on the season of the year. They are most dangerous in August, for then the poison is most virulent. Mr. Peasley's brother was bitten by rattlesnakes three times in one season, and still feels the effect in August.

Mr. Peasley lived with his father in a log cabin on the prairie during the winter of 1836 and '37. He speaks of the sudden change of the weather in December of that winter, so often described in this volume, and says that the sun rose on the following morning accompanied by two sundogs, which glistened on the ice-bound prairie, and the country was like some picture of the polar regions. The longest winter known among the early settlers was the one of 1842 and '43. Winter weather commenced on the tenth of November, and did not break up until between the tenth and twentieth of April. No ploughing could be done in April. Nevertheless, the settlers raised fine crops of wheat sowed in May, and good crops of corn planted in June.

Sylvester Peasley speaks warmly of the social feeling which existed among the early settlers, and how glad they were to see every new comer. When meeting was held in the neighborhood everyone attended. The Methodists were the first in the field, then the Cumberland Presbyterians, then the Baptists and then the Christians. At a camp-meeting the whole country had a reunion, and families frequently went fifteen miles to meeting with their ox-teams. In warm weather preaching was held in the open air.

Mr. Peasley was a Democrat until the formation of the Republican party, when he joined the latter because of his opposition to slavery. The political excitement of that period is well remembered, and when the Republican and Democratic parties first fairly tried their strength in 1856, the excitement was intense. Mr. Peasley remembers a practical joke played upon the supporters of Buchanan by the friends of Fremont. The Democrats had raised a hickory pole, and on it was a pair of buck's horns; but some Republicans came and secretly bored the pole at the bottom until it fell, and then stole the buck's horns.

Mr. Peasley was elected one of the first Supervisors under the township organization, which was effected in 1858.

Mr. Peasley has endured the privations to which the early settlers were subjected. He has made the usual trips to Chicago, has been out twenty-six days in succession exposed to the coldest of winter weather, has waded the Kankakee River when his clothes were frozen as soon as he came out, and he has slept on the ground in wet weather by cutting brush and laying it down to protect him from the mud. He has given away the better portion of his life to itinerant work when the salary was little or nothing, and has attended to five churches. He never had the advantages of an education, and the information he possesses has been gained in a great measure by study near a fire at night. He is a very humorous man, and loves his joke. His eyes sparkle when he tells some funny anecdote, and he enjoys it over again as well as at first. He is generous, kind and hospitable, and wishes to live in peace with all men. He is very conscientious, but does not wish to be a fanatic in anything. He has been an ardent worker in Sabbath-school enterprises and still takes great interest in the cause. He is six feet and one inch in height;

his appearance and manner suggest the old settler, and he takes comfort in sitting by the old fashioned fire-place.

Mr. Peasley, November 3, 1842, married Miss Mary Stillman, who died October 2, 1863. He had six children born by this marriage, of whom five are living. He married, April 6, 1864, Mrs. Susan Crosby, and by this marriage had one child which died when very young. Mr. Peasley's children are :

Granville Peasley, born October 14, 1845, lives in Kendall County, Illinois.

Rachel Susan, born October 29, 1848, wife of Eli Barton, lives in Downs township.

Isaac Peasley, born October 24, 1851, and John Peasley, born July 16, 1854, live at home.

Bissell Peasley (named after Governor Bissell) born January 19, 1857, died in infancy.

Esther Corneliette Peasley, born October 13, 1859, lives at home.

Sarah Elvira Peasley, daughter by Mr. Peasley's second marriage, was born July 25, 1866, and died November 8, 1869.

Alexander Porter Craig.

Alexander P. Craig was born June 30, 1817, in the territory of Illinois, in what is at present White County. His father was of Scotch descent, and his mother of Irish. They were both born and reared in Abbeyville District, South Carolina. Mrs. Craig died in 1853, and her husband died the following year. The Craig family moved from Illinois to Alabama in about the year 1822. No very important event occurred there. Porter Craig there received his early education, which was somewhat limited. In the fall of 1830 the family went to Graves County, Kentucky, where they remained four years. In the fall of 1834 they came to Illinois and settled in Old Town timber, McLean County, a little south of the present dividing line between Downs and Old Town, near the present residence of A. P. Craig. There they opened a farm. Mr. Craig has done his share of hunting and has chased wolves, deer and turkeys, but had no dangerous adventure. In 1836 the family moved to about three miles north of Leroy, but in the spring of 1840 returned near his present residence. He made his home for three or four years on the

farm of his mother-in-law, Mrs. Weaver. In 1864 he built a house on land adjoining this place and has lived there ever since.

He has had his experience with fires on the prairie. In the fall of 1834 he and his father fixed a log heap on which was piled some stone to be burnt into lime. Soon a fire came sweeping over the prairie and burnt up the log heap, leaving the lime in good condition. The fires in that section of county nearly always came up from Salt Creek or Randolph Grove.

Mr. Craig is about five feet and ten inches in height and rather slim. His whiskers are gray, and his hair is turning white. His eyes are gray. He is pretty firm and decided in his manner. He possesses the confidence of his neighbors and is perfectly straightforward in his dealings.

Mr. Craig married, July 30, 1835, Lora Weaver. He has had ten children, eight of whom are now living, four sons and four daughters. They are:

Lucinda Maria, who died in infancy.

Silva Dorinda, born July 29, 1837, widow of Henry Mannan, a soldier in the 94th Illinois, who died in the army.

William Davis Craig, born February 15, 1839, died in infancy.

Mary Jane, born April 6, 1840, was married first to Captain C. Williams, of the 39th Illinois, who was killed at the battle of Deep Run. She is now the wife of D. C. Kazar, of Downs township.

Martha Rebecca, born December 21, 1841, wife of John Gardner, lives in Downs township.

Nancie Caroline, born May 28, 1844, wife of John Cowden, lives near Gillem Station.

John James Craig, born October 21, 1846, lives in Downs township.

Alexander Berry Craig, born July 18, 1849, lives in Old Town township.

Joseph Johnson, born December 13, 1851, and Jesse Washington Craig, born October 2, 1854, live at home.

Mr. A. P. Craig died February 7, 1874.

Henry Welch.

Henry Welch was born November 14, 1816, in Northampton County, Pennsylvania. His father and mother were Americans; his grandfather came from Wales, and his maternal grandmother came from Germany. His parents moved to Pickaway County, Ohio, when Henry was six months old. When he was about seven years old, they moved to Vigo County, Indiana, where they remained until he was eighteen years old. His early years were not remarkable for any particular incident or anything worthy of note. He came to McLean County, Illinois, March 30, 1835, and entered his land near Diamond Grove, in the present township of Downs. Here he paid close attention to his business of farming, and had very little disposition to hunt, though game was plenty. He once went on a general hunt, when the pole was placed at Long Point, but the party was not successful in killing much game. He has seen many prairie fires, when the grass became dry in the fall, but never lost much by them, as he was always careful to guard against them. He always ploughed around his stacks and fences, and by this precaution saved his property.

The sudden change in the weather which occurred in December, 1836, is remembered by all settlers of that period, and Mr. Welch, of course, had an experience. The day had been mild and the ground was covered with a slush of snow and water, when suddenly a roar was heard in the west and a wind-storm came on so quickly that everything was frozen up almost instantly. Mr. Welch says that when the wind-storm came, his pigs huddled together in the pen to keep warm, but some half dozen of them carelessly allowed their tails to droop into the slush and were frozen fast. The next morning he heard discordant sounds coming from the sty, and on going there found it "exciting and distressing" to see the pigs wriggling to loosen their tails, and squealing most fearfully. He loosened them by cutting their tails with his knife, and they afterwards looked so pretty that he has ever since kept the tails of his pigs clipped short.

Mr. Welch is a great stockraiser, and thinks he has fed and raised more stock than any other man in Downs township. He seems to be a natural stockraiser, has a disposition for managing horses, cattle, sheep and pigs, and during all the years he has been in the business, he has received no injury from any domestic ani-

mal. He thinks that of all stock raised sheep pay the best for the trouble expended upon them. He has sold wool at prices ranging from thirty-five to seventy cents, and thinks it would pay to raise sheep with wool at thirty cents per pound. Like nearly all persons who raise sheep, he would like to have a pretty good tariff upon imported wool. He says the dealers in wool are "up to their capers," as well as dealers in wheat or any other produce. He says that in February and March they throw as much wool on the market as possible, for the purpose of putting down the price when the new clip comes in. In 1859 and '60, Mr. Welch began to go pretty deeply into the business of raising sheep, but abandoned it because of the danger of having them killed by dogs. He had one hundred and eleven sheep killed by dogs in one night, and one hundred and sixty during the week. This made the raising of sheep uncertain and a source of constant anxiety, and he put his time and trouble into other kinds of stock, which, perhaps, might not pay so well, but be more safe and certain.

Mr. Welch's experience in raising pork has been varied. The price has ranged from one dollar per hundred to ten dollars and fifty cents; but when it reached the latter figure the price of gold was $2.50.

He made it pay very well to raise horses, but more capital was required for this business.

Mr. Welch has been very successful as a farmer and stock-raiser. When he came to the West he was a poor boy, but he exercised discretion in his business, looked ahead and guarded against danger, took no unnecessary risks, and now finds himself in very independent circumstances. He was at first a farmer and teamster. In 1836 he hauled a load of goods from Pekin to Bloomington, and from there to Dixon. He had two wagons, each hauled by four yoke of cattle. One wagon carried a ton and the other a ton and a half. He went through very successfully, but when he came to the Inlet Swamp he found it impossible to pull through even by putting all the oxen on a single wagon; so he put his coffee sacks and other articles on the backs of the oxen and made them go through in that way. The goods belonged to William Covel, and were the first ever brought to Dixon. He went to Rockford in 1837, and on his way from

Dixon to that place passed over the famous battle-ground of Stillman's Run. The graves of the dead were then plain to be seen.

Mr. Welch has done as many farmers in the early days were obliged to do, driven his hogs to Chicago on foot, camping out and herding them at night. He says this was sometimes lively work, and was like standing picket. He has hauled wheat to Chicago and received forty-eight cents per bushel.

For some time after his arrival in the West, Mr. Welch followed the prairie plow, which was pulled by five yoke of oxen, and cut a sod of twenty or twenty-two inches. He did this in Illinois and Wisconsin; at one time he broke three hundred acres of land near Beloit, Wisconsin, for a company settled there.

Henry Welch is five feet and ten inches in height, measured that since he was nineteen years of age. He weighs over two hundred pounds and is muscular and healthy. So far as his countenance is concerned, some people say he looks like Horace Greeley. He does not like to be told this, but would greatly prefer to resemble Abraham Lincoln, whom he so much admires.

Mr. Welch is highly esteemed by his neighbors by whom he is known as a man strictly honest, correct in his judgment and kind in his manner. He has that hospitality which the old settlers were accustomed to show, and his friends are always welcome under his roof.

Henry Welch married, November 24, 1842, Miss Minerva Colwell, daughter of James Colwell of Gibbon County, Indiana. Neither of her parents are now living. Mr. and Mrs. Welch have had eight children. They are:

Sarah Jane, born April 12, 1845, died September 10, 1847.

William Lee Welch, born February 11, 1847, died January 9, 1871.

James Adams, born January 6, 1849, lives in Randolph township.

Susan Ann, born September 24, 1850, wife of George Bishop, lives in Downs township.

Eliza Matilda, born October 8, 1852; Alfred J. Welch, born July 5, 1855; George Henry Welch, born June 13, 1858; Minerva Elizabeth, born June 6, 1866, live at home.

Hon. John Cusey.

John Cusey was born April 9, 1822, in what is now Ashland County, Ohio. His father's name was John Cusey, and his mother's maiden name was Sarah Ford. John Cusey, the grandfather of the John Cusey of whom we are writing, was the younger son of an aristocratic family in England. Being the younger son he was not allowed to inherit any portion of his father's estate, and this completely disgusted him with English laws and customs. He was put into the English army against his will, and when the American colonies rebelled against the mother country he was among the number sent to whip them into submission. But his sharp experience with English customs and his enlistment in the army contrary to his will had made him a strong Republican. As soon as he found an opportunity, he, with sixty-two others, deserted from the British army and joined the American forces. He fought gallantly for the American cause for six years and seven months, was in many battles, and in one of them was wounded in the right lung. He lived many years afterwards, but never entirely recovered from his wound. He died from its effect in 1796. He left one son son, Job Cusey. The latter was born in 1794, near Ellicott's Mills in Maryland. As his father died two years after his birth, Job Cusey was placed in charge of Ezekiel Weeks, a Revolutionary soldier, and a former messmate of John Cusey. During the war of 1812 the Weeks' boys enlisted in the army, and Job Cusey went with them, but not as a soldier, for he was small for his age. But he was a lively boy and acted as teamster or hostler or did anything and everything to make himself useful. At the close of the war he emigrated to the Western Reserve in Ohio, and there raised a family. In 1836 he prepared to come to Illinois, and told his boys that they could have a few weeks' time to visit their relations. But Nathan Brooks, a soldier of the Revolution and of 1812, told the boys that it would be more profitable for them to spend their time in clearing three acres of timber land for him, and if they would do so, he would give them one of Smith's best rifles, with which to shoot game in Illinois. The boys cleared the land and earned the rifle. The family came to McLean County, Illinois, in the fall of 1836, and John and Thomas Cusey used the gun to kill prairie chickens. At one time, while after prairie chickens, they

found a herd of deer, and Thomas Cusey shot a large buck through the nose. It was stunned at first and fell, and Thomas grabbed it by the jaw and ear. But it soon arose and threshed Thomas around, though he hung to it closely. John Cusey came to the help of his brother and grasped the deer by the legs, but was kicked off instantly. The deer had shed its horns and could not fight advantageously, but it was very plucky and would not let the boys get away. It knocked down first one and then another, and as each fell the other came to the rescue. Thomas attempted to load the gun, but before he could do so the deer came on him, and with its fore-feet jumped on the gun and broke off the stock. The boys fought desperately, and at last killed the deer with a knife; but they were cut in many places by the deer's sharp hoofs; their clothes were torn off, and they were covered with blood from head to foot. This was the first deer they killed.

Reference has been made in the sketch of John Price to a wolf, which was a terror to the settlers from Mackinaw to Salt Creek. Mr. Cusey once heard this wolf howling and knew that it was in pursuit of game, and supposed that it would soon get a good meal of venison and be unable to run. He mounted his horse and went after it, and sure enough it was eating a deer. He came up with it after a short chase of a mile, but it snapped its large jaws together as quick as a steel-trap, and its appearance was so ferocious that Mr. Cusey could not urge his horse near to it and returned home disappointed. John Price shot the wolf some time afterwards.

Mr. Cusey was for twenty-five years a clerk for Jesse Funk, while the latter bought cattle and traded in stock. They carried around large steel-yards to weigh the hogs, which were suspended in the air. After they were weighed, one-fifth was deducted in order to arrive at their weight after being dressed. Mr. Cusey multiplied the gross weight by eight and struck off one figure, and the quotient was the neat weight. This process was discovered by Jesse Funk, who could not write a cypher. Of course it is easy for any one at all familiar with the arithmetic to understand the process, but is quite remarkable for one who never wrote a figure. Mr. Funk remembered everything without the aid of memoranda. At one time he said: "Cusey, I have lost twenty dollars and can not tell where it has gone." Then he reviewed

the purchase of one thousand and eighty-four hogs, which he had bought singly and in small lots, and every purchase was correct; but still the twenty dollars was unaccounted for. At last he remembered that he had lent twenty dollars to a friend. Jesse Funk had a habit of giving people various nick-names. At one time when Funk was going with Cusey down in Piatt County to purchase stock, Mr. Funk said: "Now, Cusey, we are going down among the Baptist brethren in Piatt County, and I must call you deacon, and then I shall have no trouble in dealing with them." Cusey objected to no purpose, and whenever Funk had a misunderstanding it was settled by Deacon Cusey to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Cusey was an administrator for Jesse Funk's estate, and saw the first tax-receipt the latter ever paid. It was given by Martin Scott, Sheriff and Collector, and was for the sum of thirty-five cents. But the last tax paid by Mr. Funk amounted to two thousand three hundred dollars.

Mr. Cusey was a cabinet maker, which was an easy trade for him to learn, as his father had been a carpenter.

Job Cusey, the father of John Cusey, was an old-time abolitionist. He was made so by a scene which he witnessed in Maryland, before he came to the West. There was a negro preacher, a most excellent man, who held meetings among the negroes of the neighborhood. But after a while his master became involved in debt and was obliged to sell his slaves, and the negro preacher was sold with the rest. He was chained to a slave-gang, which started on its journey to the farther south. As it was moving off, he looked up and saw his master and the crowd, which lined the road, and said:

"My suffering time will soon be o'er,
When I shall sigh and weep no more."

Just then a person passed along the crowd with a hat in which he received contributions. Enough money was raised on the spot to buy the negro preacher from the slave driver. The slave owners of the neighborhood contributed, because the preacher kept their slaves quiet. This incident so impressed Mr. Cusey that he became an Abolitionist forthwith, and remained so during his life. When Mr. Lovejoy came to speak at Bloomington, a great many years ago, many citizens thought that he should not be allowed to use the court house. It was then that Job Cusey

and George Dietrich stood by him and insisted that the court house should be open to him. They walked with him through the streets, while the excited crowd threw eggs at them, but the two men continued at their post.

John Cusey was elected to the State Senate during the campaign of 1872. His attendance at the Legislature was marked by some happy hits. During the session of 1873 one Senator proposed a great reform in the choosing of School Superintendents in the various counties of the State, and insisted upon civil service reform, and that School Superintendents should pass an examination to find whether they were qualified to perform the duties of their office. Mr. Cusey observed that in the election of County Superintendents the people passed on their qualifications, and he asked if the persons chosen by the people were to be examined as to their qualifications for their positions, what would become of the Senator who introduced the bill! The proposition was defeated.

In the *Daily Leader* of April 1, 1874, we find the following:

"In the Illinois State Senate there are two men whose names are so nearly alike—Casey and Cusey—that the telegraph and newspapers, during the recent session, got them badly confused occasionally. Casey is a Democratic Senator from 'away down in Egypt,' and Cusey is a Republican Senator from McLean County. Just before the final adjournment on Saturday, Mr. Casey introduced the following bill:

'A Bill for an act to change the name of John Cusey to George Washington McLean.

Section 1. *Be it enacted by the people of the State of Illinois, represented in the General Assembly*, That the name of John Cusey, of McLean County, Illinois, is hereby changed to George Washington McLean, and by said last mentioned name he shall be hereafter known, designated and respected; and that all the rights, privileges and hereditaments, whether corporeal or incorporeal, that appertained to the said Cusey, be and are hereby rested in the said George Washington McLean; and in the said latter cognomen he may sue and be sued, the same as if was single and unmaaried.

'Sec. 2. Whereas, the interests of another respectable gentleman have been jeopardized by the name of Cusey, therefore an

emergency exists, and this act shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

A roar of laughter greeted this effort. Its point will be understood when the fact is stated that the types have almost daily intermixed Cusey and Casay to such an extent that was exasperating to both.

Mr. Cusey is a very entertaining man in conversation, and nearly everything he says has point to it or humor in it. He says that at one time, while Jesse Funk was taking a drove of swine along the road to market, he pointed to a pig in the rear of the drove, and said: "See there, Deacon Cusey, that pig is going to break." Mr. Cusey watched it closely and noticed that it was restless, and was gradually passing the other pigs in the drove. When it came pretty well towards the head of the drove, sure enough, it broke. "Now," said Mr. Cusey, "when professional politicians see a man, whom they are unable to manage, going ahead, they say, 'Watch him, watch him,' and they try to hold him back, long before the people see what is going on."

Mr. Cusey is about five feet and ten inches in height. His hair is dark and thick, and sprinkled with gray. His face is broad and humorous. His conversation is very entertaining, and everything he says displays his shrewdness and his correct ideas. His pleasantry is of the best kind. He is not a man who loves his enemies, though he would not do them injustice if he knew it. He is a pretty quick judge of men, and it requires only a short time for him to understand them pretty well. He has not had the advantages of a good education, but his vigorous intellect and his shrewdness bring success without the training of the schools.

On the 23d of November, 1843, Mr. Cusey married Miss Hannah Bishop. They have had nine children, seven of whom are living. One child died in infancy, and one, Sarah Elizabeth, died in her sixteenth year. Those living are Charity E., Thomas H., John A., James C., Joseph M., Mary J., and Hannah E. Cusey. The first two are married.

Samuel Troop Richardson.

Troop Richardson was born July 14, 1809, in Cayuga County, New York, near Auburn. His father, Samuel L. Richardson, and his mother, whose maiden name was Ann Wright, were both of English descent. The ancestors of his mother came from England with William Penn.

In October, 1818, the Richardson family started to Fort Harrison, three miles from Terre Haute, Indiana. They had an all winter's journey of it, and came to their destination in March, 1819. The journey was made by water on a flat-boat and was full of adventure. At Rising Sun, about thirty miles above Jeffersonville, on the Ohio River, they were crushed into the ice which was running. The ice above came down and crushed them into the ice below. Their boat was raked fore and aft, and raised up out of the water, but by good management they released themselves from their dangerous situation. They crossed the Ohio Falls while the water was low, and had great difficulty in avoiding rocks and going through. In Indiana they followed farming, and when Troop Richardson became about eighteen years of age he went to flatboating. He left Fort Harrison, Indiana, December 27, 1827, on a flatboat with Solomon Welch, the father of Henry Welch of Downs township. They started for New Orleans. They floated out into the Wabash, ran through cut-offs, storms and cold winds down into the Ohio. The first day on the Ohio was calm, and they decided to run at night. But during the night they had a stern storm, that is, one that blew down stream. The night was perfectly black, and they learned their position in the stream by hallooing and listening to the echo from the bank. They went at tremendous speed, at steamboat rates, and any little accident would have thrown them all into the water. They came down the Ohio into the Mississippi. When they left New Madrid they went through a second storm. Mr. Richardson was cableman, that is, it was his duty to throw the cable around a stump or post to stop the boat. This storm blew them down so swiftly that they were unable to stop before reaching Vicksburg, and when Mr. Richardson threw the seagrass cable around a stump, it was drawn so tight, that when struck, it would hum like a fiddle-string. The seagrass cables were very strong and elastic, and if broken by the strain of the flatboat the

cableman was in a dangerous situation, for the elastic cable might recoil and strike him. They also landed at Natchez, which was then noted as the hardest place on the Mississippi River. Many murders were committed there every day and human life was held very cheap. In the South Mississippi River they heard every night the voices of panthers and alligators. The latter makes a noise which sounds much like that of a yearling calf. Their voices were sometimes as numerous as the croakings of frogs in a pond. But no alligators were seen during that time of the year as they were back in the swamps and bayous, and would not come out until warm weather. The flatboat went down to New Orleans, and when the cargo was disposed of the party returned home. Mr. Richardson on his return went by steamboat up to Port Gibson, then rowed in a skiff down to Natchez, and there went on a steamboat which took him up to Evansville, within one hundred and twenty miles of home. He was obliged to row back to Natchez, because he could not land there while coming up the river. Steamboats in those days landed at very few points, as they were in constant danger of being captured on shore by bands of thieves. Mr. Richardson carried several hundred dollars in money with him, which he could not have done, had it been known. He walked from Evansville, one hundred and twenty miles, home. The boatmen on the river were a hard set of customers, but would fight for each other until death. Mr. Richardson tells of a very unpleasant predicament in which he was caught in 1836, while at New Orleans. He had two flatboats lashed together by seagrass inch chords, and was so unfortunate as to get into the wake of a steamboat. The swell struck his flatboats sideways, and the seagrass chords snapped in two. The bottom of one boat could be seen as it rolled up in the swell.

In 1835, Mr. Richardson moved the widow of Solomon Welch and her family to Illinois. There the former entered land, hauled out logs for a cabin and returned to Indiana. In the summer of 1838, he again came out to Illinois. The season was not very dry and he mired down nearly half a dozen times between Mt. Pleasant (Farmer City) and the present town of Leroy. He went on his farm and commenced February 1, 1839, with three yoke of cattle, to improve it. He hauled all his lumber and timber three miles to make a five board fence on three sides of a thirty acre

lot; the fence on the fourth side he built with rails. He broke his land, put it into corn, wheat and oats, broke ten acres for Mr. Kimler, completed all this by the first of May, and his only help was a teamster hired for one month. Then he went to Ottawa and broke prairie for Mr. Welch. He did a great deal of teaming, slept in his wagon, cooked his own victuals, always took his own half of the road, and always gave the other half when he passed a team.

In 1841 Mr. Richardson made two trips to Chicago and one to Rockford with a load of apples. The country there was in great excitement over the lynching of two men, named Driscoll, father and son, who lived in Ogle County. They had been shot over their own graves and it was known that the entire country was infested with thieves. Mr. Richardson was therefore very cautious, and on his return during the Rockford trip he remained up all night to watch his money and horses.

Mr. Richardson has never done much hunting. He has killed prairie chickens and wild geese occasionally, and has chased prairie wolves. He says the wolves in Illinois were numerous enough, but never so thick as in Indiana. While he was in the Wabash country in Indiana the wolves came to the house and peeped in at the window. It was impossible to get the pig-pen close enough to the house to protect the pigs from the wolves. The great amount of timber in Indiana afforded cover to the wolves and they were therefore more numerous and saucy than in Illinois.

Mr. Richardson has had much experience with fires on the prairie. He says that when they sweep over the prairie they run in currents or veins, that is, one part shoots far ahead of the rest and the fire on each side moves more slowly. He has often fought fire, but learned to manage the matter without becoming excited. One of his houses occupied by a tenant came near destruction by a prairie fire, but Mr. Richardson hastened out and made a back fire which saved it. The fire had a large sweep over the prairie as scarcely anything interposed to check it between Diamond and Randolph's Grove on the west and Buckle's Grove on the east.

Mr. Richardson followed up teaming until the railroads began to come through. He hauled wheat to Chicago, Peoria and Pekin. He worked harder than he should have done; nevertheless

he has enjoyed good health, and never had a doctor called on his account since he was eleven of age. His habits have been remarkably temperate. He never chewed or smoked tobacco, or drank liquor enough to affect him. He has lived since the year 1841 on the place where he now resides, south of Diamond Grove, in Downs Township.

On the fourth of September, 1863, Mr. Richardson took a trip to New Orleans to visit his son, John W. Richardson, who was sick in the hospital there. He went to Cairo and there took the steamboat Champion, loaded with government supplies, and went to Memphis. From that place the steamboat was escorted by a gunboat as it was liable, if unprotected, to be fired into by the rebels. He went down to a convalescent hospital, seven miles this side of New Orleans, and there found his son, who was better than expected. While returning, Mr. Richardson took a deck passage with twenty-two sick soldiers. He waited on the soldiers as well as he could and tried to make them comfortable. When they arrived at Memphis the boat was pressed to go on the Red River expedition with General Banks, and Mr. Richardson was obliged to reship. The boat which he left was manned by a crew of rebel sympathizers and it caught fire and was burnt up, and it was thought that the crew set it on fire. At Vicksburg Mr. Richardson went to see Whistling Dick, a famous gun near there, which shot a long distance. As he was rather curious to see the inventions which are made for the destruction of life, he examined some percussion shell which he saw lying in a pile, and, without knowing the dangerous material he was handling, carelessly tossed one of them back into the pile! By good fortune it did not explode. He returned home without further adventure. He was well treated by the soldiers on this trip and always felt himself safe with them.

Mr. Richardson married, January 17, 1833, at Fort Harrison, Indiana, Mary Welch, a sister of Henry Welch, of Downs township. She died March 6, 1870, aged fifty-seven years and six months.

Mr. Richardson has had eight children, seven of whom are living. They are:

Elizabeth, wife of Duncan M. Funk, lives in Bloomington.

Caroline, widow of Charles Barker, lives in Bloomington.

Susan, wife of Daniel Mason, lives in Downs township.

Misses Sarah and Ann Richardson live at home with their father.

The eldest son, Samuel L. Richardson, lives in Downs township.

The second son is John W. Richardson.

Mr. Richardson is of medium height, rather slim, but well formed, wiry and tough. He has a good-natured Roman nose, and his face wears a pleasant, kind expression. He is a very plucky and determined man, and he has a lively sense of justice. His disposition is well shown by his remark that while passing a stranger he always took one-half of the road and gave the other half. In other words, he is willing and anxious to give men their due, but insists that they shall give up what belongs to him. He is a man of honor, and never deserted the post of danger. His neighbors speak highly of him, and say that while that most dreaded pestilence, the cholera, was carrying off its victims in 1853, Mr. Richardson never hesitated a moment about visiting the sick, and affording all the relief in his power. He has grandchildren around him, and leads a happy life, and his friends hope that his days may yet be long and that he may enjoy the competence he has worked so hard to obtain.

DRY GROVE.

Henry Vansickles.

The following items of Mr. Vansickles were furnished by his son-in-law, Charles J. McClure, of Eldora, Iowa:

Henry Vansickles was born in Green County, Pennsylvania, March 4, 1793. At the age of seven years he emigrated to Western Virginia with his parents, Anthony and Rebecca Vansickles. At the age of nineteen he enlisted under his father, Captain Anthony Vansickles, and served six months in the war of 1812, enduring many hardships and privations.

In about the year 1815 he married Miss Elizabeth Gilston, of Louisburg, Virginia, and shortly afterwards moved in a flat-boat to White County, Illinois, near the present village of Carmi. There they lived in a log cabin, with a bed quilt for a door. One

day a large panther came in front of the house, while Mrs. Vansickles was there alone. The animal raised itself up, placing its fore-feet on a log, and took a good view of the premises. Mrs. Vansickles picked up an axe and stood at the door ready for fight, but the panther walked off.

The Vansickles family came to McLean County in the fall of 1826, and commenced improving land at the west end of Blooming Grove on Sugar Creek. There he made an improvement on the creek bottom, and in the following spring he planted a crop. But the rains descended and the floods came, and a June freshet destroyed a portion of his crop and washed away his fence. Before this he had dug out some logs to use as vats in tanning deer skins, and he lashed these vats together and used them as a boat to save his rails.

He left Sugar Creek after this wet experience, went to Dry Grove, built a cabin and took possession of it in January, 1828. The nearest market then was Springfield, which was eighty miles distant. He supplied the family with venison and honey by his skill in hunting. He raised corn, pounded it in a mortar, or took it to some little "corn cracker" mill to get it ground. He raised wheat, cut it with a sickle, threshed it out with a flail or tramped it out with his horses, took it one hundred and sixty miles distant, to Chicago, sold it for thirty-five cents per bushel, and took one-half of his pay in store goods, when coffee was fifty cents per pound and calico was from twenty-five to fifty cents per yard. He then drove a four-horse team, managing it with a single line and riding the wheel-horse. He raised sheep, and his daughters learned to card wool and spin. He made a loom, and his active, industrious daughters made cloth enough for family use and some to sell. He was very successful, notwithstanding all of his difficulties, and he owed his success in a great measure to his daughters, who always made themselves useful. They were a blessing to their father and mother, and those who were afterwards married, were a blessing to their husbands.

The eldest daughter, Clarinda, was never married, but still lives with her mother, and tenderly cares for her.

The second daughter, Sarepta, was married in 1845 to Charles J. McClure, second son of Colonel Robert McClure, of Stout's Grove, and now lives near Eldora, Iowa.

The third daughter, Rebecca, was married in 1854 to John Peters, and now also lives near Eldora, Iowa.

The fourth daughter, Maria Louise, was married in the year 1845 to James M. Buckner, son of Henry Buckner, of Stout's Grove, and now lives near Salem, Nebraska.

James G. Vansickles, the eldest son, married in 1845 Miss Mary Green, daughter of Reilley Green. He lives at the present time in Hardin County, Iowa, near Steamboat Rock.

John H. Vansickles went to Bourbon County, Kansas, and there married Miss Martha Stevenson. During the war he served two years as Captain of a company of home guards, and was finally killed while charging on a rebel camp.

After all of Mr. Vansickles' children were married, except Clarinda, he sold his farm to a Mr. Otto, and his residence in Concord (now Danvers) to Levi Danley, and in the fall of 1864 moved to Eldora, Iowa. There he bought a fine residence and a fine farm, and lived in the enjoyment of reasonable health and plenty until the tenth of September, 1867, when he died from a stroke of apoplexy. Mrs. Vansickles and her daughter Clarinda still reside at the homestead at Eldora. A beautiful marble monument, three miles east of Eldora in the Cumberland Presbyterian Cemetery, marks the spot where sleeps all that is earthly of Henry Vansickles.

Stephen Webb.

Stephen Webb was born May 8, 1797, in Burke County, North Carolina. His father's name was William Webb, and his mother's name, before her marriage, was Nancy Humphreys. His father was of English descent and a little of Irish. His mother's ancestors came from Ireland, but were probably originally from England. Mr. Webb lived in Burke County, North Carolina, until he was seven years of age, when he came to Barron County, Kentucky, where he lived twelve years.

In about the year 1815, he moved with his father's family to Overton County, Tennessee, where he went to farming. He was a sharp sportsman, and hunted turkeys, deer and wolves. About three miles from where he lived was a cave, which made a den for a pair of large gray wolves, which had raised eight cubs. One of the old wolves was caught in a steel-trap, and the settlers

turned out to catch the rest in the den. The dogs were sent into the den and they killed and brought out the eight cubs, but the old wolf was protected by a crevice, where only her head appeared, and the dogs could not get hold of her to bring her out. Mr. Webb volunteered to go in and shoot her. He crawled into the den with his knife at his side and his gun in his hand, and was lighted by a candle, fastened to the muzzle of his gun. His brother James followed after him. Stephen Webb crawled in until he saw the wolf, fired at it, handed his gun back to his brother, and dragged the animal out. It was shot between the eyes, but a little too low. It revived after being brought out and showed fight, but was easily killed. Stephen and James Webb received ten dollars for their exploit. Mr. Webb says that when the gun was fired in the cave it sounded no louder than a pop-gun.

The Webb family had a farm in Tennessee, and they also kept a tavern on the Cumberland Mountains on the turnpike road between Nashville and Knoxville. Their tavern was about midway between these places. Stephen Webb hauled corn with a four horse team from a plantation at the foot of the mountains up to the top to supply the hotel. He drove the team by riding one of the wheel horses, and driving with a single line. At one time, while driving down the mountain, his horses took fright at some pigs that came suddenly out of the brush, and team and wagon went sailing down the mountain side. Mr. Webb stuck to his horses but unfortunately broke his line in trying to stop them. At the foot of the mountain was a sharp turn, but the horses went straight ahead over an enormous log three feet thick. Mr. Webb tried to leap from his horse, when he came within twenty feet of the log, but landed on the other side of it. When the wagon struck the log, the box went sailing over the helpless driver. Mr. Webb laid where he fell, for his knee was dislocated and also his ancle. He feels in his knee, at the present time, the effect of that fall.

On the 10th of December, 1824, Mr. Webb married Penina Hinshaw. They lived in Tennessee until they came to Illinois in 1826. During that year he made a visit to Illinois with old George Hinshaw. They traveled in a little two-horse wagon over Central Illinois, and started for Chicago, but lost their way

and could find nothing but Indians, who were unable to direct them. They came down the Desplains River to where Ottawa now is, and there found three families. From this place they returned to Tennessee. In June, 1827, the families of Stephen Webb, William McCord and George and Jacob Hinshaw, started for Illinois with teams. They had a pleasant journey until they reached the Ohio River. While there the wet season set in, and the streams were all overflowing. The travelers were frequently water-bound. They crossed the streams by taking their goods over in canoes and swimming their horses across with the wagons. At the Sangamon River they determined to make a raft and were obliged to swim the stream and push their clothes across in wash-tubs. They made their raft and brought over their teams and wagons. When they arrived at Cheney's Grove, old George Hinshaw said he would go no farther, as he was sick of unpacking his goods at every little stream in order to get across. The Hinshaws remained there for a time, and Mr. Webb and Mr. McCord went on. They were water-bound for a while at Money Creek, but after crossing it they came to Twin Grove. Here they stopped, intending in the fall to go up to the Kankakee River, where Mr. Webb had made a claim during the previous year. But in the fall many rumors came concerning the difficulties with the Winnebago Indians in the mining country around Galena, and Mr. Webb thought it hardly safe to go any farther north; so he made a claim at Twin Grove in the southwestern corner. When the land came into market he traded his improvement for eighty acres of entered land on the northwestern corner of the grove. During the third winter after their arrival, Mr. Webb, George Hinshaw and William McCord started north to the Kankakee. They each furnished a horse which they hitched to Mr. Webb's wagon and started. When they arrived near Ottawa, two of their horses strayed off during the night. Mr. Webb and Mr. Hinshaw went to hunt for them while Mr. McCord remained with the wagon. The two men followed the trail of the lost horses one day and slept in some brush at night. They had nothing to eat but an ear of corn. Mr. Hinshaw came near freezing to death, but was warmed by a fire which they succeeded in kindling. They came to the Mackinaw and found it waist deep with drift ice running. They waded it and came out on the

prairie, and there they found a road which Mr. Webb recognized. But he was so confused by cold and the suffering they endured that he could not decide which end of the road led towards home. After traveling on the road some distance they came to some holes where Indians had formerly buried corn, and there Mr. Webb saw that they had been going the wrong way. Mr. Hinshaw suffered so much with cold that he said "Let's crawl into these holes and die." But Mr. Webb insisted on making another trial for life. They turned towards home and came to a creek, which was frozen over with ice too thin to bear them while walking; so they laid down and scratched and wriggled across. While Hinshaw was scratching and working himself over, the ice cracked under him, but he was suffering so severely that he was almost anxious to die, and said: "Let it break, let it break;" but he succeeded in dragging himself over. They went down to Lewis Soward's house, stayed there all night and went home. As soon as possible Mr. Webb took two horses and went to Ottawa and brought back McCord and the wagon. On their return, during one foggy day, their heads became "turned around," and they thought that north was south and east was west, and the first intimation they had of their mistake was finding themselves traveling back on their own track.

Mr. Webb did not suffer much during the winter of the deep snow, as he had previously gathered his corn and was ready for any emergency. On the day when the heavy fall of snow came, he was on the prairie returning from Orendorff's mill. He was obliged to leave his wagon and come home with the horses. He has a very lively recollection of the sudden change which took place in December, 1836. He says that some cocks which were standing in the slush at that time had their tails frozen fast and in getting loose left their feathers in the ice.

In about the year 1848 Mr. Webb went to Texas to pay his brother-in-law a sum of money, and on his return was ice-bound at the mouth of the Ohio River by a gorge in the Mississippi. He was obliged to walk through the sloughs to Springfield and from there went home by stage.

Mr. Webb has six living children. They are:

John Webb, who was born in Tennessee and lives in Indianola, Warren County, Iowa.

Kelly Webb lives three miles north of his father's.

William Webb lives three miles south of his father's.

Benjamin Webb lives near Kelly Webb, three miles north of his father's.

Thomas Webb lives in Dale County, Missouri.

Milton Webb lives a quarter of a mile north of his father's.

Stephen Webb is six feet and two inches in height. His hair and beard are full and white. He is very strong and courageous, but his modesty and good nature are greater than his courage. He has a humorous disposition and a hopeful temperament. It is clearly seen that he is a very honest man, for not many people in this world would travel to Texas to pay a debt. He says, however, that he was curious on that trip to see the country and that this was one of his reasons for going. The old gentleman's modesty and good nature make him peculiarly pleasant and companionable.

George M. Hinshaw.

George M. Hinshaw was born April 25, 1820, in Overton County, Tennessee. His father's name was Jacob Hinshaw, and his mother's maiden name was Marietta Johnson. Jacob Hinshaw was born in North Carolina, but was of Irish descent. When twenty-one or two years of age, he came to Tennessee, and there was married. He had a common school education and taught school in Tennessee for two terms. In 1827 he came to McLean County with his brother George Hinshaw, William McCord and Stephen Webb. They came with teams, and were often water-bound, because of the heavy rains, but arrived at Blooming Grove on the last of July, 1827. There the Hinshaws farmed for three years, and then moved to Dry Grove. When Jacob Hinshaw came to the latter place, he sold all of his stock, except a cow and a horse, in order to enter eighty acres of land. During the winter of the deep snow he and young George gathered corn in sacks and brought it in from the field on horseback.

Jacob Hinshaw was deformed in his feet, and while chopping in the timber stood on his knees and often walked in this way after the plow. He could never bear the taste or even the smell of whisky, and he ate no meat except fish. He died in 1845 in easy circumstances. He had eight children, of whom six are living. They are:

Susannah, widow of Amasa Stout, lives in Dry Grove.
Nancy, widow of Jesse Benson, lives at White Oak Grove.
George M. Hinshaw lives in Dale township.
Mary, wife of Solomon Mason, lives in Linn County, Kansas.
Jane G., widow of Amos Mason, lives in Iowa.
Benjamin Hinshaw lives in Linn County, Kansas.

George M. Hinshaw was only seven years of age when his parents came to the West in 1827. He was not much exposed to the terrible rain storms, but remained in the covered wagon. He saw the hardships common to the early pioneers. In 1842 he joined the Christian Church. In 1848 he was chosen elder, and holds this office at the present time. The Twin Grove Christian Church is strong in numbers and spirit, and its members enjoy good religious feeling. In the spring of 1845, Mr. Hinshaw moved to the place where he now lives, just south of Dry Grove and west of Twin Grove. He lives in Dry Grove township, but belongs to the Twin Grove church, and his children attend the Twin Grove school.

On the twentieth of November, 1844, Mr. Hinshaw married Martha Ann Ward. He has had twelve children, of whom six are living. They are:

Emma, wife of John Wyatt, lives at Stephen Webb's.
Laura, wife of Eli Johnson, lives just south of her father's.
Orlando, Fernando, Ernest and Vitula, live at home.

Mr. Hinshaw is six feet in height, is slim in build, has rather a long face, with fine regular features. His hair is partly gray, and is full on his head. He wears spectacles while reading. He is considerate with regard to other men's rights and feelings, and is absolutely honest in all things. His countenance wears the pleasant expression of honesty and content. He has been successful in his dealings, and is an example of the care of an overruling Providence.

Benjamin Sanders Beeler.

Benjamin S. Beeler was born October 18, 1825, in Butler County, Ohio. His father's name was George Beeler, and his mother's maiden name was Delila Sheeley. He is of English and German descent. His grandfather Beeler was a soldier of the Revolutionary war. Benjamin Beeler came to Twin Grove in

Tazewell, now McLean, County in October, 1830. He had a rough time, and was three weeks on his journey. He came through in Indiana, where the roads were in a great measure blockaded by timber, which had been blown down by a hurricane. His father, George Beeler, bought a claim and lived during the first year in a little log cabin. It was for a while very difficult to get something to eat, and the family was obliged to pay fifty cents per bushel for corn and gather it themselves. They were much troubled by wolves, and could not get their stock near enough to the house for protection. The wolves were impudent during the day time, and came up within fifty yards of the house. The wild-cats were very dangerous and troublesome in Twin Grove when the early settlers came, and people often had very exciting sport in chasing them. They sometimes started out on ring hunts after all kinds of game. This was exciting and dangerous sport; it was not particularly dangerous on account of the ferocious character of the game, but it was dangerous because the excited hunters would sometimes run into ant-hills or badger's holes and break their horses' necks.

Benjamin Beeler remembers the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, when everything was so suddenly frozen up, and he also remembers another sudden change since then, which was very severe. He was going to Bloomington, and was crossing Sugar Creek, when his horse broke the ice very easily, but on his return, without delay, the ice on the creek bore his horse's weight without cracking. Nevertheless, this sudden change was not so severe as the one in 1836, which was the worst ever known in the West.

Benjamin Beeler married, February 25, 1849, Sarilda Robinson. He has had ten children, of whom eight are living. He is five feet and ten or eleven inches in height, has a good head, has brown hair which inclines to curl, is rather slow of speech, is straightforward in his transactions, wishes to do by his neighbors fairly, and is much respected in the community where he resides.

Mr. Beeler has eight living children. They are: Benjamin F., who is a carpenter, Mary Delila, George L., Huldah Ellen, Alpharetta, Owen, Warren and Rosa. All live at home.

Ormond Robison.

Ormond Robison was born in Tennessee, January 23, 1805. He was married, February 17, 1826, in Overton County, Tennessee. In 1830 he came to Blooming Grove, in what is now McLean County, Illinois. His family suffered on the journey very much for want of water and because of the dust, for the season was very dry. In 1832 they moved to Dry Grove, and in 1835 to White Oak Grove, where they lived until the death of Mr. Robison, which occurred in 1851.

When they first came to Illinois, they had very unpleasant times, and were oppressed by the dangers and difficulties of a new country. They paid fifty cents per bushel for the corn they ate, and they picked it from the field themselves. When the deep snow fell, Mr. Robison and William Hinshaw had gone fifty miles distant to mill, and they had a fearful time in returning. Three teams went out to meet them and assist them out of the snow.

Mrs. Robison, who gives the items for this sketch, speaks particularly of the fires which swept over the prairie and sometimes came into the timber and burnt up the young trees, and those which were dead. Sometimes a tree would burn for several days before it would fall. The settlers were so frightened by the prairie fires that they wished to go back to where they came from; but this was impossible, as the most of them found it difficult to get away.

The settlers killed game of all kinds, for it was plenty. They killed prairie chickens by catching them in traps. They had what was called the fall-door trap. A hole was dug with a board put over it on a pivot, and a bait fastened to one end. When a chicken attempted so seize the bait the board allowed the chicken to drop into the hole, and then turned back to its place. The hunters killed a great many turkeys in the spring, in gobbling time. They chirped through a quill, making a sound resembling that of a hen turkey, and soon some gobbler would make his appearance and the hunter would shoot him down. The settlers were much troubled by wildcats, which caught lambs and pigs, but would never fight the hunters unless cornered.

Mr. Robison endured the trials to which nearly all of the early settlers were subjected. He worked for fifty cents per day, cradled wheat for that, and was glad of the opportunity.

Ormond Robison had ten children, of whom five are now living. They are:

Mrs. Sarilda Beeler, wife of Benjamin Beeler, who lives on the east side of Twin Grove. Her aged mother, Mrs. Robison, resides with her.

Levi Preston Robison lives at New Windsor, Knox County, Illinois.

Mrs. Louisa Williams, wife of Philip Williams, lives on the old homestead at White Oak Grove, in Woodford County.

George Hamilton Robison lives at White Oak Grove in Woodford County.

Mrs. Neety Ann Benson, wife of George H. Benson, lives in Champaign County, Illinois.

Ormond Robison was a man of medium height, rather slim, pretty strong and very healthy. He had seldom or never been sick, before he contracted the disease which was fatal to him. He was a good workman and pretty skillful at anything, whether it was farming, carpenter work or blacksmithing. He was pretty successful in life, and by his skill and industry acquired enough property to make him comfortable.

John Enlow.

John Enlow was born June 15, 1801, in Christian County, Kentucky. His father's name was Abraham Enlow, and his mother's name before her marriage was Jemima Johnson. John Enlow was partly of Dutch descent. He married in February, 1826, Catherine Lander. He lived on a farm in Kentucky, which he sold on coming to Illinois, which was in the fall of 1835. He had no particular adventure on his journey. On his arrival he settled on the east side of Twin Grove on the prairie and went to farming. He was a consistent member of the Baptist Church, which he joined three or four years after he came to the West. He died April 19, 1860. He had eight children, seven of whom are now living. They are:

Mrs. Sally Ann Depew, widow of Joel Depew, lives in Bloomington.

Mrs. Jemima Jane Myers, wife of Aaron Myers, lives in Bloomington.

James Enlow lives near Covel in Dale township.

Mrs. Ann Eliza Kennedy, wife of William L. Kennedy, lives in Bloomington.

John Enlow, jr., and Jesse Enlow both live near the east side of Twin Grove, on parts of the homestead land.

Mrs. Ella Shope, wife of Adam Shope, lives in Bloomington.

Mr. John Enlow was six feet in height and rather a slender man. He had a dark complexion, dark hair and eyes. He was a kind father to his family and a very honest and much respected man.

'Eleazer Munsell.

Eleazer Munsell was born July 28, 1824, in Seneca County, Ohio. His father's name was Roswell Munsell and his mother's name was Sarah Austin. Eleazer Munsell lived in Ohio until the year 1831, when he came with his father's family to Laporte County, Indiana. There he lived until 1837 when he came to Illinois.

While he lived in Indiana he was often accustomed to go hunting with the little Indian boys and kill birds and sqirrels with their bows and arrows. He frequently attended Indian dances, and has often seen the Pottawatomies perform their war dance, smoke the pipe of peace and go through with their religious ceremonies. At their war dances they had weasel skins to which bells were attached. They would divide into two parties and come together with their weasel skins and war clubs, and pretend to kill each other. Some would fall down, apparently lifeless, while others would go through the motions of scalping. They would often collect together in a wigwam and dance to the music of a gourd containing stones or shot. Sometimes they would hit each other a tap with a weasel skin; this was an invitation to dance. The young braves asked the young squaws to dance by tapping them with the weasel skin, and the young squaws asked the braves to dance in the same way. They began dancing in the morning, and at about one o'clock stopped for dinner, which consisted of soup made of dried meat, dried corn and dried blood, all boiled together in copper kettles. They ate their dinner out of large wooden bowls, which held six or eight gallons. Each had a ladle and helped himself. About a dozen of them sat down in a place, and ate out of a bowl. The dance

was generally continued in the afternoon and evening and lasted usually two days. At the end of two days they had a religious ceremony, the sacrifice of a white dog. On one of these grand occasions, when about five hundred Indians were present, the chief became drunk, and the white dog was not burned as the ceremony required. When it was pretty well roasted, it was snatched from the fire and eaten up. The sacrifice of the white dog usually ended the dance. While the young braves and squaws were dancing, the old folks would gather into a wigwam and smoke the pipe of peace. Each would smoke and hand the pipe to his neighbor until it went clear around. The Indians were very still in their dances and said nothing until one of them struck another with a weasel skin, as an invitation to dance. The striking with the weasel skin was accompanied by an exclamation "ye pooh," and no other words were spoken. Mr. Munsell says that so far as he had any dealings with the Indians he found them very honorable and friendly. They were peaceable even when drunk. The Indian braves never failed to get drunk whenever they had an opportunity. They raised corn sometimes, which was tended by squaws, who cultivated it with hoes altogether, digging up the hills as high as if for sweet potatoes. Whenever they moved they packed everything on their ponies, even their dogs and squaws. Their pappooses were carried lashed to a board, from which they were not usually taken for several months. These boards had attached to them pieces of buckskin, which went around the heads of the squaws. When the squaws came into camp they cut branches of trees and set them up and hung the pappooses to them or to the limbs of trees. It was the duty of the squaws to chop the wood and build the fires in the middle of the wigwams. Around a fire sat an Indian and his family on mattresses made of rushes. The Indians cooked fish, chickens, muskrats, squirrels, coons, venison, and in fact every kind of meat they might happen to have, in a kettle at once. In the spring-time the Indians caught sugar water in troughs made of birch bark, with the ends stopped up by drawing them together and sewing them tight. These troughs would usually be large enough to hold a bucket of water.

The Black Hawk war in 1832 was a great event in the West, and the scare extended to Indiana, where the settlers built forts for protection. Mr. Munsell lived for six months in a fort.

The Munsell family came to Twin Grove, McLean County, Illinois, in the spring of 1837. They arrived here on the first of June. Mr. Munsell, sr., after farming for some time, broke up housekeeping and lived with his eldest son. He died in 1854. He brought the first threshing machine to the country from Indiana. It was a machine which only threshed the wheat. It was necessary after threshing the wheat to rake off the straw and run the mixed wheat and chaff through a fanning mill and a separator.

Eleazer Munsell has often driven stock to Chicago. He remembers one very exciting adventure with a drove of cattle and sheep, which he was taking to Chicago. When he arrived near Pontiac they became frightened one night at about eleven o'clock, by wolves, and stampeded. The cattle ran over the sheep and killed some thirty of them. The men in charge of the cattle did everything possible for two hours to quiet them, but notwithstanding all exertions, about fifty head of cattle broke away. Their trail was followed the next day, and they were found near Lexington and brought back. Mr. Munsell says that the excitement during a stampede is intense, and he never wishes to see another.

The prices of cattle formerly varied very much and sometimes were so low as to seem almost to be given away. Mr. Munsell bought good cows for six dollars apiece, and good yokes of oxen for twenty-five dollars. He has bought sheep for fifty cents per head. He has sold number one fall wheat for twenty-five cents per bushel, and oats for five cents.

Mr. Munsell married, October 24, 1850, Zerilda Perry, and has seven children living. Mrs. Munsell is a very kind lady, and thinks everything of her children. She likes to see them do well at school, and takes a great interest in the progress they make in their studies.

Eleazer Munsell is six feet in height. His hair begins to show the effect of time, and a few gray hairs make their appearance in his beard. He is very clever, loves a joke as well as Abraham Lincoln ever did; is very kind to his family; is careful in the management of his farm; has been successful in life, and is much respected by his neighbors. His face is broad and good-natured, and it indicates good feeling and good sense.

Mr. Munsell's children are: Milon, who attends school at Eureka; Stephen Alpheus, Zerilda, John Roswell, Josephine, Minnie Warren, and Austin Eleazer, who all live at home.

EMPIRE.

Robert Franklin Dickerson.

As Mr. Dickerson is known to be quite lively with his quill, the author requested him to write a sketch of his life, and he has given the following, which is very interesting:

I was born in Hamilton County, Illinois, October 30, 1822. My father, Michael Dickerson, died in 1836. My mother is yet living and is seventy-one years old past. We emigrated to this county, then Fayette, in 1825, and settled near Sugar Creek, near the western line of the county. In 1826 my parents moved to Randolph's Grove, to the place where Martin L. Bishop now lives. My father built a small water mill on Kickapoo, where the early settlers came to get their grinding done. Many a day I have sat and fed in the flour to be bolted.

On the 23rd of June, 1827, the great storm came, which rooted up and blew down the trees in its course through Old Town timber. In the fall of 1828 my father sold his claim and his mill to William Hampton, a Tennesseean, who is remembered by many who are yet living. My father then settled at Long Point, now in De Witt County, and lived there until the fall of 1830. He then sold his claim to Frederick Troxwell and purchased the claim of Mr. Bennett, where Henry C. Dickerson now lives, near the present town of Leroy. He moved on this place November 2, 1830. The famous deep snow began falling December 3 of the following winter, and continued nearly every day through the fore part of January, 1831. I well remember the events of those days and could give the names of all old settlers around the groves of McLean County.

The hydrophobia broke out among the canine race domesticated, in 1832, and two persons were said to have been bitten; but the only suffering they endured resulted from distress of mind. I am no great lover of dogs.

The great fall of meteors occurred November 14, 1833. They seemed to be showers of fiery rain falling to the ground.

At the first school I ever attended I was allowed to do pretty much as I pleased. I went out of the school-room and came back when I pleased, and no one dared to molest me or make me afraid. But at the next school I attended, in 1832, I was obliged to do a little as others said. I went to school for a while to lame William Johnson, now of Kansas and learned to spell as far as "baker," "brier," etc. I next went to Amasa C. Washburn, now of your city. He once chastised me for fighting, but the boys had to be dealt with severely then, though not more so than some boys should be dealt with now. A larger boy kicked my dog and I gave the vicious lad a blow in the eye. Mr. Washburn caught us at this interesting performance and at evening after prayer he said: "Reuben, I will have to chastise you," and Reuben received five gentle strokes with a switch, and was dismissed. I and Mr. Washburn then remained about half an hour enjoying each other's society. That licking hurt me.

Mr. Washburn and his lady taught the first Sabbath school I ever attended.

I am sorry to say that in my youthful days I played some rather practical jokes. Old Uncle Thomas Tovery, M. E. preacher, once held church at the school-house, and during the progress of the services I and another boy outside arranged a cat and dog fight, and the terrible scrimmage, the howls of the cat and the barking of the dog, broke up the services. The people ran out and said: "Kill the cat, it's mad; take up the dog, run;" etc. We were obliged to tell what we did, in order to save the cat's life. Uncle Tom's text was: "I am the bright and the morning star, the first and the last." Old Uncle Tom is dead; he departed this life at Oskaloosa, Iowa.

This grove was settled by John Buckles, sr., in 1828. He was a heavy man, weighing three hundred and eighty pounds. The Buckles family were Virginians, but part of them are Suckers, being born in this State. Some of them live among us yet. They are kind-hearted, generous and hospitable people, and love to hunt and fish. James Merrifield, sr., now deceased, with his family, settled here in the spring of 1830. Daniel and Henry Crumbaugh and Otho Merrifield, are early settlers, now living. Ambrose Hall, now of Atlanta, Logan County, Illinois, was an early settler. Thomas O. Rutledge, sr., was about to remove to

this grove, but he sickened and died, August 20, 1830, and was buried in the cemetery east of Leroy. We have one soldier of the war of 1812; it is Daniel Crumbaugh, who fought under General Harrison.

I grew up to manhood very much as other boys have done. I have worked hard, have plowed for twenty-five cents per day, chopped wood for thirty, reaped wheat for fifty cents per day and cradled for fifty. I carried from Salt Creek the stone which was placed at the northeast corner of Leroy, and for this I received from A. Gridley the sum of twenty-five cents. I have had many dealings with Gridley and Covel, and always found them gentlemen. I paid my first tax of sixty-six cents to William McCullough, and received a receipt from his deputy, B. H. Coffey. It reads:

"Rec'd of Robert F. Dickerson 66 cts in full of his State & County Tax for the year 1844.

"Wm. McCullough, Col.
By B. H. Coffey."

I was married, January 1, 1845, to Miss Harriet R. Karr. We kept house for three months on rented lands, without bedstead, chair or table. I had one pony, but no cow, hog, sheep or money. My wife, Harriet, was the only daughter of her father, Jacob Karr, by his first marriage. We have raised nine children, all of whom are living. When the rebellion broke out I sent two of my sons into the army. In political matters I have voted for men, when I knew them, regardless of party, but if I was unacquainted with the candidates I voted the Democratic ticket. I voted for Stephen A. Douglas. I took the stump for the Indianapolis, Bloomington and Western Railroad. I have considered it a privilege to help the soldiers and their widows and orphans. My children are nine in numher. They are:

Merrit M. Dickerson, who lives in Monticello, Illinois. He was in the army for a short time during the rebellion. He enlisted, February 15, 1865, in the Ninety-fourth Illinois, and was present at the battles of Spanish Fort and Fort Blakeley. He was afterwards transferred to the Thirty-seventh Illinois, became clerk at headquarters at Galveston, Texas, and was discharged in February, 1866, at Houston, Texas.

James L. Dickerson lives one mile northeast of Leroy.

Martha E., wife of George Pray, lives at Smithland, Johnson County, Kansas.

Emma E. Dickerson was, during the last year, a school-teacher at Heyworth.

Clara C., Ida May, Franklin jr., Mary and Hattie, (the pet,) live at home.

Henry Caleb Dickerson.

Henry C. Dickerson was born August 30, 1825, in Hamilton County, Illinois. His father's name was Michael Dickerson, and his mother's name before her marriage was Jane Rutledge. She still lives near Leroy with her youngest son Wesley. The Dickerson family emigrated to that part of Fayette County, which now forms the county of McLean, in 1825, and settled near Sugar Creek, not far from the western boundary of the present McLean County. In 1826 the family moved to Randolph's Grove, and afterwards to Buckles' Grove.

Mr. Dickerson attended school during three months in the year, until he was twenty years of age. He first attended a school kept by William Johnson, usually called "lame Billy." His plan of teaching was the one common to the time, that is, to require the scholars to study their lessons aloud. Sometimes "lame Billy" would come to the school-room in bad humor, and, indeed, he was very changeable in his disposition. He usually made a profession of religion about once a month. At one time while coming home from meeting, where he had made a profession of religion, a prairie chicken flew up near the head of his horse, and the animal took fright and threw him to the ground. Under the excitement of the moment he used profane language and swore at his luck. Since that time all kinds of misfortune have been called Johnson's luck. Mr. Dickerson also attended school kept by A. C. Washburn.

In the year 1845, Mr. Dickerson commenced farming on his own account, and soon afterwards began stock-raising. He bought stock first for other people and afterwards for himself. He first bought forty acres near Leroy, but afterwards bought the homestead farm, containing one hundred and sixty acres, and known as the Michael Dickerson place. On this place is a large apple tree, which was planted by Michael Dickerson. The trunk of the

tree is nine feet and nine inches in circumference. It is of the variety called "Lady-finger." It bears fruit every year, and during one season bore forty-five bushels of apples. Henry C. Dickerson has now nearly one thousand acres of land in McLean County, and between five and six hundred in Kansas. He is quick to see what will pay. He and his son-in-law, Hobart, built the large flouring-mill at Leroy, at a cost of $35,000. It is one of the best in the State. Mr. Dickerson is not now interested in it.

In the year 1849 he bought a great deal of stock in the Western States for Crawford & Miller in Champaign County, Ohio. During this time he traveled on horseback, from Fort Des Moines to Oskaloosa, Iowa. He had with him fifteen thousand dollars. On his journey he came to the hollow or bank of a creek, and there found a band of thieves, belonging to the celebrated Reddon, Long and Fox gang. They gave him a sharp chase, but his good horse saved him. The next morning from fifty to one hundred men went out to hunt the gang, and found one of the Longs, a boy of nineteen. He was tied to a tree and whipped in order to compel him to tell where the remainder of the gang were concealed. Mr. Dickerson could not bear the sight of the whipping and went away. The gang was not captured. Mr. Dickerson was very successful during this trip, though at one time his cattle gave him some trouble by stampeding.

In 1871 Mr. Dickerson took a pleasure excursion to California. He started in April of that year, in company with two friends, Mr. McKenny and Rev. J. B. Seymour. On their route they stopped at Salt Lake City and called on Brigham Young. They were introduced to the Mormon Prophet by Mr. Wickizer, who performed the ceremony in a peculiar manner. He said: "This is Mr. Dickerson, an enlightened heathen." The remainder of the company were introduced in the same manner. Brigham Young is a pleasant, unassuming man, lives in a ten-acre spot surrounded by a stone wall. In this enclosure is his large dwelling and various houses for his many wives. The tabernacle is a large edifice, and accommodates about fifteen thousand worshippers. The organ in the tabernacle cost an immense sum of money, and is remarkable for its fine tone. Mr. Dickerson was favorably impressed with Salt Lake City, its theatre, beautiful

shops, and streams of water flowing down from the mountain and forming rivulets on both sides of the streets. He listened to the preaching of Orson Pratt, and was much pleased with the eloquence of this Mormon divine.

On the twenty-seventh of October, 1850, Mr. Dickerson married Miss Leodicy Maxwell, only daughter of William Maxwell, of Old Town. He has had five children. They are:

Elizabeth Jane, wife of Gilbert J. Hobart. She lives one and a half miles southwest of her father's.

Cordelia, wife of Joseph Patterson, lives in Leroy.

Adalaide, Rosaline and Georgie Belle live at home.

Mr. Dickerson is five feet and ten inches in height, is well proportioned, has blue eyes, which do not require spectacles, is very quiet in his manner and is a first-class business man. His memory is remarkably good. During his western trip in 1849, he bought three hundred and fifty-seven head of cattle, and he can call to mind the price paid for each one of them. The father of Henry C. Dickerson was Michael Dickerson. The following are the names of his children, seven in number:

James W. Dickerson lives in California.

Sarah Ann, wife of Roley Williams, lives near Leroy.

Robert Franklin Dickerson, whose sketch appears in this volume.

Henry C. Dickerson, whose sketch appears above.

Caleb C. Dickerson lives about three miles southwest of Leroy.

Matilda, widow of John M. Downing, lives near Leroy.

Wesley Dickerson lives three and one-half miles southwest of Leroy.

Thomas Buckles.

Thomas Buckles was born January 18, 1812, in White County, Illinois. His father's house was burnt while the old gentleman was serving with the rangers and protecting the frontier. His father moved to Edwards County at an early day, from there to Sangamon County, and in 1824 he went to Lake Fork, Logan County. He traveled with an ox-team, and was exposed to the weather. He camped one night near Horse Creek, and was sleeping under the wagon when it rained so hard that they were

overflowed, and the water came down the hillside and ran over their bed on which they were sleeping. They crossed Lick Creek by making a raft and bringing over their stock with it. Mr. Buckles, sr., was received by his son Robert in Logan County and built a house there. In this work he was helped by the Indians, who were good neighbors. They gave a dance when the house-raising was ended. One of the Indians became drunk, but was carried away and tied down until he could sober off.

Thomas Buckles' experience with the Indians began at an early date. When he was a very little boy he was chased by some Indians, who seemed anxious to take him prisoner, but his heels and his cunning saved him. He hid in the grass and willows of a creek so that even the Indians did not find him. After the Indians left him he heard a mournful noise and found a coon with its hair burnt off by a prairie fire which had passed over the country a short time previous. The Buckles boys were accustomed to run races with the Indians and wrestle with them and engage with them in all kinds of athletic sports. At one time a party of Indians came to run races. They bet their buckskins against whatever was put up. They called on Andrew Buckles, a brother of Thomas, and put up their buckskins against some watermelons. Andrew ran with an Indian named Little Turkey, and allowed the latter to come out ahead in the first race. Then both parties put up larger bets for a second race, and this time Andrew came out ahead. Andrew was indeed a swift runner. He returned to Tennessee, and while there once saw some dogs after a deer; he immediately ran after it himself, intending to catch it before it reached the Cumberland River. But the deer reached the river a little ahead and plunged in and Andrew followed it. He out-swam the deer and killed it by drowning.

In 1827 the Buckles family left Logan County and came to Buckles' Grove. Here they devoted themselves to farming and hunting.

Thomas Buckles' experience with the deep snow was interesting. A few days before the heavy fall of snow came, Thomas and Peter Buckles and Alvin Barnett started out to hunt for wild hogs. They killed several pigs and three or four deer. They stopped, during the night before the heavy snowfall, with a man named Mulkie. It was clear and beautiful and the stars were

bright and thick in the sky. The morning opened clear and Mulkie started to accompany Thomas Buckles home. Soon a bank of snow arose and it began to fall. When they had gone four miles they abandoned their wagon and followed the oxen. The snow fell so fast that they could not see ten feet ahead of them, and the snow and icicles collected and froze two or three inches thick on their cheeks. Mr. Buckles says it came as fast as if it were thrown with a scoop-shovel. When within two miles of home they were almost broken down, but they took hold of the tails of their steers and were pulled safely through. The snow was then more than three feet deep. Mulkie was completely exhausted, and could do nothing but sleep. Mr. Buckles says that when he arrived home he stayed there during the remainder of the snow storm, and had no ambition for travel.

Mr. Buckles speaks of the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, and says that the water froze in ridges as it was blown by the wind. His brother Robert was then taking a drove of hogs to Alton, and when the wind-storm struck him he was obliged to go a quarter of a mile for shelter. When his men arrived there they could scarcely stand. The hogs demanded the most constant attention, for if left to themselves they would pile on top of each other as high as a hog could climb, and those at the bottom of the pile would be smothered and crushed to death.

The Buckles family were great hunters, and made a specialty of killing wolves. Thomas Buckles has, perhaps, killed more wolves than any other man in McLean County. He ran them down, shot them and caught them in traps and pens. A pen for catching wolves is made of logs and is so heavy that a wolf can not raise it. The bottom is made of logs or poles so that a wolf cannot escape by digging under. He usually took a wolf hunt every spring, and generally killed five or six. He chased one wolf fifteen miles before catching it, and, when caught, it could not have been made to live fifteen minutes. It was run to death. It was chased from Buckles' Grove to near the west end of Old Town timber, then down to Long Point, then back to Buckles' Grove, then down into DeWitt County where it was caught. One wolf, after being chased many miles, jumped into a well and there was killed.

Mr. Buckles has had an interesting experience in hunting deer. He once wounded a deer in the fore leg and it turned for fight with its hair all standing up. When one of the dogs took hold of it, it turned so fiercely and quickly and made so sudden a dart that it ran its horns in the ground and turned over on its back. Another shot ended its life. William and Thomas Buckles once chased a fawn until it was tired out and, when William approached, it made a spring from him into Thomas Buckles' arms. But it died shortly after, because of the length and severity of the chase. During the winter of the deep snow two of the Buckles brothers caught a deer and hoppled it, and tried to drive it home. It was very docile until Thomas Buckles tapped it on the nose with a weed, when it sprang up and knocked him down and jumped away. The next morning it was found frozen to death. As it was hoppled it could not exercise and the circulation of blood was checked.

Mr. Buckles is a skillful woodman and seldom deceived as to his position. He could always find his camp, even at night when it was so dark that he could hardly see his hand before him. He often hunted bees in the timber and had a sharp eye to detect their holes in the trees. He once went with a party of bee hunters down on the Kankakee River, and was gone five weeks. They found from fifty to sixty bee trees.

Mr. Buckles has never had any very dangerous experience with fire on the prairie. He once was overtaken by a prairie fire and jumped into a creek to save himself and the flames leaped over him. When a prairie fire moves, the heat goes a hundred feet or more in front of the blaze, and this sometimes makes the fire jump enormous gaps when it is under full headway. The game on the prairie will seldom turn and face a fire, though Mr. Buckles once saw a buck turn and charge directly through the flame. He once made a ring of fire around a piece of bottom land, leaving a gap, where the frightened deer were shot, as they came out, by two hunters stationed there.

Mr. Buckles has seen the vexations to which the old settlers were subjected. He was obliged to pound his corn before the deep snow, for one entire summer. He made a mortar out of an ash stump. The stump was burnt out and could hold three pecks of corn, which was beaten with an enormous pestle. He after-

wards made a little horse mill out of nigger-heads, and with this ground five bushels of corn per day. He has often gone to Peoria to mill and far above there.

Mr. Buckles went down to Logan County about seven years ago, but moved back to near Buckles' Grove during the middle of March, 1873, and there he now resides. He is a little more than six feet in height, is muscular and active, and is an accurate marksman. But that which is most remarkable is his quickness of sight. He usually sees the game before the game sees him. He is a good-natured man, and, like all of the old settlers, is hospitable and kind. He has done his fair proportion of hard work, and has split more rails than Abraham Lincoln ever did.

He married, February 2, 1837, Elizabeth Jane Kimler. He has five children living. They are:

William Marion, who lives in Leroy, Illinois.

Robert Franklin lives now with his father, as he is a widower.

Amanda B., wife of George Lucas, lives in Davis County, Missouri.

Mary Ann and Peter Leander live at home.

James Harvey Conaway.

James H. Conaway was born July 14, 1819, in Bourbon County, Kentcky, within three miles of Millersburg. His father's name was Aquilla Conaway, and his mother's name was Rachel Barnett. His father and mother were American born citizens. Aquilla Conaway came to Kentucky from Maryland at a very early day. The Conaway family left Kentucky when James was only eight years of age, and he does not remember much of that State. The only thing, which impressed his boyish imagination, was a little incident which happened while a negro woman was "toting" water from a spring. Her bucket of water was on her head, and as she passed under a tree, a squirrel, which was jumping from one branch to another, missed its hold and fell on the edge of the bucket and was killed.

In the fall of 1827 Aquilla Conaway brought his family to Illinois. He came very near becoming swamped in the quicksands of White River. His wagon was driven by an obstinate negro, named Moses. When the journey was ended, Moses was sent back to Kentucky with the wagon and team, and instructed to

take care of everything and not to steal from the people on the route. Moses faithfully obeyed all instructions except those with regard to stealing.

Mr. Conaway came first to Vermilion County, where he remained for a few monthe, and then came to Buckles' Grove, McLean County, Illinois, where he arrived February 8, 1828.

The first notable event, which James Conaway remembers, was that some of the Buckles boys caught a large black wolf in a trap and fastened the wolf to the middle of a pole and showed it alive to the new-comers. He has often seen the black wolves play on the snow where Leroy now stands. This was during the winter of the deep snow. During that winter he saw several deer frozen to death standing in their tracks. The deer lived during that winter on the bark of the sumach, and in the following spring the groves of sumach were completely skinned of bark. Mr. Conaway has often chased wolves and deer and has sometimes run down two or three in a day. He remembers when a party chased a deer until it was so exhausted that one of their number, John Knott, jumped on its back and cut its throat.

James H. Conaway is about five feet and five inches high. His head is a little bald and his eyes are dark and bright. He has a pleasant, smiling countenance, and seems a very straightforward man. He is a very hardy, active man, and enjoys the best of health. He married, December 6, 1849, Axey Deffenbaugh, and has six children. He has never lost any of his children by sickness and never callled a doctor on their account.

Esek Eddy Greenman.

Esek Eddy Greenman was born January 23, 1616, in Washington County, Ohio, about twenty-three miles from Marietta, the county seat. Three miles from his birth-place was the little town of Waterford with its block-house, which afforded protection to the people during the war of 1812. Mr. Greenman's father was John Greenman, of Welch descent. His mother's name was Ruth White, before her marrirge. She was the daughter of Deacon David White, who came from Vermont to the Muskingum River, Ohio. He was of the fourth generation from Elder White, of Revolutionary fame. Mr. Greenman's grandfather, Jeremiah Greenman, was a lieutenant in the Revolutionary war, and parti-

cipated in many of the contests of that seven-years' struggle. He was twice captured, once on board of a ship and once by the Indians, and his life was one of suffering and adventure. At the close of the war he became a member of the Order of the Cincinnati, which admitted to its membership all who had been commissioned officers during the Revolutionary war. But the order was short lived, as General Washington and many others were afraid it might be the beginning of a titled aristocracy. The old gentleman kept a journal for a long time, but would never allow it to be published.

John Greenman, the father of Esek, was a farmer in summer and a school teacher in winter. The last winter of his school teaching was the one of the memorable one of the deep snow, when he kept school at Blooming Grove. While living in Ohio, John Greenman was for a while deputy sheriff, and it required a good deal of nerve sometimes to serve in that capacity. During those early days, as well as at the present time, medical gentlemen were very anxious to obtain subjects for dissection and were willing to pay quite a sum of money for them. The love of money, which is occasionally the root of some evil, induced a person named Dow, to decoy a crazy man into the woods for the purpose of killing him and selling him to the medical institute; but the crazy man escaped. Dow afterwards stole a corpse from the grave where it was buried and dragged it through the fields and hid it in a barn and covered it with corn-stalks. There it was found by Constable Greenman who arrested Dow and his accomplice.

When Esek Greenman was nine years of age his father moved to Waterford, where he kept a hotel; and one year later Esek became a little water-rat and could run a ferry across the Muskingum River. In about the year 1826 the Greenman family moved on a farm about three miles up the river and there Esek could work to his heart's content. His associates were some very bad little boys who loved trickery better than they loved their mush and milk; nevertheless he worked faithfully at grubbing trees and stumps.

In July, 1829, the Greenman family started for Illinois, where they arrived on the twenty-ninth of August. They came with Major Seth Baker's family to Blooming Grove. The roads were

very muddy and at one time they passed through a place where the wheels sank to the axletree, and were obliged to put all their horses on each wagon separately in order to get through. It was called the Devil's Mush-pot. There were two roads leading through it, and they were told to take their choice, with the warning that whichever road they went they would wish they had taken the other!

Upon their arrival they rented a house of Squire Orendorff, and in October, Mr. Greenman, sr., began teaching school. Esek went to work for Thomas Orendorff; he husked corn and took the "down row," and worked hard until winter set in. In 1830 he cut logs for the double log cabin built by James Allin, it being the first house in Bloomington. It is the one now occupied by Dr. Stipp. In the spring of 1830, Mr. James Allin offered Mr. John Greenman some money to enter the W. half of the S. W. quarter of section four, township twenty-three, range two east, on condition that Greenman would deed to Allin a part of the east side of said land, amounting to about twenty acres, for the purpose of being used to lay out a town. The offer was accepted. Mr. Greenman entered the land, deeded a part of it to Allin, who gave it to the town of Bloomington.

When his school was ended, John Greenman cut logs, built a cabin between Washington and Front streets, broke five acres of land, sowed it in wheat and fenced it; but before being fenced it was rooted up by pigs and sowed over again. The following winter was the one of the deep snow; but the wheat was uninjured, and was pronounced the finest west of Maryland.

Mr. Esek Greenman had very little to do with the Indians. He remembers that a great crowd of them once came to a spring near the north shaft, to see his sisters wash clothes, for this operation was a novelty to the savages.

During the winter of the deep snow, John Greenman was teaching school on the old Jim Cannaday place. Esek remembers that the great storm of snow, which really commenced the period of the deep snow, fell on Friday. That day his father let out school early, as he had a little "chore" to attend to, which was to transport to his house a hog which he had obtained in the neighborhood. He carried it on horseback and young Esek followed on foot. But the snow fell so deep that Esek stayed over

night at old Johnny Maxwell's house, while Mr. Greenman, sr., proceeded. He reached home with the porker, but was two hours in traveling the last quarter of a mile.

The day before the deep snow, Moses Baker and William Oney went to Orendorff's mill on Sugar Creek, about twenty-five miles from Bloomington, and on their return, at Murphy's Grove, William Oney wanted to lay down and sleep; but Baker whipped him and abused him, and at last he was ready to fight; but Baker insisted that he should arouse himself or he would certainly freeze. Then they scuffled and wrestled, and ran about and climbed trees to keep from freezing, until morning broke, when they heard roosters crowing, and found themselves within three hundred yards of a house!

People caught deer and wolves very easily until a slippery crust formed on the snow, after which they could catch the deer, but not the wolves. The crust was slippery and the wintry winds whistled over it and had the whole matter to themselves. Occasionally a man would lose his hat and see it scud away out of sight.

In 1830 the doctors were not so numerous as at present. Young Esek remembers some horseback exercise when he rode to Pekin, a distance of thirty-three miles, without saddle or stirrups, for the doctor. On his return with the doctor he forded the Mackinaw on the upper side, so that, if swept from his horse by the current, the doctor could catch him.

In the spring of 1830 there were three houses between the spot where Bloomington now stands and Mackinawtown, and fourteen houses at the latter place, including barns. Between the latter place and Pleasant Hill were no houses at all, and Pekin only contained fourteen or fifteen houses, including barns.

In July, 1831, Mr. Greenman, sr., sold his land in Bloomington and moved three miles below Waynesville. But he found it a sickly spot. Out of three families, numbering in all twenty-four persons, twenty-two had the ague. After a long sickness, John Greenman died there, and was buried at Pilot Grove, and his family returned to Blooming Grove and entered the last remaining eighty acres there. It was the eighty adjoining the Nathan Low, sr., place at the old camp-ground. They lived in the Isaac Murphy house during the winter. In the summer fol-

lowing, Esek Greenman had his last shake with the ague. This memorable event occurred on his sixteenth birthday. For three days previous, he had taken each morning a teacupful of whisky and ginger, and the ague departed forever.

In the summer of 1832, Esek Greenman worked in a brickyard for Peter Whipp. During the hot summer days he arose early every morning and went to work. Then he had a rest while eating breakfast and while Mr. Whipp gave them a season of prayer. But Mr. Whipp finally concluded to dispense with the prayer as it delayed the men too long from their work. During 1832 and '33, the Greenman family lived north of Old Town, but in the latter year they went to Bloomington, and there Mrs. Greenman was married to Dr. Isaac Baker.

In 1833 the sporting fraternity began to make their appearance. It was then that the first race-track in McLean County was prepared. The first purse ran for amounted to, Mr. Greenman thinks, one hundred and fifty dollars. Four horses were entered for it: the Bald Hornet, owned by Henry Jacoby, was ridden by Esek Greenman; the Gun Fannon, owned by Jake Herald (Mr. Greenman thinks); the Tiger Whip, owned by Pete Hefner and ridden by James Paul, and Ethiopian, owned by a man near Waynesville. Mr. Greenman put Bald Hornet in training sometime before the race. He kept the horse in a stable on the Leroy road; but one morning he found that his horse had been turned loose to green corn in a field near by. It was supposed that Bald Hornet's racing days were over, but care restored him. After this, Esek slept with the owner of the horses in the haymow, and watched the animal every night. When the race came on, the owner of Gun Fannon hinted to Esek that he could make something by holding up his horse; but Esek neglected to take the hint. When the race came off the Bald Hornet was coming in finely, but the Tiger Whip came up behind and trod on its heels, and the Bald Hornet was beaten. (See Peter Hefner's sketch!) He was badly crippled, and beaten on a second race. Some time before the race a Mr. Vesey was struck by lightning while putting a horse in training for the course. This was not considered a visitation of God, for the horse was ridden on the course by T. J. Barnett. Bad luck seemed to attend it, for it fell in the midst of the track. But the horse started up,

followed the other horses, and saved its distance; nevertheless, it was beaten a second time worse than ever. "It never rains, but it pours." This ended Mr. Greenman's career on the turf. He had ridden horses, but never staked his money on the result of a race.

When Mrs. Greenman was married to Dr. Baker a load of responsibility was taken from the shoulders of Esek and he was no longer obliged to look after the welfare of the family. Nevertheless he worked at whatever his hands could find to do. He helped Father Baker to lay out the school section into five and ten acre lots; he worked in a brick-yard at Chatham's Spring; he broke prairie for Wilson Lindley south of Blooming Grove, started at daylight and hunted his oxen, had a little shed of prairie grass in the field to protect him from the storm, and worked fourteen hours a day. He drove up calves for General Gridley from where Leroy now stands; indeed he did anything and everything in the line of honorable employment. In 1834 he began to learn the carpenter's trade of Wilson Allen and G. D. McElhiney. He had a very good opinion of McElhiney, and of him learned to be a Democrat. The workshop where he labored belonged to the widow Vesey, but in some way it came into the possession of Allen who incautiously allowed himself to be drawn into some litigation with Mrs. Vesey. He learned to his cost to "bevare of the vidders," for Mrs. Vesey took forcible possession of the shop while the hands were at dinner, and Allen brought suit to recover it. The widow's case was pleaded by 'Squire C. C. Cory (an uncle of Mr. Greenman). The jury of Western men always sympathised with a woman in distress and were naturally inclined in her favor; in addition to this they were great lovers of humor, and 'Squire Cory succeeded in winning the case by telling the pig and puppy story. It was as follows: A child wished to present his aunt, on Christmas day, with a little pig, and started to her with one in a basket. But, having incautiously set down his basket, the pig was stolen from him and a puppy inserted in its place. When he came to his aunt he opened the basket and found the puppy, and returned home disappointed. But in the meantime the puppy was stolen and the pig returned to its place. So when the innocent child opened the basket again and saw the pig, he exclaimed: "It can be a pig when it's a

mind to and puppy when it's a mind to." "Now, gentlemen of the jury," said 'Squire Cory, "that is the way with the plaintiff in this case, who would steal the property of a widow. He can be a pig when he has a mind to and a puppy when he has a mind to." Mr. Allen was unable to bear up against the combined influence of 'Squire Cory, the widow, the pig and the puppy, and lost the case.

From 1833 to 1835 the fine gentlemen of Bloomington seemed to think it necessary to take their occasional sprees, and Mr. Greenman remembers one famous spree which perhaps some old settlers of Bloomington can now call to mind, for some of them were in it. Perhaps they can remember when one of the party became weary and went home and crawled into a garret and went to sleep on a board plank, and how the crowd followed him and brought him back; how they weighed out liquor in scales and drank it; how they weighed out oysters and ate them; how they stood across the room and threw oysters at each others' mouths, and how, in order to vary the amusement, they marched around the stove and at last pitched it out of the window, and did many other things which must be nameless.

In the fall of 1835 Mr. Greenman started for Northern Illinois with a man named Jim Paul. The latter was "on his muscle," and occasionally indulged in a match fight. They went to Dixon's Ferry, and while there made an excursion to the battle ground of Stillman's Run. They worked hard and built cabins for persons making claims. After spending a few weeks there, Mr. Greenman and a man named James Durley started for Platteville, Wisconsin, and on their way, not far from Dixon, he saw the grave of Joe Draper, who had been killed in the Black Hawk war. After some delays he went to Platteville and clerked for John Lytle who kept a grocery store. After a while he went to Galena and there, it is to be regretted, fell into evil ways. He learned to play cards and led rather a hard life. In the spring he started to dig for mineral and found very good signs, but stopped digging to play euchre and attend to other duties equally important, and lost his claim. Shortly after this he met an impecunious "dead broke" miner and bought his claim for one dollar, but the conditions were that if he struck mineral he should pay the miner five dollars. But Mr. Greenman played euchre and neglected

the claim and lost it altogether. It afterwards turned out to be worth twelve thousand dollars. His first claim, where he had found signs of mineral, was pushed by other parties and one-half of it was sold for thirty thousand dollars. He had better have burnt his cards. But after a while he determined to reform, so he took a good game of euchre, drank some ale, went to a revival and walked forward to the anxious seat and reformed.

In the spring of 1837 he went to Savannah, with Deacon George Davidson. He carried the mail from Galena to Cleveland on Rock River, fifteen or twenty miles from Rock Island. He carried it regularly twice a week for a month or two.

He returned to Bloomington and worked as a carpenter during the following winter. He went to McHenry County and there worked for a Mr. Foster, for a dollar a day and his board, and was dunned by Mrs. Foster for his Sunday board. The next summer he went to Cedar County, Iowa, on foot, and had various adventures, made a claim at Onion Grove where a town was afterwards laid out, and after various travels and adventures he found himself in Leroy, McLean County, Illinois, with one hundred and fifty dollars in his pocket. He borrowed a hundred and fifty dollars more and went to Chicago for goods and there was offered two lots in the heart of the city for a horse and buggy. He spent fourteen years in the dry goods business, and has been a very successful merchant. He was for four years in the grocery business, and in everything has prospered well.

He married, February 14, 1848, Miss Martha Pierce. Mrs. Greenman died July 14, 1864, and since then he has remained unmarried. He has had eight children, of whom three are living, two boys and one girl. In 1844 or 1845 he was postmaster at Leroy, and this is all the public office he ever held. In politics he was a Democrat until 1856 when he became a Republican and has remained so ever since.

Mr. Greenman's character is pretty well shown by his life. He is very plucky and adventurous, but very kind and polite. After he really settled down to business he succeeded well and acquired property. He is obliged to look at a thing several times to understand it, but is pretty sure to see through it in the end. He is a self-made man, and his success in later life was due to himself, for certainly his early experience and training would not

be recommended as conducive to moral elevation. His judgment is the very best, and he is possessed of a great deal of natural shrewdness. He loves fun and a good story, and enjoys a practical joke. He is of medium size and is finely proportioned. His hair is very white, and his cheeks have a healthy, pleasant glow. In his youth he must have been quite a favorite with ladies. He takes a great interest in matters pertaining to the early settlement of the country, for he has seen the adventurous side of it, which is pretty sure to be the humorous side, and is very pleasant to remember though not always pleasant to endure.

Mr. Greenman has three children living. They are:

Mary Belle, wife of Gideon Scott Crumbaugh, born October 18, 1853, lives at Leroy.

John Emmet, born September 6, 1855, and Charles Emery Greenman, born March 1, 1861, live at home.

Otho Merrifield.

Otho Merrifield was born November 4, 1814, near Xenia, Green County, Ohio. His father's name was James Merrifield, and his mother's maiden name was Hannah Haines. In the fall of 1829 he came to Illinois with his father's family of nine children. They traveled with a four-horse team, and had no particular trouble except with the green-head flies, which bit the horses and made them nearly crazy. They first stopped at Cheney's Grove, but stayed during the first winter over on Kickapoo, about ten miles west of Leroy. In the spring, Mr. Merrifield, sr., took a claim on the east side of Buckles' Grove, and moved there April 2, 1830. It was the business of Otho Merrifield and his brother to take care of the stock, and when they had a little extra time they went on a deer or wolf chase. They hunted wolves with hounds, and kept for this purpose three bloodhounds and two or three greyhounds. The latter will run faster and fight better than bloodhounds, but cannot run so long. Mr. Merrifield is proud to say that his dogs were always game and never were whipped. Mr. Merrifield thinks the wolf is sometimes the most impudent and daring of wild animals. It will drive the chickens into the yard, and it will steal pigs in the daytime so close to the house, that they can be heard to squeal. During the deep snow the Merrifield family pounded their corn, as all the settlers of that

period did. During that winter Otho and his brother ran down eleven deer, which was pretty fair work for boys.

Mr. Merrifield saw plenty of Indians when he came to the country, but never lost anything by them that he knows of, nor had any difficulty with them. The Indians usually went on their hunts in companies. They started from Indian Grove and went to Old Town timber, then down Salt Creek as far as the Lake Fork near Mt. Pulaski, and then returned to Indian Grove. Their hunting companies varied in size from one hundred to three hundred. They walked in single file, and Mr. Merrifield has seen a string of Indians five miles in length.

Mr. Merrifield lived in Empire township from 1829 to 1856, and then went to Missouri, where he stayed four years, and then came back to his old home. He liked the country in Missouri very much. On the 7th of April, 1860, he had his leg broken. He then went back to his farm, where he lived until the fall of 1864. Up to this time he succeeded pretty fairly with the world, and made enough money to enable him to live comfortably. He was a man of the strictest integrity, but perhaps a little too unsuspecting. In 1866 he sold his farm and went into the drug business, but was so unfortunate as to lose the results of years of toil. He is now left with little property, and in the decline of life must still earn his bread by the sweat of his brow.

Mr. Merrifield is six feet in height, and, though he has passed through many hardships, is still a man of good personal appearance. His eyes are dark and expressive, and his countenance shows his good faith and his honesty.

He married Mrs. Prudence Conaway, December 8, 1842. He has had a family of nine children, all of whom are living.

Henry Crumbaugh.

Henry Crumbaugh was born April 26, 1789, in Frederick County, Maryland. There he received his schooling very much as other boys did, nothing of special importance occurring. He was very skillful in boxing and wrestling, and while between the ages of twenty-one and thirty-one, he never found his match. In the year 1810 he moved to Kentucky, where he remained eight or nine years. In April, 1820, he married Sarah Baldock and has had twelve children, of whom five are living. He moved to Elk-

hart Grove, in Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1828, and to Buckles' Grove, McLean County, in March, 1830, and settled on the land where he has lived ever since. He had a hard time to find something to eat, and was forced to go a long distance to a horse-mill to have his corn ground. It required a week to go to Springfield, get his corn ground, do his trading and return. He was obliged to work under many disadvantages, and exercise great ingenuity to supply the want of articles common to civilization. When he broke prairie he attached the oxen to the plough by hickory bark.

During the winter of the deep snow he beat his meal in kettles and obtained his water by melting snow. This winter as is well known was very severe for the deer. He has seen deer caught by wolves, for the sharp feet of the former broke through the crust, while the latter could run over the snow with ease. At one time he saw from his house three wolves catch a deer. He jumped on a horse and took the deer from them and gave it to his pigs to eat, as it was too poor for use at home.

Mr. Crumbaugh had his experience in the sudden change in the weather which occurred in December, 1836. The day was mild, and the ground was covered with water and snow, when suddenly the cold west wind came with a roar, and froze up everything immediately. On that day John Dawson was going to Leroy to mill, but when the wind struck him he turned to go to Henry Crumbaugh's farm. He was unable to cross Salt Creek, and after getting into it cut his oxen loose and tried to drive them over, but they refused to go. He himself became wet to the waist, and, letting the oxen go, crossed the creek and started for Mr. Crumbaugh's house, a few rods distant; but when he reached the fence, his clothes were frozen so stiff that he could not climb over without Mr. Crumbaugh's assistance. Mr. Crumbaugh drove the oxen across the creek and up to his stable. They were covered with a double coating of ice an inch thick.

Mr. Crumbaugh thought it fun to go to Chicago. He hauled from there the first lumber brought to this section of country, bringing it one hundred and forty miles with an ox team.

Mr. Crumbaugh has had much difficulty with prairie fires. At one time he came from Springfield with Maria Dawson, then a girl of fifteen, when he saw ahead of him a prairie fire; he

escaped by driving his horses into a pond until the fire passed on. Mr. Crumbaugh was accustomed to hunt wolves and kept hounds particularly for this sport. He was, for a long time, the only person in the country who had hounds trained for this purpose. At one time a wolf came up to the house and caught a chicken, and when pursued by the dogs did not give it up until caught. One wolf held to a pig, which it had captured, and ran with it for a mile before dropping it, though hotly pursued by the dogs. It gave them a race of eight miles before they caught it. Mr. Crumbaugh often set wolf-traps and caught many wolves. He was accustomed to set the trap and tie a chicken or a leg of mutton near it to decoy the wolves; but when they were caught they seldom ate the bait. He caught five wolves with a rooster for bait, and four with a leg of mutton; but one old wolf ate the bait after being caught, and showed fight when taken from the trap.

Mr. Crumbaugh has also hunted other game occasionally. He caught eleven turkeys with his hounds in about twenty minutes, on a wet winter's day. He once caught two lynxs in the edge of Old Town timber. These animals are of the wildcat species and very large. Hunters have sometimes mistaken them for dogs. They have spots and stripes on them, and are quite pretty. They are not considered dangerous to human beings, but are strong, and would be very unpleasant animals to fight with.

Henry Crumbaugh is about six feet in height. In his younger days he was very strong. He sometimes liked to attend a horse-race, but never was carried away by such sport. Although very old he is still possessed of a great deal of shrewdness and good sense. He was, in his younger days, a man of steady nerve, a good hunter and an accurate shot. He appears to be a pleasant, cheerful gentleman, wears spectacles, is quick-witted, and observes what is going on around him.

Henry Crumbaugh has been a hard worker and a shrewd manager. During the winter of 1819 he started from Frankfort, Kentucky, to New Orleans, with four flatboats, with freight belonging to Col. Johnson. He made the trip down the river in ten days, but was made very sick by drinking the river water. He received for his pay two hundred dollars for each boat. He returned on horseback through the Indian territory, and passed

over the land belonging to the Chocktaws and Chickasaws. They treated him with the greatest kindness.

Mr. Crumbaugh has been very kind to his children, and has given them each six thousand dollars to start in life. His children are:

Emily, born November 15, 1821, died in September, 1826.

Narcissie, born January 7, 1824, is married to Simpson E. Thompson, and lives three miles south of her parents.

James H. L. Crumbaugh, born May 1, 1826, lives six miles south of his parents.

Emily Crumbaugh, born August 2, 1828, died in 1838.

Nancy H., born August 12, 1830, died in 1833.

Louisiana C., was born March 10, 1834, and died May 12, 1866.

John Edgar Howard Crumbaugh, born August 3, 1837, lives a half a mile south of his parents.

Andrew Jackson Crumbaugh, born September 5, 1840, lives a quarter of a mile south of his father.

Allen Montgomery Crumbaugh, born December 12, 1842, died in 1844.

Lewis Cass Crumbaugh, born March 19, 1845, lives at the homestead.

Daniel Crumbaugh.

Daniel Crumbaugh was born December 7, 1791, in Frederick County, Maryland. His father and mother were Germans, his father having come to America from Germany when very young. Daniel received a little schooling there, but not enough to hurt him. He used to assist the scholars in barring out the schoolmaster on Christmas days. At one time they compelled the teacher to give them two weeks' vacation, but he compelled the parents to pay him for these two weeks as if school had been in session, and some of the scholars came pretty near "catching it" from their angry fathers in consequence. In 1812 Mr. Crumbaugh came west to Cincinnati, and from there went to Scott County, Kentucky. In 1813 he enlisted in the army under the command of Colonel Richard M. Johnson to fight against the British and Indians. He went first to Fort Meigs on the Miami Rapids above where Toledo now stands, where General Harrison had a garri-

son. From there they went to Lower Sandusky on Lake Erie, then back home to recruit their horses.

They were then sent to Kaskaskia, Illinois. This town was threatened by Indians, and it seemed that the place which was afterwards to be the first capital of the Sucker State was to be blotted out entirely. But the Indians were headed off, and the regiment to which Mr. Crumbaugh belonged was sent back to Fort Meigs. While there they heard the roar of the guns during the battle when Commodore Perry gained his celebrated victory over the British on Lake Erie. Shortly after this they went to Detroit, crossed over to Windsor (then called Sandwich) and followed the British and Indians under the Command of General Proctor and the chief Tecumseh. At the River Thames the enemy made a stand and here was fought the battle which practically closed the contest in the north. The enemy was completely defeated, with the loss of baggage and eight hundred prisoners and a large number of killed and wounded. Tecumseh was among the slain. It has been a matter of speculation as to who killed him. Mr. Crumbaugh can shed no light upon it. Col. R. M. Johnson, the commander of their regiment, was wounded five times. The muskets used by the Americans in this battle were the old flint-locks, and the cartridges contained a ball and two buck-shot. The regiment opposed to the one in which Mr. Crumbaugh served was the Forty-fourth Irish regiment, commanded by Colonel Baubee. When the battle was over, the company to which Mr. Crumbaugh belonged was sent as a guard for General Harrison and the captured British officers, down to Lake St. Clair where they took shipping and came to Detroit. There they remained until Harrison made a treaty with some tribes of Indians, and then returned home to Georgetown, Kentucky. There Mr. Crumbaugh lived a rough-and-tumble life for some years. In 1828 he moved to Elkhart Grove in Sangamon County, and on the sixth of March, 1830, he came to Buckles' Grove, McLean County, Illinois, where he has lived ever since. He was obliged to accustom himself to the western climate by a course of fever and ague, but it came at an unfortunate time. During the winter of 1830 and 31, which was the winter of the deep snow, he had fever and ague every third day and could not take care of his stock. He had eighty pigs at home and one hundred and fifty

bushels of corn at the Elkhart, but could not drive his pigs there nor bring his corn home, and many of his pigs died. But he succeeded in keeping his other stock on corn-fodder.

Of course every settler has an individual experience to relate of the cold snap in the winter of 1836. When the ground was covered with a slush of water and snow, and the air was warm, the freezing wind came from the west and everything was made solid immediately. Mr. Crumbaugh says that Salt Creek was frozen across in one place where the willows were thick. The cold was so intense that the creek was frozen to the bottom, stopping the flow of water underneath. It then dammed up and began to flow over, but froze as it ran, and the dam of ice grew higher and higher, until it was five feet above the level of the creek.

Mr. Crumbaugh has had great difficulty with fire, as every old settler has. The grass grew taller than a man's head, and in the fall when it was dry the fires were terrible. Mr. Crumbaugh had a litte grove of cherry trees burned up by the fire.

Daniel Crumbaugh is six feet and four inches in height. He has worked hard during his life-time and has fairly earned the home, which he has provided for his family. He is straightforward and honest in his dealings in every particular, and expects other men to be straightforward and honest with him. He has paid close attention to his business and acquired a fair competence. He has been twice married and has had fourteen children, ten of whom are now living. He is now too old to work, but lives a contented and happy life. He has a kind heart and good judgment.

Daniel Crumbaugh married, in 1816, Miss Susan Winters, daughter of Jacob Winters, of Scott County, Kentucky. By this marriage he had four children, two of whom are living. His children are:

William Henry Crumbaugh, born May 30, 1817, lives in Johnson County, Missouri.

John Jacob Crumbaugh, born January 19, 1819, died in the Mexican war in 1847. He was in John Moore's regiment.

Ann Margaret Crumbaugh, born December 2, 1820, is married to Thomas Wiley and lives in Moultrie County, Illinois,

Susan Jane Crumbaugh, born July 19, 1823, died July 1, 1824.

Mrs. Crumbaugh died during the fall of 1823.

In January, 1825, Mr. Crumbaugh married Miss Martha M. Robinson, of North Carolina. She died June 4, 1857. The children of this marriage are:

Sarah E., born April 6, 1826, was married to William Craig, and died April 6, 1857.

Mary Catharine, born October 3, 1827, is married to Charles Cope and lives two miles south of her father's.

Leonard Alexander Crumbaugh, born November 13, 1829, lives two miles east of his father's.

James T. Crumbaugh, born January 24, 1832, lives three miles miles east of his father's.

Daniel T. Crumbaugh, born January 24, 1832, (twin brother of James), lives two miles east of his father's.

Emily Maria Crumbaugh, born May 1, 1834, lives in Johnson County, Missouri.

Francis Marion Crumbaugh, born January 6, 1837, married Rebecca Riddle, daughter of Elijah and Mary Riddle. He lives at the homestead.

Caroline T. Crumbaugh, born July 14, 1839, was married to Anthony Rogers, of Johnson County, Missouri. She died February 11, 1873.

Martha Cary Crumbaugh, wife of George W. Bartlett, of Johnson County, Missouri, was born November 3, 1841.

Nancy Turner Crumbaugh, wife of Anderson McConnell, lives one-half of a mile south of her father's.

Sinah Guilford Crumbaugh was born June 4, 1848, was married to William Bartlett, and died March 11, 1869.

James Henry Lyon Crumbaugh.

James H. L. Crumbaugh was born May 1, 1826, in Henderson County, Kentucky. His father was Henry Crumbaugh, whose sketch is given above, and his mother was Sarah Baldock. His father was of German descent, and his mother was of French and Irish stock. When James Crumbaugh was two years old his father moved to Springfield, Illinois, and afterwards to Elkhart Grove. There the family remained two years and then came to Buckles' Grove, where they have lived ever since. James Crumbaugh received his early education at the Claywater school,

which was kept about one mile south of the present town of Leroy. He went four miles to school to receive instruction from William Johnson, who, when barred out, treated his scholars to whisky and made them intoxicated. Mr. Crumbaugh afterwards went to the first school in Leroy, and his wife attended the same. His teacher was 'Squire Lincoln, now living in Leroy. Mr. Crumbaugh tells an incident which occurred during the school days of Thomas Buckles, when they were both boys together. Buckles and some of his companions caught a blue-racer, tied a strip of bark around its neck, and proposed to lead it. At first the snake held back; but soon it took a start and went after young Buckles. The latter ran at the top of his speed to get rid of the snake, and was clear out of breath before it occurred to him to let loose of the bark.

In 1840 Mr. Crumbaugh had an opportunity to go to Chicago, which was then a town of thirty-five hundred people. Old Fort Dearborn, the block house and the palisades were still standing.

Mr. Crumbaugh went on his first wolf hunt when he was only nine years of age. His father caught wolves in a pen with a lid to it. When the wolf came to eat the bait placed there for him, it touched the trigger, which let down the log and held him in the pen. Mr. Crumbaugh has often chased wolves and caught them. When they are chased in the winter time, they take to the ice on the creeks and sloughs. Mr. Crumbaugh has seen a wolf follow a slough in all its angles and turns and get quite away from the dogs, for it had longer claws and was lighter built.

Mr. Crumbaugh married Amanda Meleena Buck, September 28, 1851. She is a daughter of 'Squire Hiram Buck, whose sketch appears in this volume. She was a school-mate of her husband in the days when they were young. After their marriage they lived with Henry Crumbaugh until 1857, when they moved to the farm where they now reside, about three miles southwest of Leroy in Empire township.

Mr. Crumbaugh is five feet and ten inches high. He is a man of great energy and gets up bright and early in the morning to attend to his business. He has been remarkably successful in life. He has had three children, all of whom are living. They are:

Laura Elizabeth, born August 26, 1852, is married to William Scott Lafferty, and lives in Downs township.

Edith May, born May 8, 1856, and Hiram Henry, born June 29, 1861, live at home.

Silas Waters.

Silas Waters was born November 19, 1803, in Stafford County, Virginia. His father, whose name was also Silas Waters, was of Scotch-Irish descent, and was born in Virginia. The maiden name of the mother of Silas Waters, jr., was Margaret Duffy. She was born in Maryland and was probably of Irish descent. In 1814 the family moved to Bourbon County, Kentucky. They went to Winchester, then came down the river in a flat-boat to a place called Maceville, and from there went by team to Bourbon County, Kentucky. Here young Silas passed his days pleasantly. He had great sport in catching shad, herring and other fish, with which the waters of Kentucky abound.

On the 12th of February, 1824, Silas Waters married Christiana Conaway. He worked hard to support his family and lived for three years as a renter under slave-holding landlords; but at last determined to come west. He went first to Rush County, Indiana, where he remained a year. In June, 1828, he came on horseback to Illinois and settled near Judgetown in Vermilion County. But, being still unsatisfied, he sold out in 1830, and on November 7th of that year came to Empire township, in what is now McLean County, Illinois. At that time the house of William Bishop was the only one between Mr. Waters' and Blooming Grove; and on the road to Danville were only four houses. Deer, wolves and Indians were plenty. But the deep snow sent all of them away, except the wolves. The deer were frozen to death, and the Indians left because of the scarcity of game; but the wolves remained. They lived through the winter on the frozen deer; but when the deer were no more, the wolves acquired a taste for mutton and seemed to relish it well.

On the day before the heavy fall of snow in December, 1830, Mr. Waters went to the old Murphy mill on the Kickapoo, about fifteen miles from home, stayed there all night and started home the following morning by daybreak. When he passed the house of Jesse Funk, about sunrise, the snow began to fall. When he

had gone about a mile and a half farther, he thought he would turn back, but was astonished to find that the heavy snow covered up the track behind him. He had no road or compass and was obliged to direct his course by the wind. He faced the storm and struck Buckles' Grove only a quarter of a mile from where he wished, and arrived home in safety. The snow fell thirty-three inches, while his oxen went ten miles as fast as they could be driven. The tall weeds were covered up, and as the eye was directed over the prairie, absolutely nothing could be seen, except the white snow.

Mr. Waters had no particular experience during the Black Hawk war. He went to Bloomington to see if he was drafted, but found that volunteers sufficient had gone.

Mr. Waters has lived in Empire township ever since his settlement there, with the exception of two years (1852–3) which he spent in Farmer City as a merchant.

Mr. Waters first married Christiana Conaway, and by this marriage had six children, of whom four are living. They are:

Chalton Differ Waters, born June 2, 1826, lives on the homestead farm, one mile west of Leroy.

John Thomas Waters, born August 22, 1827, lives one and a quarter miles northwest of Leroy.

America Waters, born November 9, 1828, married Andrew Cummings of Farmer City.

Nancy Waters, born January 30, 1831, married first Jeremiah Greenman, and sometime after his death was married to Hampton Roach. She lives in Normal, and is a second time a widow.

Sometime after the death of Mrs. Waters, Mr. Waters married Mrs. Mary Jane Karr, an English lady.

Mr. Waters is five feet and ten inches in height, and rather stout in appearance. He seems well-formed, and walks erect. His hair is gray and thick on his head. His eyes are blue, and his complexion healthy and rather sanguine. He is very much respected by his neighbors. He thinks much of the old settlers, and would now prefer to live in a new country, or, at all events, would like the manners and good feeling of a new country. Mr. Waters has inherited a healthy constitution, as may be inferred from the fact that all of his eight brothers and sisters, who crossed the Allegheny Mountains in 1814, are living. He was Associate

Judge of McLean County, while Judge McClun was in office. Mr. Waters has been a member of the Methodist Church since 1825, and has held nearly every position in the church which is given to a layman.

James Bishop.

James Bishop was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, April 3, 1806. The Bishops, from whom he was descended, came to the American colonies from England with William Penn. They were members of the Society of Friends.

In the fall of 1809 the Bishop family moved to that part of the territory of Ohio, which is now called Clark County. During the war of 1812, a part of General Shelby's army camped near where the Bishops lived. All of the boys and young men above the age of fifteen were taken into the army. Only a few children and women and Revolutionary soldiers were left to protect the neighborhood. When the war broke out, many persons were suspicious and fearful of the Indians and mistrusted them. A council of the Indians was called, to which the whites were invited, but many were afraid to attend. Tecumseh, the great chief, contemptuously called those who were afraid, "big babies," and the name clung to them for many years. Tecumseh was a remarkably fine-looking man, a splendid chief, and was possessed of a great deal of natural dignity. He had a lively sense of honor and the whites had great confidence in his word. Some of the Indians favored the whites and were spies for them. Among these were Logan, Captain John, and another whose name Mr. Bishop does not recall. But some of the whites were afraid that these Indians were not really acting in good faith, so the latter determined to show their good faith by bringing in some scalps of their enemies. They went out on an expedition for this purpose, but unluckily were themselves surprised and captured. But when captured, they pretended friendship to the opposite party, and were allowed the use of their weapons. When the three captive Indians found a favorable opportunity, they each shot down one of their captors, and grasped their knives and rushed upon three others. They succeeded in killing their captors, but Logan was so badly injured that after his return he died of his wounds. Just before his death he burst out laughing, and, when

asked the reason, said he remembered the fight and laughed to see Captain John ride that big Indian.

James Bishop went to school in Ohio. There he assisted in barring out the schoolmaster on Christmas days, as this was the common practice. At one time they barred out the schoolmaster and, after a long and severe contest, baptized him in a spring. The schoolmaster afterwards brought suit and recovered ten dollars apiece from four of the boys, who took a prominent part in this transaction. At one time they had a schoolmaster named Peleg Whitridge, who rather got the start of them. He climbed on the roof, covered the chimney and smoked out the scholars. After that they provided themselves with poles to push off the obstruction, when the schoolmaster covered the chimney.

James Bishop came West in May, 1831, the spring after the deep snow. He came first to Lafayette, Indiana, then went to Fort Clark (now Peoria) and to Pekin, then down to the Mississippi bottom, where he bought cattle, and finally returned to Ohio. He came back every year until 1837, when he was married, and that, of course, settled him.

Mr. Bishop has often had wolf hunts. At one time he ran down a wolf and tried to capture it alive as it held down its head so piteously; but when he tried to take hold of it the treacherous animal sprang at him and attempted to bite. Mr. Bishop killed it with his stirrup, and never again felt merciful towards a wolf. The fountains of his sympathy ran completely dry. He had great difficulty in protecting his little pigs from the wolves. The latter would come up and steal the pigs, even though the pen was fairly against the house.

One morning, when about to rise, he heard an ominous squeal, and he knew what it meant. He ran out without waiting to dress, and saw a vicious wolf dragging off one of his darling pigs by the ear. He prided himself on his speed as a foot-racer, and he went after that wolf across the field, through the cornstalks and over a fence. When the wolf came to the second fence, it saw that Mr. Bishop, scantily dressed as he was, traveled rather too swiftly, and it dropped the pig, which Mr. Bishop carried home in triumph. When the race was ended Mr. Bishop noticed for the first time that the rough cornstalks had bruised the cuticle on his legs so much that the blood was streaming

down; but his joy at the recovery of the pig was so great that he cared little for bruises. The settlers all over the country were annoyed very much by this same troublesome wolf, and were anxious to catch him. Joshua Hale had a large dog, called Rover, big enough to pick up a wolf and run off with it. Joshua was always bragging of his dog, and said if only Rover could get hold of that wolf, it would be the last of *him*. The settlers all turned out on horseback to hunt the troublesome wolf, and finally cornered him in a fence and sent one of their number for Joshua Hale and Rover. The dog came up on the opposite side; the settlers let out the wolf and Hale said: "Seek him, Rover!" and it would be supposed that Rover killed that wolf in fine style. Nothing of the kind; the big dog put his tail between his legs and ran for home with the little wolf after him, and the disappointed settlers after them both; the big dog ran into the house and upset the baby's cradle, but the wolf ran past the door into the brush and escaped. Then those settlers were "wrathy," and were going to kill the dog then and there; but Joshua Hale turned towards them, and his eyes were filled with tears as he puckered up his mouth and said: "Boys, Rover never saw a wolf before. Now, 'spose you was in an Injin country and had never seen an Injin before, and should suddenly see an Injin coming at you for the first time, wouldn't you run to a place of safety, wher' you know'd you'd be safe?" It was impossible to resist such a plea, and the hunters agreed that under such circumstances they would "run to a place of safety, wher' they know'd they'd be safe."

The settlers often had difficulty with prairie fires. At one time James Bishop and his brother Malon were obliged to get into a creek to escape from a fire that came rolling over the prairie. At another time he was driving some cattle across the prairie when a fire overtook him. He drove his horse directly through it, and came out safe, though somewhat burnt. His cattle tried to run away from the fire, but it swept over them and left them scattered and crazy, with their eyebrows and hair and the brushes of their tails burnt off. He collected them together, and none were lost.

The town of Leroy was laid out by Samuel Durley and Merritt Covel. They wished to lay it out at Buckles' Grove on land

belonging to James Bishop, but Malon Bishop opposed it, and said he did not wish to live in a town, and it was finally located about half a mile from the grove.

A great many funny stories are told of James Bishop, and one of the best is a story relating to a vicious bull. While taking items for the sketches in this volume, the author was repeatedly asked if he had heard this famous story, and it was told with many variations. It seems that Mr. Bishop once purchased a fine bull and put it in his pasture. It was a very tame, inoffensive animal; but some ill-disposed persons were accustomed to tease it, and it became vicious and dangerous, and Mr. Bishop's men were afraid to enter the pasture and bring up his cows. This made Mr. Bishop angry, and he protested that the animal was perfectly inoffensive. His men told him to try the animal himself, and he said: "come on." He walked into the pasture, while the men stood outside to see the fun. He walked up to the animal boldly and confidently, but, contrary to his expectations, when it saw him it elevated its tail, put down its head, uttered a bellow and started for him. He was too close to retreat, so he set up a bellow, which perfectly astonished the bull. It stopped, looked around, pawed the ground and appeared bewildered. At last, by a sudden flank movement, Bishop managed to get the animal by the tail, and it started to run. They went back and forth across the pasture, crosswise, lengthwise and cornerwise, while the men outside gave both parties encouraging words. The fierce animal at last became exhausted and gave up; and that is the story of Bishop and the bull.

James Bishop is a little less than the medium stature. His eyes are small, dark and expressive of fun. Humorous ideas come to him as naturally as his breath. He is slightly bent with age, but tough and hardy. He is lightly built, but very sinewy, and wonderfully quick. He seems at times careless and unconscious of danger, but whenever he gets into difficulty his resolution and his marvelously quick motions bring him safely out. He has accumulated a fortune by farming and buying and selling cattle, and is reputed the wealthiest man in Empire township.

James Bishop married Margaret Cannaday, March 9, 1837. He has had five children, all of whom are living. They are:

Caroline, born June 26, 1838, wife of Thomas Campbell, of Old Town timber.

John Allen Bishop, born May 3, 1840, lives one half a mile west of his father's.

Emily, born August 30, 1843, is the widow of William Evans.

Rachel, wife of Nathaniel Beckman, was born May 23, 1846, and lives four miles southeast of her father's.

James Quitman Bishop is married and lives at home. He was born November 24, 1848, the day when General Scott took the City of Mexico and made General Quitman the Governor therof.

Thomas Jefferson Barnett.

T. J. Barnett was born January 22, 1818, in Bourbon County, Kentucky. His father's name was Moses Barnett, and his mother's name before her marriage was Catherine Ellis. His parents were of English and German descent.

In April, 1832, the family came to Illinois. They came by steamboat from Maysville down the Ohio River and up the Wabash to Filson's, near the town of Newport, Indiana. There the family were met by an elder brother of T. J. Barnett, and were transported by an ox-team to McLean County, Illinois, to the present township of Empire, within two miles of where Leroy now stands.

Mr. Barnett there worked as a farmer, at which he continued until 1852, when he went into mercantile business. He has been a merchant ever since and has succeeded well.

Mr. Barnett drove stock to Chicago, when that city was simply a trading post of French and Indians. He has also driven stock to Wisconsin. He was in Chicago when the Indians were paid off, and there saw great quantities of hard money. The Indians seemed to be very careless with their money, and one of them carried around a pail-full as indifferently as if it were molasses. Mr. Barnett found quite a number of coins in the sand. The Indians were many of them intoxicated, as they usually are, when they can obtain "fire water." One of the party, with whom Mr. Barnett was walking, placed a barrel over an intoxicated squaw, who was sitting in the sand. She appreciated the favor and said "good chemokoman" (good whiteman). She wanted to enjoy her goodnatos (whisky) in peace. Mr. Barnett went out on Fox River and broke prairie for the emigrants as they came in. There

he saw many Indians, and his opinion of them was not favorable. He did not feel the charm of romance coming over him, as he gazed upon the "children of the forest;" on the contrary, he considered them a "dirty, nasty set," who never invested money in boot-blacking or toilet soap. They are incorrigibly lazy, but can hunt and fish and have some very pretty ponies. But that which provoked Mr. Barnett most particularly was the disposition of the Indians to steal. When Mr. Barnett went up to Fox River, the party, in whose company he traveled, crossed the Illinois River on a ferry-boat. When a part of their teams were across, the remainder stood unprotected on the southern bank waiting for the return of the boat. While the teams were standing unprotected, the Indians came up and took out of the wagons a lot of bacon and provisions, before the eyes of the angry drivers on the opposite bank. The redskins ran off with their plunder, and it was of no use to chase them. He remembers one other provoking incident. While he was ploughing on Fox River, some Indians came to him, riding their ponies on the keen run, and whooping with their loudest voices. They frightened his oxen out of the furrow, and this so angered him that he hit one of them on the bare back with his ox-whip, with such force that it brought the blood, and they left him. Mr. Barnett often visited the Indians and saw their curious performances. Their wigwams were thick on Fox River, after the Indians had left the other parts of the State. He saw one tribe (the Kickapoos, he thinks) bury a corpse and go through the ceremony of whipping a ball in various directions. This was called whipping the devil away. Mr. Barnett sometimes ran races with the Indians, but was unfortunately beaten. This, however, was not the cause of his aversion to the redskins.

Mr. Barnett remembers clearly the first deer he ever killed, as most hunters do. He borrowed a gun of his uncle and walked five miles to get it. His uncle directed him to shoot the deer just behind the shoulders. While hunting through the woods a large, fine buck jumped up and stood within fifty or sixty steps in front of him. He carefully took a rest on a large log, took aim behind the shoulder and fired. The deer went tearing through the brush with the blood flowing on both sides. After running a short distance it fell, and the youthful hunter took out his

butcher-knife to bleed it, when he saw that the bullet had cut the deer's throat, passing through both veins. In taking aim he had been affected with the "buck ague," but his wild aim was better than the one he intended. He never again had the "buck ague." Mr. Barnett has had great sport in chasing wolves and hunting turkeys. He chased one wolf twenty miles. He hunted deer with a horse, sharp shod, upon the ice, after the sudden change, which occurred in December, 1836. When the deer sprang upon the ice, their feet slipped from under them and stretched out in all directions.

Mr. Barnett took some observations concerning the price of land, and says that before the land came into market the claims would frequently sell for more than the land would bring after it was pre-empted.

Mr. Barnett appreciates a joke, and particularly enjoys one on James Bishop. He says that Mr. Bishop was occasionally a little absent minded. The latter once attended a dance and neglected to remove the enormous spurs, which he had worn while driving cattle, and they created much merriment as he went hopping over the floor. He says that Mr. Bishop was afflicted with a slight impediment in his speech, and that he once met a stranger, similarly affected, who was riding on a load of corn. Mr. Bishop wished to buy cattle, and, in their conversation, each thought himself mimicked by the other and they came to blows!

Mr. Barnett is rather above the average stature and somewhat slim. His countenance is rather pale, but is full of intelligence. His features are prominent, and his general appearance is that of a successful merchant. He has the reputation of being a most excellent man of business, and seems to understand it thoroughly. He is a man, who prefers not to interfere in the affairs of his neighbors, thinking his own business sufficient to occupy his attention. In politics he was an "old line" Whig, and afterwards a Republican, and has always taken a lively interest in such matters, though he has never held an office or been a seeker for one.

Mr. Barnett married, February 18, 1845, Miss Emeline Gibbs. This lady is a graduate from Oberlin College. They have had six children, five of whom are living. They are:

Alice, wife of John S. Young, born August 19, 1846, lives at Leroy.

Emma, wife of Denton Young, born July 1, 1848, lives at Leroy.

Orwin Barnett, born June 21, 1851, died December, 30, 1852.

Orrin Barnett, born October 13, 1853, lives at home. He is a remarkably fine musician.

Lewra Barnett, born May 16, 1856, is married to William Brown, and lives at Leroy.

George Barnett, born July 17, 1858, lives at home.

Abram Buckles.

Abram Buckles was born June 28, 1800, in Holston County, Virginia. He was one of eleven children, having seven brothers and three sisters. His father was raised in Virginia. They moved to White County, Illinois, in about the year 1810. When they started on their journey, they went first to the Clinch River fifty or sixty miles distant, and there took a keel-boat, Mr. Buckles, sr., who was an old boatman, acting as his own pilot. They came down the Tennessee, into which the Clinch River flows, and over the Muscle Shoals. It was the custom to employ the Indians as pilots over these shoals, but Mr. Buckles employed himself. They came up the Ohio River and the Wabash to what is now White County. Here they found a pretty good country for farming; but the fever and ague lurked behind every stump, and it required three years to become seasoned to the climate. Mr. Buckles was so discouraged that he sold out everything and started to return to Virginia, but after going fifteen miles through Indiana he stopped, changed his mind, went to work for a man named Livingston, raised a crop, and in the fall returned to White County, Illinois.

During the war of 1812, the settlers felt themselves in a dangerous situation on the frontier, and much of the time were collected in forts. Abram Buckles helped to build a fort in White County, and the family sometimes lived in it when signs of Indians became alarming. Mr. Buckles, sr., belonged to the rangers. From sixty to a hundred scouts were kept out all the time. Abram Buckles, then a lad, clearly remembers the gathering of the Indians as they passed by on their way to Tippecanoe. They

then professed warm friendship for the whites, and did not attempt to molest the settlers. One of the squaws cured Mr. Buckles, sr., of rheumatism in the arm, and it was, indeed, a very remarkable cure, though it required six days to bring it about. The Indians passed on to Tippecanoe, and there their professions of friendship were changed into active hostilities. The battle began at daybreak, and was fought with the greatest fury; but the Indians were at last defeated, and this broke their power during the remainder of the contest. It was the successful management of the forces of the whites in this battle, which made General Harrison president of the United States.

In 1819, Mr. Buckles married Miss Mary Williams. He has five sons and five daughters living.

In 1832 he came with his family to Buckles' Grove. His experience in the West has been somewhat varied. He has occasionally done a little hunting, as all the old settlers have. He has had some fun while chasing wolves and running them down. This sport is not at all dangerous on account of the wolves, but in the excitement the horses were sometimes liable to stumble and fall. The wolves, when caught, were usually killed with a stirrup. He chased one wolf fifteen miles before catching it. Abram Buckles may almost be said to have inherited a love for hunting wolves. His father hunted them in Virginia. At one time the old gentleman caught a wolf in a pen and put a bell around its neck, in order that people might know when wolves were around. The wolf cautiously kept still, in the daytime, but at night his bell was often heard. Nevertheless, this did not prevent the ravages of the wolves among the sheep and pigs; the latter disappeared quite as often as before, and the next time the wolf fell into the trap he was killed.

Mr. Buckles has often had trouble with prairie fires which burned stacks and fences. His brother Peter once had a lively time while crossing the prairie with an ox-team and wagon, in which was his wife. He saw the blaze coming at a great distance, and immediately jumped from his wagon and fired his gun through the dry grass. It blazed up quickly and soon a burnt place was made upon which he drove his oxen, and he managed to hold them until the fire passed on. The heat was terrible, and seemed almost unbearable, for the hot air passes ahead of the fire

for some distance. His wife covered herself up in the blankets and suffered little. Abram Buckles tells of a party of bee-hunters who came up from Sangamon County in search of honey. They were quite successful and started on their return. When they had gone a few miles south of where Bloomington now stands, one of the hunters started a fire for the fun of seeing it burn. It came on them closer and closer, until they started up their team; then it went faster and faster, until they jumped from the wagon into the creek to save themselves. Their wagon and load of honey were burnt; and this was the result of building a fire "for the fun of it."

Mr. Buckles' experience with the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, is this. He was husking corn about a mile from the house on that mild winter's day, when the ground was covered with water and snow. The west wind came, and he hastened home, but long before he arrived there the frozen slush bore his weight. He tells of a terrible event connected with this sudden change. A man, whose name, he thinks, was McHildreth, and his companion, were returning on horseback from the East, where they had been selling cattle, and were within a few miles of the Little Vermilion Creek, when the west wind struck them. They hastened to the creek, but it was high and filled with moving ice. The nearest dwelling on their side of the creek was twelve miles distant, and they had their choice to wait for the creek to freeze over or ride twelve miles. On the opposite side they asked a man to cut down a tree to let them across, but he refused, because of the cold, or in order to get their money when they should freeze. He directed them to a grove about four miles distant, where he said they would find a house, but no house was there. At last they determined to kill their horses, cut them open, crawl into them and keep warm. Mr. McHildreth struck at his horse's throat with his knife, but the animal drew up quickly, jerked away and disappeared. His companion killed the other horse, cut it open and crawled in, but instead of keeping warm was frozen to death. Mr. McHildreth remained by the creek until it was frozen over, when he crossed it and found assistance, but his hands and feet were frozen, and his fingers and toes afterwards dropped off. We have heard this incident related by several other settlers.

The stories and incidents related of this sudden change are never ending, and are more curious and strange even than those of the deep snow.

Mr. Buckles attended the land sales in 1835, at Vandalia. At these sales no speculator was allowed to come near, until the settlers had attended to their claims and bid off their lands.

The first camp-meeting in Empire township was held in 1835 or '36, on Dickerson's farm, about a mile from where Leroy now is. Mr. Buckles was absent at the time, but his recollection of the matter is made lively by the fact that his oxen were taken to haul wood, and in felling a tree one of them was killed.

Mr. Buckles has taken some interest in politics, has always been a Democrat, and kept himself informed on the current topics of the day. He says that one of the most exciting questions of old days was the one relating to the Mormons. The excitement was highest in 1841, '42 and '43. The Mormons sent out preachers to make converts, and the people could examine into the beauties of the Mormon faith. Mr. Buckles listened to one preacher, who told of a terrible contest which would one day come, but was very indefinite as to the nature of the grand affair, or who the parties to it were; nevertheless, he was successful in making an impression on some ignorant people.

Abram Buckles is rather a tall man and quite fleshy. He always wears a smile, and is ever ready with an old-fashioned welcome. He is a very quiet man, but decided in his views. His disposition is pretty well shown by a circumstance which happened during the late campaign, when Horace Greeley and General Grant were candidates for the presidency. Mr. Buckles' friends wished him to go for Mr. Greeley, and reasoned the matter again and again. At one time two gentlemen, who were particularly enthusiastic, talked to Mr. Buckles for an hour or more, and explained to him the whole situation. He listened to them without a word of opposition, and with a kind smile on his countenance, and finally they asked him if the matter was not plain. "Yes," said Mr. Buckles, "it is plain that he is the same old Horace!"

James Kimler.

James Kimler was born August 16, 1811, in Loudon County, Virginia. He is of German and Welch descent. In 1813 the family went to Kentucky, and in 1823 they came to Crawfordsville, Montgomery County, Indiana. During the year previous he went with his father on a visit to Indiana, and in 1823 the family moved there to settle. In those days the militia were obliged to turn out to muster. James Kimler remembers one circumstance, which happened when his brother Richard was riding to muster on a fractious horse. Just before reaching a creek, the party with whom he was riding began to beat the drum and make music, and Richard's horse took fright and pitched the young man into the creek.

At that time a wild root, called ginseng, was in great demand, and people hunted for it through the woods, and many made their living by digging it. It was very useful for medical purposes. On Deer Creek, about fifty miles from Crawfordsville, was a ginseng factory for drying and preparing this root for use. It was bought at the factory for six cents per pound. At one time Mr. Kimler went on an expedition for hunting ginseng. The party went up to nearly the mouth of Eel River, which was then a wild Indian country. Many curious incidents occurred on their journey. They started about the first of September, and went to Wildcat Creek. There they found a fish trap, where a wagon-load of fish was caught in a single night. This trap was arranged at the fall of the stream, and when the fish went over the fall they could not return; neither could they go forward, for some stakes were placed below to stop them, though the water flowed through. The party went up to the Wabash. One evening when they went to water their horses, they began to sink in quicksand. All turned around and went out except an uncle of James'. The old gentleman was deeply in the quicksand, and saw that an attempt to turn around would sink his horse so deep as to make it impossible to get out. He therefore went ahead into the river, and his horse swam around in the water and came back safely. The old gentleman could not swim, but said he knew "Old Charley" would bring him out. The party went up near the battle ground of Tippecanoe

and visited the graves of the dead, and then came home with very little ginseng, but with some experience.

The Kimler family came to Bloomington, McLean County, Illinois, during the winter of 1832. In 1833 James was advised by his uncle to enter the little grove where Thomas Orendorff now lives, but James had an idea that all the fine land and pretty spots had been entered before, and he therefore started with James K., Benjamin and Alfred Orendorff to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. There he did pretty well, and took up some valuable claims. They started on this trip in January, 1836, when the weather was extremely cold. Towards evening of the second day's travel they sent James Orendorff ahead with their only horse to a house to order supper. When they came to the house they found Orendorff fencing up the road. He said nobody lived there and no road should lead there! When they reached Chicago they tried to buy each of them a blanket, but not one was to be found. The place was too poor to afford even a blanket. They suffered much with cold, but went on to Milwaukee and there lived through the remainder of the winter with the brother of Alfred Orendorff. In the spring they found half a dozen bee-trees, out of which they obtained a barrel of strained honey, and lived sweetly during the remainder of their stay in Wisconsin. In May of that spring a man named Finch was burning lime near Milwaukee. It was made of blue limestone, which cracks when burnt and makes reports, which sound like the firing of guns. About this time a certain Mr. Scott killed an Indian in the streets in Milwaukee, and great fear was apprehended lest the Indians should attack the place. The three bachelors were waked up on one Sunday morning by a loud popping and thought the Indians were making the attack, but the sounds proved to be the explosions at Finch's lime-kiln.

In the summer William Orendorff came up from Bloomington to make his sons a visit and to look at the country. The whole party then started on an excursion westward, intending to go as far as Rock River. They camped one night on the McQuonego River, not far from where a certain Mr. Cox lived. During one moonlight night they were awakened by a great uproar under the wagon, and found it was a gray wolf fighting Cox's dog. They chased the wolf over a precipice and one of

them excitedly went over with it. They surrounded it with clubs and killed it.

Mr. Kimler returned after four or five years. On the 28th of January, 1838, he married Miss Cassandra Jane Clearwater, of Leroy. In February of that year he went back to Milwaukee with two ox-teams, but returned in 1840 for the health of his wife. He has lived near Leroy ever since, and has been a very successful farmer.

James Kimler is somewhat less than the usual stature. He is strongly and solidly made, and can bear a great deal of hard work. He is a very safe man in the disposition and control of his property. His neighbors have great confidence in his word and judgment. He has had seven children. They are;

Mary Jane Kimler was born November 10, 1838. She was first married to William Ross. During the war he enlisted in the Second Illinois Cavalry and was killed at the battle of Bolivar in Tennessee. Two sons were born by this marriage and live with their grandparents. They are: James Leander and John Orlando Ross. Mrs. Ross afterwards married Louis Stout, and now lives at Downer's Grove, near Chicago.

Elizabeth Ann Kimler, born May 18, 1840, died in October, 1843.

Martha Ellen, wife of Joseph Neal, born August 24, 1842, lives in Farmer City.

Harriet Barthena, wife of James L. Silvers, born February 13, 1845, lives in Farmer City.

Sarah Cassandra, wife of Preston Bishop, born December 17, 1847, lives four miles southeast of her parents.

Elizabeth Ann, wife of John Lore, born March 23, 1850, lives at the head of Old Town timber.

Caroline Kimler, born May 20, 1853, lives with her parents.

Hiram Buck.

Hiram Buck, usually known as 'Squire Buck, was born March 20, 1801, in Seneca County, New York. His father, William S. Buck, was a soldier of the Revolution. He volunteered at the age of fifteen, and aasisted at the capture of General Cornwallis at Yorktown. Hiram Buck received his common school education in Seneca County, where he was born. He re-

members very clearly the war of 1812, as three of his brothers were soldiers in it. One of his brothers, Sherman Buck, was captured at Queenstown Heights, where our army was commanded by General Van Renssellaer. General Winfield Scott, then a lieutenant, was captured there. The raw recruits were frightened at the sight of the wounded at the opening of the battle and were afraid to cross the river to the support of those who had captured the heights. Another brother, James Buck, helped to bury the dead after the burning of Buffalo. The third brother, William Buck, helped to demolish Fort Erie before its evacuation by our troops.

In 1818 the Buck family moved to North Bend, Hamilton County, Ohio. The journey was made from Seneca County to the head waters of the Allegheny River on sleds. At Olean Point they took a covered flat-boat about ten feet long and thirty feet wide, and started down the river. They began their journey on the water on the 13th of April, and floated nine hundred miles down to Cincinnati, where they landed on the 1st of May. During a part of their journey they lashed their boat to a raft, but at a place called Dead Man's Island the raft was staved to pieces and the boat cut loose from it. They landed at Cincinnati and went from there to North Bend, where General Harrison lived. The General was a very popular man and was almost worshipped by his neighbors. He was a very wealthy man and kind-hearted and benevolent, but had a high temper, and was sharp spoken when provoked.

Mr. Buck taught school for five winters in the southern part of the county at the mouth of the Miami River. When he went there he expected a hard time in managing the scholars, for their previous teachers had been driven out of school for two winters. But fortunately Mr. Buck attended a corn-husking previous to entering the school and wrestled with the leader of the insurgent scholars and threw him. The young man's arm was unfortunately broken in the fall, and Mr. Buck regretted this very much, but the school was at peace that winter. This was in 1823. He kept the school for six months.

In 1825–6 Mr. Buck was a flatboatman on the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers. His flat-boat was loaded with cattle, pork and corn, which he took down to New Orleans. This life on the

water was hard and adventurous. In the latter part of January, 1825, his flat-boat was jammed into the ice about eighteen miles above Louisville, and remained there twenty-six days, being left high and dry by the falling water. But during the latter part of February the water rose and took them off.

In 1826 Mr. Buck moved to Switzerland County, Indiana.

Mr. Buck married, April 4, 1827, in Hamilton County, Ohio, Mercy Karr, the youngest child in the family of Captain John Karr. John Karr had served in the Revolutionary war as a captain in Wayne's Legion, and had fought in many battles. In accordance with a queer statute of Ohio, Mr. Buck was obliged to give security for his wife's maintenance. His brother-in-law was married about the same time, and the two happy bridegrooms went security for each other.

In 1833 Mr. Buck came to McLean County, Illinois, to Randolph's Grove, just east of the present town of Heyworth. The journey was quite interesting. He went from Cincinnati to St. Louis and there changed boat for Pekin, but could only go up as far as Beardstown, for there they grounded on a bar. He left his family there and came to Bloomington on horseback to find teams to bring them across the prairie. During the latter part of his journey he made the acquaintance of Isaac Funk, who showed the road, and traveled more than a quarter of a mile out on the prairie to point the way. He went back to Beardstown with two teams and brought his family. This was in the fore part of April, when the country was so dry that the horses could hardly wet their feet in traveling the whole distance. The season was dry until June, when a freshet came, and everything was flooded. The people on the way seldom thought of charging anything for their trouble in entertaining the travelers, and Mr. Buck's bills for meals and lodging during their journey from Beardstown to Randolph's Grove amounted to only *three bits*. The people said: "We were strangers once, and we ourselves once needed accommodation." Mr. Buck's family lived for a while in a cabin just east of 'Squire Campbell Wakefield's house.

Mr. Buck tells some curious things connected with the sudden change of the weather in December, 1836. He had been to the house of a neighbor, and when the cold wind came threw a

wet overcoat on his shoulders and started for home. When the cold wind struck him, it blew out his overcoat and froze it immediately in the shape it took when extended. When he arrived home, he had difficulty in pulling his coat through the door. This great wind-storm came from the west to the Mississippi River at about ten o'clock A. M., came to Leroy about three P. M., and reached Indianapolis at about eleven P. M. It will thus be seen that it moved from the Mississippi River to Leroy at about the rate of thirty miles an hour, and from Leroy to Indianapolis at about the rate of twenty miles an hour.

In 1837 Mr. Buck went to Leroy and there opened a hotel. The usual price for supper, lodging and breakfast, for man and horse, was half a dollar, but this came near breaking the landlord.

In 1835 Mr. Buck was County Surveyor and helped to lay out Waynesville, Lytleville, Mt. Pleasant (now Farmer City) and an addition to Leroy. He was busy surveying for two or three years. He was postmaster at Leroy from 1838 to 1844 under Postmaster General Amos Kendall. In 1839 he was elected justice of the peace, which office he held for eighteen years almost continuously. He was elected County Commissioner in 1851 and held his office until the township organization in 1858.

Mr. Buck is rather less than the medium stature. His countenance shows the effect of age, though he is still strong and in good health. The lines on his face seem to show resolution, honesty and sound judgment. He is a humorous man and sometimes slightly eccentric. He says he has been a subscriber to the *Star of the West* for forty-six years and always paid his subscription. He has received two presents for being one of the oldest subscribers. He has lived all this time with one woman, without a divorce! He says he has never laid a claim against a deceased person's estate. For fifty-six successive years he has been a hand in the harvest field, and can work again quite as well. He takes a great interest in educational matters, and last winter was commissioned by the Governor of the State as Trustee from the Eighth Congressional District, of Lombard University.

He has had six children, five of whom are living. They are:

Amanda Melcina, wife of James H. L. Crumbaugh, lives three-quarters of a mile south of her father's. She was born July 10, 1828.

Thomas Lee Buck, born October 23, 1831, lives a half mile south of his parents.

Elizabeth Rebecca, born February 21, 1834, died February 13, 1837.

Martha Ellen, wife of John McConnell, born December 14, 1838, lives two miles west of her parents.

Nancy Joanna, born February 19, 1843, wife of Isaac Franklin Dawson, lives at home.

Charles Albert Buck, born August 19, 1849, lives at home. He attends Lombard University and intends to study law. He is a young man of good promise.

Hon. Malon Bishop.

Malon Bishop was born December 25, 1810, in Clark County, Ohio. His ancestors were Virginians. His father was a well educated and plain-spoken man, and insisted in spelling his son's name Malon, leaving out the "h." Malon Bishop was raised a farmer, and early accustomed himself to work. He obtained his early education at a common school. He was a good scholar and behaved himself well. It was the custom in those days in Ohio to bar out the teacher on Christmas days; this was the fashion, and of course Malon Bishop used to follow the fashion.

On the twenty-third of March, 1831, Mr. Bishop married Catharine J. Foley. He has had a family of eight children, four of whom are living, two boys and two girls.

After living for a while in Clark County, and afterwards in Champaign, Mr. Bishop started for the Far West. He came to Old Town timber in the fall of 1834, and in the following spring moved to Buckles' Grove, now Empire township. His land had been entered during the previous January. In September, 1835, Mr. Bishop attended the land sales; there the settlers formed lines to keep every one from coming near until they had bought what land they wished; the remainder was left for speculators.

In June, 1835, Mr. Bishop had the roof of his house carried away by a hurricane, at midnight, and the rain came pouring in. His wife was sick at the time and delirious, and it was not until the next morning that reason returned to her. Then she looked

up from her bed and saw the blue sky above her and everything wet with the rain and she almost questioned whether reason had indeed returned. The roof was soon replaced and Mr. Bishop, who had been somewhat depressed, again took courage.

Mr. Bishop has occasionally held office. In 1837 he was elected justice of the peace, and in 1842 he was sent to the legislature. During the latter year the Whigs first nominated Matthew Robb and afterwards James Miller, and the Democratic central committee put up Malon Bishop. The latter was very active in the work of electioneering and was voted for by many Whigs and elected as an honest farmer rather than as the nominee of a party. The country was then in a desperate condition; the banks had failed and many thought the legislature responsible for the sad situation. Mr. Bishop, when elected, felt himself in a very trying position; everything was expected of him and he was supposed to be able to accomplish impossibilities. Political matters were still further confused by the Mormon question and the Mormon war. The country was infested with horse-thieves, counterfeiters, burglars and murderers, and they made their headquarters at Nauvoo, the Mormon capital. The people were terribly excited and thought the Mormons should be driven out of the country. Great depredations were committed by the Danite band and it is supposed that Governor Boggs of Missouri was shot and severely wounded by them. A requisition was made upon Governor Ford for Joe Smith and Hiram Smith, but these leaders of the Mormon church could not be found until Ford offered a reward for them. When this was done they immediately gave themselves up and claimed the reward of their own capture. They were finally examined, but it appeared that they had not been out of the State of Illinois and certainly did not personally assist in the shooting. The Mormons were so terrified by the threats of the settlers that they began arming for defense; but this only stirred up the settlers the more. Governor Ford called out the militia to keep the people quiet, and to one company was assigned the duty of guarding Joe Smith and Hiram Smith; but instead of guarding them, the company allowed them to be killed at Carthage by a lot of desperate men who wished to exterminate them all. At last the Mormons agreed to leave the country and prepared to do so; but the set-

tlers became impatient and arose in arms and drove them off. All of these troubles increased the difficulties of the legislature; and the responsibilities which Malon Bishop felt resting upon him were indeed hard to bear. At that important session the State Bank of Illinois at Springfield and the Bank of the State of Illinois at Shawneetown were put in liquidation, and these two rotten corporations, which issued so much worthless money and assisted so much to bring financial ruin, were forever closed. The Illinois and Michigan canal also gave much trouble to this overburdened legislature. The canal required $1,600,000 to complete it, but this amount was finally raised and the work done. It was this legislature, which should live in history, that prevented the State of Illinois from repudiating its bonds, and gave them ever afterwards a firm standing in the money markets of the world. Never before in the history of the State was so much expected of a legislature, and never before were expectations so perfectly realized. It may be indeed a matter of pride to Mr. Bishop to have belonged to this public body which did itself and the State so much honor. Mr. Bishop tells of a queer incident which happened while he was in Springfield during the session. The State of Illinois received three per cent. of all the sales of public lands, and its money, which was kept at St. Louis, increased to thirty-seven thousand dollars. The legislature authorized James Shields, the state auditor, to go to St. Louis, buy a safe, and bring the money to Springfield. He took a two-horse covered wagon and an Irishman as a guard, went to St. Louis, bought a safe, locked the money in it, put it in his wagon and came to Springfield. The legislature adjourned to meet him. He and his Irishman came following the wagon and carrying their muskets through the mud until they arrived at the portico of the State House. Here Shields gave the order to "ground arms," and he and his Irishman "grounded arms," while the members of the legislature unloaded the wagon. Shields was very tired and did not become rested for several days.

The members of this legislature received for their pay three hundred and ninety-two dollars in depreciated money, certificates of bank indebtedness and auditor's warrants. They used their auditor's warrants for taxes and sold their certificates of bank indebtedness to be used by those who were indebted to the banks.

Mr. Bishop has been a hard worker all his life. He has held many township offices, was supervisor in 1863 and '64.

Mr. Bishop remembers an incident of the Mexican war. When volunteers were called for in 1846 the whole community was very naturally excited and notice was given at a camp-meeting that volunteers would be called for. But when the volunteering commenced the government could not accept half of the men who were anxious to go.

Mr. Bishop has, of course, a very lively recollection of the sudden change in the weather which occurred in December, 1836. When the freezing west wind came after a thaw and warm rain, the weather became immediately most intensely cold. He saw a short distance from his house John C. Bradley and Aaron S. Williams with teams bringing loads of live hogs, and when the storm struck them, they went to Mr. Bishop's house for shelter. Their clothes, which were wet, froze on them instantly, and when they came to the house, Williams' overcoat, when pulled off, would stand on the floor. The harness on the horses were frozen so stiff that, when the traces were unhitched, they stood out straight. A bridle rein was thrown over a post, but it stood out from the post without falling down. The cold was so severe that the harness could not be removed from the horses for two days. John Bradley succeeded in reaching home with his sled and one yoke of oxen, the other oxen he turned loose in the timber and did not recover them for two days.

Like all the early settlers, Mr. Bishop speaks warmly of the good feeling which formerly prevailed among all Western people. When they met a stranger they were always anxious to take care of him and assist him and his family, if he had one.

Malon Bishop is the picture of good humor. He is of medium stature and not heavily built; his face has on it all the good-natured lines, and his voice has a pleasant ring to it, and even his Roman nose may be described as a good-natured nose. He has a great deal of shrewdness and is quick to see both sides of a question. He is always on the alert, and gets up at five o'clock in the morning to see that everything is moving right. He has never been troubled with any of the diseases of the country, but has always enjoyed the best of health. He has always

been on the most friendly terms with his neighbors and no man ever complained of him for want of a warm welcome.

His children are:

Nancy Jane, born in Clark County, Ohio, May 1, 1832, married Mark M. Craig, October 13, 1853, and resides in West township.

Stephen Lewis, born January 14, 1835, was twice married, but is now a widower. He resides in Leroy.

James F. was born December 6, 1836, and died August 6, 1862.

Elias was born January 12, 1839, and died March 11, 1864.

Catherine, born April 4, 1842, married William Hammond, December 12, 1861, and resides in West township.

Elizabeth, born June 22, 1845, died August 24, 1869.

Sarah Ann, born April 1, 1848, died in infancy.

Malon, born June 13, 1649, lives at home.

Thomas Davidson Gilmore.

Thomas D. Gilmore was born November 18, 1814, in Warren County, Kentucky. His father's name was Andrew H. Gilmore, and his mother's name, before her marriage, was Margaret Price. The former was of Irish descent, and the latter was probably of Scotch. Mr. Gilmore, sr., lived to the advanced age of ninety-eight, and died in 1870, in Old Town timber. He possessed a strong mind, and was active and a worker to the last. He worked a little too hard, or he would have lived longer. His son made great efforts to preserve the old gentleman's life for two years longer, to make him a century old, but this was not to be.

Mr. T. D. Gilmore lived in Warren County, Kentucky, until October, 1836, when he came to Old Town timber, McLean County, Illinois. Here he put up a log house with a puncheon floor, a clapboard door, a bedstead with one leg, in a corner of the room, and the other furniture to match. He had moved into this little cabin with his family only a short time before the sudden change of December came. It seemed for a while as if the Gilmore family would be frozen out, and they wished themselves back to old Kentucky; but they stood the storm and protected their stock, so that nothing froze. After Leroy was laid out, Mr. Gilmore moved there, and followed for some years his profession as a blacksmith.

He did not make the trips to Chicago as the other settlers did, but sent his wheat and corn by other parties and paid them in blacksmithing.

Mr. Gilmore never was a hunter. He once took his gun and went after deer, shot six times and missed continually. He returned home and laid his ill luck to his gun, but never hunted more.

In 1846, Mr. Gilmore went to Kentucky on a visit, but became interested in business and stayed until 1850, when he returned to Old Town timber, near the northern boundary of Empire township, where he has lived ever since.

On the second of January, 1834, he married Matilda Savage, in Kentucky. She died October 5, 1839. By this marriage he had three children. They are:

Martha Francis, wife of James W. Wright, lives in Leroy.

Mary Matilda, wife of John Swan, died about eight years ago.

Joseph P. Gilmore has a furniture store in Streator.

On the eleventh of December, 1840, Mr. Gilmore married Mary Jane Brannaman. They have had six children, of whom five are living. They are:

Andrew D. Gilmore died in infancy.

Ira F. Gilmore lives in Streator.

Lucinda Margaret, wife of Richard C. Charleston, lives in Streator.

Kentucky, Elizabeth Ada and Augusta Maud, all live at home.

Mr. Gilmore is nearly six feet in height, weighs about one hundred and seventy pounds, is very muscular, and must have made a good blacksmith. He has a bald head, with a good development of brain, has dark eyes, a nose slightly Roman, and whiskers nearly white. He is a humorous man, very accommodating, very honest and fair-minded. He has been quite successful; has a good home and enjoys life. He likes his residence in Old Town timber, but has warm feelings for old Kentucky, and for this reason named one of his children after that dear old State.

FUNK'S GROVE.

Hon. Isaac Funk.

Isaac Funk was born November 17, 1797, in Clark County, Kentucky. His ancestors were of German extraction, his grandfather, Adam Funk, having emigrated from Germany at an early day. His mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Moore, was also of German descent. Adam Funk, jr., the father of Isaac, was raised in Virginia, and was, at one time, quite wealthy; but misfortunes came and he lost his property and died poor. Isaac Funk was one of nine children, six boys and three girls. He had very little schooling, but was prepared for the struggle of life by the roughest out-door education, where his muscles were developed, and his practical good sense was brought into exercise.

In 1807 his father moved to Fayette County, Ohio; but when Isaac was twenty-three years of age he went back to Virginia to the Kanawha Salt Works, where he remained one year. He then returned to Ohio, where, for the next two years, he worked on a farm for eight or ten dollars per month.

In the year 1823, Mr. Funk set out for Illinois, but did not arrive there until the following April, as he was detained by high water in the Wabash River. He first went to Sangamon County, but on the third of May he settled in Funk's Grove, in the present McLean County. Here he and his brother Absalom, who had accompanied him from Ohio, and Mr. William Brock, built a little pole shanty, twelve by fourteen feet, at the southeast side of the grove, a short distance from the homestead of the Funk family. This little shanty is described as "a small pole cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, covered by riven four feet clapboards, with a roof put on with weight poles instead of nails, floor laid with peeled elm bark, Indian fashion, no window, and one door made of clapboards." The Funks then went to breaking prairie and buying and selling cattle. Mr. Stubblefield and Mrs. Stubblefield, their sister, came out from Ohio and kept their house for them for one year, and after this they hired various families to keep the shanty for another year.

In June, 1826, Isaac Funk married Miss Cassandra Sharp of Fort Clark (Peoria). This lady was born in Baltimore, Maryland. When she was only three years of age her father emigrated to Ohio, and sixteen years afterwards to Fort Clark, Ills., where, at the age of twenty-four, she became Mrs. Funk. The dowry which Mr. Funk obtained with his wife was a cow, a spinning-wheel and a bed. But he obtained with his wife something better than money; he found in her a noble-minded woman. She was an active, stirring woman, and possessed of the best of sense and discretion; and perhaps it was in some measure due to her influence that Mr. Funk was afterwards so remarkably successful.

Absalom Funk was ten years older than Isaac, and was not married until 1840. At his death he left no children. Absalom and Isaac continued their business, farming, raising stock and buying and selling cattle, horses, mules, hogs, etc., etc., until 1838, when they dissolved partnership. They had many hard times and were often in difficult situations, but their good judgment and determined wills always carried them triumphantly through. At one time they met with a very severe loss. In 1837 they considered themselves worth about eighteen thousand dollars. During this year, Archibald Clybourne, the oldest settler in Chicago, failed, and the Funks lost seven thousand dollars by him. Not long after this, a man named Doyle absconded from Chicago without paying his debts, and took with him two thousand dollars belonging to the Funks. This loss seemed to affect Absalom very much. He had remained in Chicago to settle with Doyle after selling him two thousand dollars worth of hogs, while Isaac had returned to his home. But Doyle gave Absalom the slip and got away, and as the latter had not money enough to follow, he came to Isaac Funk's to relate the misfortune. He came in, and, after sitting uneasily by the fire, exclaimed: "Well, Ike, that Doyle has run away with every cent of money he owed us. I'd have followed him to — (a very warm place) if I had have had money enough to have traveled." Absalom regretted the loss, not so much on his own account, as on account of Isaac, who had a wife and children growing up around him. But Isaac took the matter coolly and hopefully, and went to work with all his energy to repair the misfortune.

Not long after this they dissolved partnership, dividing their goods by the lump rule. Isaac obtained rather the best of the bargain, as he had a family to support.

While the Funks were in partnership they drove cattle and horses and other stock to Galena, Chicago, Ohio and wherever they could find a market. They traveled in all kinds of weather and took their provisions with them from home. In the winter of 1841–2 Isaac started for Chicago with a drove of five hundred hogs, and, while in Livingston County, was overtaken by a sleet-storm. The ground became so slippery that it seemed impossible to proceed. After waiting a few days he determined to go on and was obliged to cut the ice in many places with an axe in order to give the hogs a foothold. He was obliged to exercise a great deal of ingenuity and use many new devices. He tied the legs of some of the hogs together to prevent them from slipping too much. But notwithstanding all his exertions he could only go a short distance, and was detained eighteen days. At the end of that time a heavy fall of snow covered the ground and made it easy for his hogs to travel, and he succeeded in reaching Chicago without further trouble.

The season of 1844 was the one known as the wet season. It commenced to rain in May and continued all summer until August. The creeks and rivers were all overflowed, and a large part of the country was under water. The crops raised that year were very poor, as the excessive rain almost ruined them. During that season Mr. Funk went to Missouri to buy cattle. He started in May and was gone about five months, and his family almost despaired of ever hearing of him again. But in October he returned with seven hundred head of cattle. He had, while gone, traveled over a large extent of country; he had crossed creeks and rivers and by his great exertions had overcome all difficulties. Although he could not swim he crossed streams of water every day by hanging to the mane of his horse and allowing the animal to carry him over. But the speculation was not a fortunate one. Owing to the wet season many of his cattle took the foot-evil and the sore tongue and became poor and died. During this season he lost about eleven hundred dollars.

It is not easy for us to take our mind back to early days and to place the condition of things correctly in our imagination.

We can only obtain some small idea by making comparisons and looking at particular things. It is said of Mr. Funk that he "did not own a wagon for seven years; went to mill near Springfield, fifty miles, with oxen; took from ten to fourteen bushels of corn (no wheat then) part of the way with a cart and sled; carried a plough thirty miles on a horse to get it sharpened, and carried a barrel for Sauerkraut ten miles home on horseback."

The result of all this energy and industry was that Mr. Funk became worth, at the time of his death, a large fortune, perhaps not far from two millions of dollars. Perhaps some one will think that Mr. Funk must have kept a corps of clerks and bookkeepers to know where all his property was, and to keep the matter clearly in mind. But on the contrary he never kept a diary or memorandum book or a regular account book.

In politics Mr. Funk was positive and decided in his views. He was a staunch Whig up to the year 1854, when the Republican party was formed, and then he joined it and remained an honored member of that organization until the day of his death. In 1840 he was elected to the Legislature of the State, but no particular note is made of his connection with politics at that time. In 1862 he was elected to the State Senate to fill the unexpired term of General Oglesby, and at the expiration of his term was re-elected and remained a member until his death. It was in February, 1863, while he was in the State Senate that he made his celebrated speech in favor of an appropriation for the Sanitary Commission. The circumstances under which the speech was made were these: The opponents of the war had a majority in the Legislature and were determined to prevent the passage of an appropriation in aid of the Sanitary Commission. They tried to prevent the matter from coming to a vote by making all kinds of dilatory motions, and they also discussed the propriety of sending commissioners to a peace convention which was to meet at Louisville. All of this aroused Mr. Funk's temper, and he made his knock-down speech, which was published immediately all over the country. The following is the speech as reported:

"Mr. Speaker: I can sit in my seat no longer and see such boy's play going on. These men are trifling with the best in-

terests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are secessionists and traitors at heart.

"I say that there are traitors and secessionists at heart in this Senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here nightly, when their speakers get up in this hall and denounce the war and the administration, prove it.

"I can sit here no longer, and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible myself for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor, in any manner, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon, upon this charge against these traitors. [Tremendous applause from the galleries]. I am an old man of sixty-five. I came to Illinois a poor boy. I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay $3,000 a year in taxes. I am willing to pay $6,000, aye, $12,000. [Great cheering, the old gentleman bringing down his fist upon his desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the inkstand to bound a half dozen inches in the air]; aye, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it. [Tremendous cheers and applause, which the speaker could not subdue].

"Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me. I could not sit longer in my seat and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. My heart that bleeds for the widows and orphans at home, would not let me. Yes, these villains and traitors and secessionists in this Senate [striking his clenched fist on the desk with a blow that made the house ring again] are killing my neighbors' boys, now fighting in the field. I dare to tell this to these traitors, to their faces, and that I am responsible for what I say to one or all of them. [Cheers.] Let them come on, right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country.

"These men sneered at Col. Mack, a day or two ago. He is a little man; but I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of

them in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now, and at any time. [Cheers from the galleries.]

"Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. They deserve them. They deserve hanging, I say. [Raising his voice and violently striking the desk.] The country would be better off to swing them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here, to their traitors' faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country, to hang them. For that reason I would rejoice at it. [Tremendous cheering.]

"Mr. Speaker: I beg pardon of the gentlemen in the Senate who are not traitors, but true, loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for secessionists at heart. They are here, in this Senate. I see them joke, and smirk, and grin at a true Union man. But I defy them. I stand here ready for them and dare them to come on. [Great cheering.] What man with the heart of a patriot could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no longer. [Cheers.] I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and secessionists. Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men who disgrace this legislature, this state and this country. For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures. I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath. And I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or anywhere, and fight them to the death. [Prolonged cheers and shouts.]

"I said I paid three thousand dollars a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty—yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege to do it. But some of the traitors here, who are working night and day to get their miserable little bills and claims through the legislature, to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites, as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way, who do not pay five dollars to support the government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors. [Cheers.]

"The reason that they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is, that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want also to embarrass the government and stop the war. They want to aid the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about taxes? They are picayune men any how. They pay no taxes at all, and never did, and never hope to, unless they can manage to plunder the government. [Cheers.] This is an excuse of traitors.

"Mr. Speaker: Excuse me. I feel for my country in this her hour of danger; I feel for her from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. That is the reason that I speak as I do. I cannot help it. I am bound to tell these men to their teeth what they are, and what the people, the true loyal people, think of them.

"Mr. Speaker: I have said my say. I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made; and I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer, and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their selfish schemes to destroy the Union. They have my sentiments. Let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon."

The legislature was sometimes a little more sharp than honest, and it is refreshing to hear the opinion of an honest farmer spoken boldly and fearlessly, with regard to some of its acts and doings. The following is "Senator Funk's protest against the bill providing for the payment of the salaries of officers in gold, delivered in the Senate of the State, January 14th, 1865":

Mr. Funk said: I would like to have an opportunity to make an inquiry, and then to explain my position.

Leave being given, the Honorable Senator proceeded as follows:

Was there a bill passed on Thursday last, respecting the pay of members of the legislature being made in gold?

The speaker: Yes sir.

Mr. Funk: Those lawyers understand these awkward words, and can sift them out, and arrange them, and comprehend them better than I can. But I want to inquire whether it has ever been the practice for a member who does not have his vote re-

corded either for or against a measure, in consequence of his absence, to have that vote recorded, when it does not alter the result?

The Speaker: The Senator cannot alter the vote, but he can have it recorded on the journal, if another member will join him in requesting it.

Mr. Funk: I would like to have mine entered on the journal.

Mr. Ward: I second the request of the senator, and will join him, so that there may be two names.

Mr. Funk: I am opposed to that measure. I oppose it on principle. I think that we were sent here to legislate; to set good examples; to correct errors and wrongs: to do justice to the community, and to ourselves also. Now, if a law had been passed to pay all debts in gold, I would not say much about it; but when this honorable body passed a law to pay itself in gold, I think it is setting a very poor example. Not but what they deserve more pay than they get, but what they get is no object to any member here, I am sure. The little, pitiful sum that any man gets who represents the State of Illinois in the General Assembly, every one of us ought to disdain to stoop down and pick up in the road. Now, for my own part, I am willing to receive my pay as a senator, just as they pay me at home for my cattle and my hogs, my wheat and my corn. My hired men I pay in common currency, and I do not think we are any better than the laboring man. I think that the labor of ourselves should be paid in the same kind of money that pays for other things. Now, if this becomes a law, it will come up from the ostler and the hired men in this State, and will they will say to us, "Why, my dear sir, you voted yourselves pay in gold, won't you give it to us?" What kind of a position will that be? I would rather go without a cent than have my pay in that way. I object to it on principle. I do not mean to insinuate anything against any man, but I do think that men have voted without thinking upon the evil consequences. Not but that there are men here who can tell as much in a few minutes as I expect to speak in all my life, but when I say "yes," I mean "yes," and when I say "no," I mean "no." It is the most outrageous thing I ever heard of, and I want it branded upon my forehead in letters as big as the moon, that I am against it, and shall ever be against it."

It was not until 1864, when Mr. Funk had become very wealthy, that he built his large house, the homestead of the family at Funk's Grove. He did not live long to enjoy it, and only slept in it twice previous to his death. The circumstances of his death are as follows: He came from his attendance at the legislature at Springfield on Saturday, January 21, 1865, to his residence at Funk's Grove. On the following day his health seemed poorly, and on Monday he came to Bloomington, where he was taken sick abed at the residence of his son Duncan. His disease was erysipelas, and he was also affected with diptheria. On Wednesday his wife came to see him and was taken sick the following day, because of anxiety for her husband. They both had all the care and attention which medical skill could give; but all was unavailing. Mr. Funk died at five o'clock on Sunday morning the twenty-ninth day of January, 1865, and Mrs. Funk died at about nine o'clock. They were both buried at Funk's Grove in a burying ground selected by Mr. Funk's father.

Mr. Funk was about five feet ten and one-half inches in height and weighed about two hundred pounds. He had keen, black eyes, which were very expressive, especially when aroused. His hair was jet black and curly, but had become gray at the time of his death. His nose was rather prominent and somewhat Roman. His forehead was full but retreating, showing a very practical turn of mind. He was very quick and loud spoken and was exceedingly independent. He had a great deal of push and drive about him; indeed, his energy was wonderful. He was very quick tempered, but his anger did not last long. He was good-humored and appreciated a joke as well as any one. He was very accommodating as a neighbor, but would stand no imposition from anyone. He loved his brothers and his family, all of his relatives: and indeed the family has always been remarkable for the entire absence of any quarrelsome disposition. The tender affection existing between Isaac Funk and his brother Absalom was indeed remarkable. The latter never had any children, and all of his fatherly feeling seemed lavished upon the children of his brother. Isaac Funk never made any will. At his death his property was divided by his children among themselves, without any difficulty, and without any administration, or the intervention of any outside parties.

Since the death of Mr. Funk his family have subscribed ten thousand dollars to endow the Isaac Funk Professorship of Agriculture at the Wesleyan University, which is a fine testimonial to the worth of their father.

There are in the Funk family nine children living and one dead.

George W. Funk, the eldest, was born on the fourteenth of May, 1827. He is about five feet ten and a half inches high, heavy set, broad-shouldered, weighs about two hundred pounds, rather full, though slightly retreating forehead, gray eyes, coal black hair, well-formed nose, rather prominent and a little Roman (all the Funk noses are alike), an active man, good business capacity, very cautious, perhaps a little too much so, and not very talkative. He was married, but his wife is now dead; he has one child living. He resides at Funk's Grove, about fifteen miles from Bloomington. He lived at home until the death of his father, and for ten years before that time attended to his father's business.

Adam Funk was born on the twenty-seventh of August, 1828, and died at the age of nineteen in 1847. He was full six feet high, a little round-shouldered, and had black hair and dark eyes. He was a remarkably promising young man.

Jacob Funk was born on the seventh of April, 1830. He is about five feet and ten or ten and a half inches high; his hair is dark, and his eyes are grayish; he is a little round-shouldered, weighs one hundred and eighty pounds, is a good business man, a stock-raiser and farmer, lives at Funk's Grove, is married, and has a family of three promising children.

Duncan McArthur Funk was born on the first of June, 1832. He is five feet and nine and a half inches high, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, has black hair, the Funk nose, gray eyes, prominent cheek-bones, has first-rate business capacity, (this is characteristic of all the Funks,) is a farmer and stock-raiser, lives in Bloomington, is married and has a family of two fine children.

Marquis De Lafayette Funk was born on the twentieth of January, 1834. He is six feet in height, has dark hair and dark eyes, is straight built, weighs from one hundred and eighty-five to one hundred and ninety pounds, has the best improved farm

for the size in McLean County, and raises some of the finest stock. He is married and has had two children, one of whom is living.

Francis Marion Funk was born on the thirteenth of August, 1836. He is about five feet eight and a half inches high, small bones, weighs one hundred and forty pounds, has dark hair and dark eyes, has all the marks and traits of character for which the Funks are distinguished, including good business capacity and the Funk nose! He is married and has two children.

Benjamin Franklin Funk was born on the seventeenth of October, 1837. He is six feet in height, has dark hair and eyes, is straight and well proportioned, is a man of good judgment, served for a while in the army, has been four times chosen mayor of Bloomington, the three last times without opposition, and fills the position with credit to the city. He is married and has one child.

Absalom Funk was born on the third of March, 1842. He is about five feet and ten inches high, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds, is straight built, served for a while in the army, is a good business man, of course, is married and lives in Bloomington.

Isaac Funk, jr., was born on the thirteenth of May, 1844. He is the youngest son. He is five feet ten and one half inches in height, is straight built, has dark hair and eyes, served for a while in the army, is married and has two children, is a farmer, and lives on the homestead at Funk's Grove.

Sarah Funk, now Mrs. Kerrick, was born on the fourteenth of May, 1846. She is the only daughter. She is married to Hon. L. H. Kerrick, lately a member of the legislature.

The family of Isaac Funk is, indeed, a happy one; happy in the affection which each of its members have for the others; and they form a monument to the worth of their father more beautiful and more enduring than can be chiseled from marble.

Robert Peoples Funk.

Robert P. Funk was born November 14, 1805, in Clark County, Kentucky. When he was two years old the family moved to Fayette County, Ohio. Two of his brothers, John and Jacob Funk, were soldiers in the war of 1812. The Funk family farmed and raised stock in Ohio and hunted bear, deer, panthers, wolves,

coons and foxes. They often had great fun with bears, when the latter were tackled by dogs. The unfortunate dog, that fell into the clutches of a wounded bear, was squeezed to death. The dogs worried the bears by taking hold of their hindquarters, and when the bears turned, the dogs let loose. Mr. Funk has often hunted deer and greatly enjoyed the sport. He has seen deer with their antlers locked together and unable to loosen themselves. The first deer he killed were fastened together in this way. He has had some lively adventures with deer. He once caught a wounded buck in a creek, and partly cut its throat with his knife, when the lively animal knocked the knife from his hand and tore the clothes nearly off from him; but he succeeded in drowning it in the creek. This incident happened after he came to Funk's Grove. Mr. Funk has often chased wolves with hounds, but the wolves were so large and strong that the dogs could make no fight. The hunters killed the wolves after the dogs ran them down. Mr. Funk chased the first wolf he killed about twenty-five miles. He has often hunted coons, going after them in the night-time, during summer, and in the day-time during winter. They keep pretty close in their quarters during winter, but occasionally come out to look around. The foxes were hunted with hounds and would play the most cunning tricks to elude pursuit. They would walk out on a fallen tree and jump from a limb and the hounds would be puzzled for a long time in finding the trail, and the foxes in the mean while would be running at the top of their speed. When foxes are pressed very hard in the race, they take refuge in holes and, when caught, make a hard fight. It requires a very good dog to master one of them. Foxes are proverbially cunning in their depredations. Mr. Funk once watched a fox, as it stole a goose. It came up a short distance very slyly, then stopped and looked around, then came closer and made another halt, and in this way approached and at last jumped up quickly, grabbed a goose and ran without looking to the right or left.

Mr. Funk came to what is now McLean County, Illinois, in the fall of 1824 with his brother Jesse and their father Adam Funk. Robert lived three years with his brother Isaac and then went with a team to the mining country, where he hauled mineral. There he succeeded well. The mining country was the abode of the hardest characters, and sometimes the party to which

Mr. Funk belonged had trouble. The miners would fight with any thing they could lay their hands on, clubs, stones, guns, frying pans, skillets, in fact anything, which could be handled. But it was very seldom, that any shooting was done. At one time Jacob Funk sold beef to some miners on credit and they refused to pay. After a little talk he threatened to whip a few of them. They said that was what they wanted, and they grasped their clubs and skillets and attacked him and his party and tried to clear the room. But the ceiling of the house, where they were having the difficulty, was low, and when they attempted to strike with their skillets, they hit the wall above and soon found themselves badly whipped. On the following day they asked for a pitched battle, but at last concluded to pay the bill and let the matter drop. Robert Funk often went back and forth from Funk's Grove to Galena with droves of swine for his brothers Isaac, Absalom and Jesse. In December, 1830, Robert Funk went with Jesse Funk, James Burlinson and two others to take a drove of swine belonging to Jesse Funk, to Galena. When they crossed the Illinois River, some of the pigs collected together in a huddle and broke through the ice and were drowned. They went on past Crow Creek timber to Smith's Grove, thence on to Inlet Creek and a mile beyond. But it was now intensely cold and the snow was deep, as this was the celebrated winter of the deep snow. The party had no shelter and left the pigs in some slough grass and started back to Smith's Grove. They had difficulty in finding the road, and on account of the bitter cold some proposed to kill a horse and put their feet into it to keep from freezing, and it was suggested that they draw lots to decide whose horse should be killed. But this idea was abandoned. Late at night they found a home at Smith's Grove. The next day they went to Rock River and crossed at Ogee's Ferry, where Dixon now stands, and remained there two days. Then they went to what was called White Oak Grove and stayed three days. While there, a man came to them with an ox-load of corn from Ogee's Ferry, and after delivering the corn started back; but he became so cold that he unyoked his oxen and went to the ferry on foot. His feet were severely frozen and his oxen were frozen to death. When Jesse Funk and his party started out from White Oak Grove to go to Burr Oak, he hired a man, named

Gratiot, to go ahead and break the road with his wagon. The latter did so for a short distance, but he became so cold, that he put the whip to his horses and went on in a hurry. The snow drifted in the track and covered it up, and the party did not arrive at Burr Oak Grove until late. While on this day's journey, one of the men in the party was about to freeze to death, when Jesse Funk threatened to thrash him and made him run around and get warm. This was a terrible day's journey and many of the hogs were frozen to death. They would put their long snouts in the snow and squeal and freeze and fall over dead; and before the party could go fifty steps from them the wolves would be on them eating them up. Sometimes the wolves would begin eating the hogs before the latter were fairly dead. About fifty hogs were left eight miles south of Burr Oak Grove, as they had their eyes frozen up. At Burr Oak Grove the swine received a feed of blue Indian corn, for which Jesse Funk paid one dollar and a half per bushel. They started away from Burr Oak Grove to Apple River, and again Mr. Gratiot was hired to break the way with his wagon. He started out and again ran away from the party, leaving them with the cold wind and the snow drifts on the prairie. They went to Apple River and there found a man severely frozen, who said his partner was out in the snow frozen to death. Search was made for the missing man and he was found dead and stiff. The party went on to Wildcat Creek and sold forty of the pigs and then traveled to Galena. Here the hogs were butchered and sold out. At the commencement of the journey they weighed from two hundred and fifty to three hundred pounds, but on their arrival at Galena, after a journey of forty-five days, they weighed from one hundred and fifty to one hundred and eighty pounds each.

Jesse and Robert Funk started home. When they arrived at Crow Creek they found a party, who were going through from Peoria to Galena in four sleighs, but who had broken down, while about two miles from Crow Creek. All of the party had walked in, except two women, and help was sent out for them. One was carried in for about half a mile on a sheet and Robert Funk carried her the remainder of the way on his horse; he also carried the other woman some distance on his horse. They were both severely frozen, and the first one was not able to speak for

eight hours. It was during this severe winter that Mr. Gratiot, the Indian agent, had a party of five men with twenty-one yoke of oxen drawing goods from Peoria to near Galena. Four of the men and all but three of the oxen were frozen to death. The goods remained for two or three weeks on the prairie before they could be brought in.

During this same winter two men, who were traveling, came within two miles of Smith's Grove, which is south of Inlet Creek. There they became very cold and crawled under the snow to get warm. Soon they became very warm and comfortable, but the snow melted down on them and made them wet, and when they started for Smith's Grove, one of them froze to death. Jesse and Robert Funk came home without further adventure.

The settlers were, in the early days, much troubled by wolves, which killed the sheep and little pigs; but Robert Funk had a plucky merino ram, which would drive off the wolves and protect the flock. It was a very fine one, which had been brought from Ohio. Mr. Funk remembers particularly how this ram managed the fight, when the flock was attacked by a wolf. It ran out boldly at the wolf and kept it back until the flock retreated three or four hundred yards, when the ram also retreated and again faced about towards the wolf. This process was repeated until the flock was clear out of danger. But the ram kept up the fight until the wolf was worried out and panted for breath, and then the victorious ram frisked his heels and shook his tail triumphantly and went to the flock.

It was a great source of amusement for the settlers to chase wolves. The settlers around Funk's Grove were particularly troubled by a large gray wolf, which they chased many times, but could never catch. At last they got up a great chase and went after it. They started it near Funk's Grove and chased it to Kickapoo timber, thence to Randolph's Grove, thence to south end of Blooming Grove, thence down to Atlanta, thence up eighteen miles to Twin Grove, thence back to Short Point on the Kickapoo, thence down below the present village of McLean, thence up towards Blooming Grove, where the long-winded wolf was caught. During this long chase the wolf kept the sloughs as much as possible, and when it did so, it gained on its pursuers. It ran on that day fully fifty miles, but was utterly broken down and could run no more.

The settlers, while riding around the country, always expected to chase wolves. At one time, when Robert Funk went to make a visit, he caught a wolf and brought it in for the admiration of the good looking young lady, who afterwards became Mrs. Funk.

The large gray wolves sometimes collected in packs and were dangerous. At one time a daughter of James Murphy, about fifteen years of age, when about two miles from home, was chased by a pack of eleven large gray wolves. She ran towards home; but when within half a mile of the house, she was compelled to climb a tree. She hallooed to her father and the old gentleman came with his gun to her assistance. But the wolves refused to retreat, until he had shot down two or three of them. This happened about the year 1838.

Robert Funk married, May 13, 1830, Virginia Springfield. He has had eight children, of whom six are living. They are:

Mrs. Nancy M. Ward, widow of Levi Ward, lives in Bloomington.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Ward, wife of Noah Ward, lives four miles northeast of Cheney's Grove.

William Funk lives about five miles northwest of Funk's Grove.

Fanny Euphenia Funk lives at home with her father.

Mrs. Elizabeth Temperance Finner, wife of William Finner, lives about a mile northwest of her father's house.

Tabitha Garmen Funk lives at home with her father at Funk's Grove.

Robert Funk is about five feet and ten inches in height, is very muscular and tough, can endure heat, cold and fatigue, has an enormous head of hair, which shows his great vitality. He is kind-hearted, generous and hospitable, and has that quality, which is so marked a characteristic of the family, of which he is a member, that is—courage. He has seen some of the rougher phases of frontier life, but lives quietly and contentedly at his home in Funk's Grove.

Robert Stubblefield.

The greater part of this sketch of Robert Stubblefield is taken from a memoir, written by the Rev. John Barger.

"Robert Stubblefield was born November 23, 1793, in the county of Halifax, Virginia. He was the son of Edward Stubblefield, sen., who was the son of John Stubblefied, who, with two brothers, Edward and William, came from England. Edward Stubblefield, sen., the father of Robert Stubblefield, married Miss Lightfoot Munford, daughter of William Green Munford. His wife's maiden name was Ann Stanhope; their daughter, Mary Lightfoot, in the Revolutionary war, acted as private secretary to her father. Mr. Robert Stubblefield, the subject of this memoir, was therefore a grandson of Mr. William Green and Ann Munford. Mr. Munford was from England and served his adopted country as a colonel in the Revolutionary war. The colonel not only devoted his personal energies, but loaned the government a large amount of his means (and he was wealthy) towards freeing his country from the Brittanic yoke.

"This loan, in consequence of the loss of the papers by fire, was never recovered; but in virtue of a provision made by Congress for the compensation of the Revolutionary soldiers and officers, Mrs. Mary Lightfoot Stubblefield, after the death of her father, Col. Munford, and being at the time his only surviving child, applied for and obtained a land warrant from the government for 6,666 acres of land. This warrant was laid on land in Ohio, which is now worth, perhaps, more than half a million of dollars, (the writer's supposition,) to which the heirs of Mr. Robert Stubblefield, and those of his brother John Stubblefield, who have never received any portion thereof, are entitled, to say the least of it, to a *pro rata* interest therein with the other heirs of Col. Munford, who have, at least a part of them, shared the whole of it.

"In his nineteenth year, at the first call for volunteers, Robert Stubblefield entered the service of his country, in the war of 1812. His company, consisting of ninety-six men, exclusive of officers, was stationed at Norfolk, Virginia, and all, except himself and one other soldier, soon died of the yellow fever, and he himself came very near dying of that fearful malady. He was regularly dis-

charged, though by the death of his captain he failed to obtain his discharge papers; and by the authorities was conveyed to the place of his enlistment to die, as it was supposed, among his friends. By this removal and the attention of his friends, with the blessing of God, his life was preserved. His friends again removed him to the home of his brother Edward Stubblefield; here he soon recovered his health, and his brother, having located land in Ohio, and wishing to see after it, and Robert desiring to see the country, accompanied him in 1812. He married Miss Sarah Funk the 14th day of April, 1814, who died December 13, 1821. She was the daughter of Adam Funk, and sister to Isaac, Jesse and Robert Funk, whose sketches appear in this volume. She died in Ohio. By this first marriage Mr. Stubblefield had four children: Absalom, Ann, Mary and John.

On the 29th day of July, 1822, he married Miss Dorothy Funk, sister of his former wife. By this latter marriage Mr. Stubblefield had nine other children. They are: George Maley, Jesse, Francis, Adam, Eve, Edward, Isaac, William Royal Chase and Charles Wesley, in all, thirteen children. Jesse, the sixth child of Mr. Stubblefield, was the first white child born in Funk's Grove. Adam died, returning from Memphis, whither he had gone to visit Isaac, his sick soldier brother, and to seek for him a furlough and bring him home."

Robert Stubblefield came to Funk's Grove in December, 1824, and settled first in the north end. In 1825 he settled in the place, where he lived until his death. He went to farming immediately. He was a man of great powers of endurance and thought little of the very severe hardships to which the early settlers were subjected. In the spring of 1825 he went to Springfield for iron to make a plow and carried it home on horseback. His wheat was ground at Blooming Grove, on Ebenezer Rhodes' hand-mill, which was made in 1824.

During the winter of the deep snow Robert Stubblefield and his brother John went to mill, and on their return were caught in the first great heavy snow fall and were unable to bring home their grist, but forced to throw their sacks of meal out in the snow and bury them for a few days; but they afterwards returned and brought the sacks home.

During the winter of 1831–32, Robert Stubblefield, with a number of others, were taking some pigs to Galena and were lost in the snow. The stage, which carried the mail, passed the party and went on to Gratiot's Grove and gave news of their coming to a man named Chambers. The latter fired guns as signals and late at night the party came in. They went on to Galena after some delay and made beds in the snow to camp out at night. On their return from Galena they became lost once more, when Mr. Stubblefield gave the reins to his horse and the intelligent animal brought out his rider safely to Mr. Chambers' house. Mr. Stubblefield often drove stock of various kind to Chicago, Peoria and other points. During one winter, while driving a load of pork across Peoria Lake, the ice began to crack beneath. He hurried up his team and arrived at the shore just as the ice broke up.

During the sudden change of the weather in December, 1836, Mr. Stubblefield was coming home from Peoria. When the cold wind struck him he drove to a mill about three miles distant, but came near freezing to death before arriving there. He came home the next day, but could not cross Sugar Creek with his team, for the stream had overflowed and was half a mile wide and was a glare of ice, on which his horses could not stand. He went home on foot and returned with help, ran his wagon over on the ice, cut the ice and made it rough for his horses to walk and brought them across. His stock suffered severely and many of his pigs were frozen to death.

Robert Stubblefield raised a large family of children, who, like their father, have all been remarkably successful in life. They are:

Absalom Stubblefield, who lives in the north end of Funk's Grove.

Mrs. Ann Lightner, who lives in Randolph's Grove.

Mrs. Mary Ann Groves, wife of Esau Groves, lives three miles west of Funk's Grove in Mt. Hope.

John Stubblefield lives in the northern edge of Funk's Grove.

George Maley Stubblefield lives about two miles west of Funk's Grove in Mt. Hope township.

Jesse Stubblefield lives a mile and a half west of Funk's Grove in Mt. Hope township.

Mrs. Frances Murphy, wife of William Murphy, lives about two miles west of Funk's Grove in Mt. Hope township.

Adam Stubblefield died while on a visit to Isaac Stubblefield, when the latter was sick in the army.

Eve Stubblefield lives at home with her mother.

Edward Stubblefield lives three miles west of Funk's Grove in Mt. Hope township.

Isaac Stubblefield lives two miles and a half west of Funk's Grove in Mt. Hope township. He was a soldier during the rebellion.

William Royal Chase Stubblefield lives two and one-half miles west of Funk's Grove in Mt. Hope township.

Charles Wesley Stubblefield takes care of his mother at the old homestead.

Robert Stubblefield died June 8, 1870, while talking to his son Jesse, sitting on the porch of his new house at Funk's Grove. He was fully six feet in height, and was heavy in build, weighing about two hundred pounds. He was a very muscular and determined man and not afraid of anything. He was very successful in life, was one of the best and kindest of neighbors, and stood high in the confidence of the community. He was a very conscientious man, and decided in his religious opinions. He was scrupulously honest in all his transactions and had a thorough contempt for meanness and dishonesty in others.

Absalom Stubblefield.

Absalom Stubblefield, eldest son of Robert Stubblefield, was born November 27, 1815, in Fayette County, Ohio. In 1824 he came with the Stubblefield family to Funk's Grove, in what is now McLean County, Illinois. The family traveled with an ox-team, as was usual in those days. They came first to Randolph and afterwards to Blooming Grove, by mistake, then went to Funk's Grove. Mr. Stubblefield's first experience was a hard wrestle with a little Indian boy, a son of Jim Buck, one of the chiefs of the Kickapoos. The boys were of about the same age and size, but Absalom had the muscle and brought the little Indian to the ground. This was at Blooming Grove, whither the family had gone, when it first came to McLean County, thinking it Funk's Grove, being misled by their directions. When they

saw their mistake they came to Funk's Grove. The only family then living at the latter grove was that of William Brock. Isaac and Absalom Funk were then living with Brock. The Stubblefield family arrived there December 18, 1824, and immediately began farming. When Absalom Stubblefield became old enough he hunted wolves, which he killed with a hickory club. The Kickapoo Indians were then plentier than game. Old Machina, the chief, was very friendly. During the war of 1812 he fought against the United States, as he was promised a great many ponies by the British, if he would whip the whites. In the war of 1812 he led on his warriors to the fight, but saw them fearfully cut to pieces at Tippecanoe, and he received no compensation for his trouble or his losses, and he declared that he would never again fight against the whites. During the winter of the deep snow, Absalom Stubblefield went to mill ten miles distant on the Kickapoo. He was obliged to break the way with horses, and as the horses on the lead became tired, those in the rear were put ahead to break the way. During this winter the horses and cattle were fed on a piece of ground, which was tramped over and over again, and the ice, where they stood, was not thawed until in June and July. In December, 1836, when the sudden change in the weather came, Mr. Stubblefield was at the house of Robert Funk, where had been snowballing. Suddenly the wind came cold from the west. Mr. Stubblefield mounted his horse and rode home, and on his arrival there, was frozen fast to his saddle, and was obliged to give himself a hard wrench to get loose.

When Absalom Stubblefield was only nine or ten years old, he selected the place, where he determined to have his farm, and was advised by his grandfather to deal in stock, to raise calves and sell them, and when they became large, to buy his land. He made some money by splitting rails, then bought calves, raised and sold them, and earned fifty dollars, with which he entered forty acres of land.

Mr. Stubblefield has had some experience with fires on the prairie, though he has always been well protected by Sugar Creek, as the forks are on the east and west. But he has often been called on to fight fire for his neighbors. At the south end of Funk's Grove the settlers were unprotected, and those across the prairie on the Kickapoo were also exposed to fire, and the settlers

on each side were anxious to have it fired in the fall, when the wind was blowing away towards the other side of the prairie. When the wind blew from the south, the settlers on Kickapoo were likely to take advantage of it, and send the fire rolling up to Funk's Grove; but if it blew from the north, some one at Funk's Grove was likely to fire the prairie and send the fire over to "those fellows on Kickapoo."

The old settlers loved their practical jokes, and Mr. Stubblefield tells a good one, which was played upon a "fresh" young man, who wished to steal watermelons. James Biggs told the young man of the sight, and so aroused his imagination, that he determined to go after them. They were on the premises near where Mr. Delavan now lives. The young man went for them, and Biggs, who was secreted near by, watching the performance, fired a charge at him. The "fresh" young gentleman ran for home, but in his fright fell into a pond of water and lost his watch, but found his way out and reached home covered with mud.

Mr. Stubblefield has led a hardy out-of-door life, and has become very well developed. He is six feet and one inch in height, and weighs two hundred and seventy-six pounds. He is very muscular, and in his youth practised wrestling, which was considered by the early settlers the best of sport. He is exceedingly humorous, and never likes to see a joke spoiled for relation's sake. He has been a successful farmer, is very prompt to meet his obligations, and his word is as good as the best security. He has been married three times, and has always been happy in his domestic life.

He married Miss Eliza Pearson, February 23, 1840. By this marriage he had six children, of whom four are living. They are:

Mifflin H. Stubblefield lives in DeWitt County.

Thomas T. Stubblefield lives five miles northwest of his father's.

Jesse P. Stubblefield lives in Dale township.

Robert W. Stubblefield lives at home.

Mrs. Stubblefield died October 11, 1851. On the second of September, 1852, Mr. Stubblefield married Miss Alley Wilson,

of DeWitt County. By this marriage he had six children, of whom five are living. They are:

Asa, William J., Lafayette, Charlotte and Mary A. Stubblefield, all of whom live at home. Mrs. Alley Stubblefield died April 18, 1869. On the twenty-fourth of January, 1870, Mr. Stubblefield married Mrs. Campbell, widow of Mark Campbell of Franklin County, Pennsylvania. No children have been born by the latter marriage. She has three children: David, Mary Bell and William Wilson Campbell.

John Stubblefield.

John Stubblefield, second son of Robert Stubblefield, was born June 4, 1820, in Fayette County, Ohio. The family came to Funk's Grove in December, 1824, as stated in other sketches.

He remembers very clearly the Indians, and particularly recollects seeing the squaws dry the venison on sticks over coals of fire, in order to preserve it. He remembers many curious matters of the early days, which are very uncommon with the changed condition of the country. He remembers the wild pea-vines, which once grew in the timber and bore a fruit, which he liked to eat, and which furnished food for horses and cattle in early spring time. The nettles were then thick, the grass on the prairie was high and its roots were strong and fibrous, making it very hard work indeed to break the ground. This difficulty was then far greater than it would be now, as the settlers were then obliged to use the old bar-shear plow, which was not a convenient implement to turn the sod. The vegetation has changed with the coming of civilization, even where the ground has been left uncultivated. The horseweed, which the horses liked so well, is now never seen. The prairie grass is gone, and the fine blue grass takes its place. He remembers the deep snow, and how the people beat their corn in a mortar and sifted out the finest for bread and kept the coarsest for hominy. The settlers raised their own cotton and flax; they pulled the flax, rotted it, broke it, worked off the shives with a wooden knife over a scutcheon board, and passed it through a coarse and a fine hackle. The flax was spun and woven, and the tow, which was hackled out was used for filling, and the fine flax was used for the warp. The fine flax made the best of thread; it was spun on a little wheel. The shirts made of flax were very

strong. Sometimes shirts were made of cotton and flax mixed. Cotton could never be raised with advantage. The jeans was made of wool for filling and cotton for warp. The pioneer children did not wear overcoats; but when they became large enough to go to mill, from ten to fifty or perhaps even a hundred miles distant, they had overcoats sometimes. The first overcoat was made in Buckles' Grove, and was all of wool. The cloth for overcoats was first woven, then fulled, then pressed, then colored drab or London brown. These fulled overcoats would turn water almost as well as water proof.

Mr. Stubblefield says, women worked hard in the early days, and he thinks it almost unaccountable, that they are unable now to do as much as formerly. They do no spinning, nor milking, nor weaving now, but they have a great many little notions and trinkets, which occupy their minds.

Sugar Creek had more water in it forty years ago than now, and fish would run up. He has often seen suckers and redhorse three feet long in the creek. He used to fish for them with a hook and line and with a gig, which is a little spear with three tines to it. It was great fun to spear them, particularly on the shoals, where they could be plainly seen.

During the sudden change in December, 1836, much of the stock of the Stubblefields was out in the timber, and was frozen. The chickens froze on their perches, and many of the hogs, which were kept in the timber, died partly because of their piling up one on top of another, and partly because of the intense cold. Many of the hogs, which were not frozen to death, had their ears and tails frozen, and these useful and ornamental appendages afterwards dropped off.

Mr. Stubblefield went to Pekin to do his trading, hauled his corn there, and there bought his pine lumber. He occasionally went to Chicago with wheat, bringing back salt.

As Mr. George Stubblefield has told so many jokes in his sketch about others, Mr. John Stubblefield thinks it only fair that one or two of George's peculiarities should be published. John Stubblefield says that George was a cunning youngster, and in his youthful days liked fishing much better than study. His health was subject to the most remarkable changes. In the morning, when it was time for children to go to school, young

George would become desperately sick with the headache, and would be obliged to stay at home, but in the evening he would become so well that he could take his pole and line and go fishing. In the morning at about nine o'clock the headache would return again with its usual intensity. Young George was a very ingenious boy, and at one time taught a pet calf to act as a riding-horse. At one time, while displaying his horsemanship on the back of the calf, Absalom Stubblefield (the mischievous Ab.) twisted its tail. It jumped around, and George was thrown forward. He grasped the horns of the calf in terror, crying: "Oh, Lord, I'm killed! I'm killed!" But no serious results followed.

John Stubblefield is six feet in height, is rather slim, and likes fun as well as the rest of the Stubblefield family. He enjoys a practical joke and loves to tell it. He is a hard working man, has been remarkably successful as a farmer, and is very well to do in the world. He is pretty cautious in the management of his property, but exercises good judgment.

He married, December 1, 1842, Ellisannah Houser. He has had nine children, of whom eight are living. They are:

Sarah Elizabeth, wife of William H. Rayburn, lives in Cass County, Illinois.

David Robert Stubblefield, lives three miles north of his father's in Dale township.

George Washington, Francis Marion, Mary Frances, Henry Bascom, Simon Peter and John Wesley Stubblefield, all live at home.

GRIDLEY.

William Martin McCord.

William Martin McCord, usually called Martin McCord, was born July 3, 1815, in Overton County, Tennessee. His father's name was William McCord, and his mother's name before her marriage was Jane McMurtrie. William McCord was one-fourth Scotch and three-fourths Irish, and his wife Jane was one-fourth English and three-fourths Irish, and consequently Martin is one-eighth English, one-eighth Scotch and three-fourths Irish. This is going rather deeply into fractions, but there is nothing like precision!

William McCord was born in Iredell County, North Carolina, and was a farmer and blacksmith. During the war of 1812 he enlisted to fight against the Creeks, but was sick with the measles and participated in no active engagement. In 1827 he came to McLean County with Stephen Webb and George and Jacob Hinshaw. The weather was wet and they were often water-bound, and sometimes obliged to cross rivers on rafts. Near Eel River they traveled twelve miles in water, which varied from six inches to three feet in depth. At last Webb and McCord came to Twin Grove, where they bought claims; the Hinshaws having become separated and remaining for a while at Cheney's Grove.

Martin McCord speaks particularly of the winter of the deep snow, as it was an era in the life of every settler, who experienced its severity. The season previous was a late one and frost was not severe enough to kill the tobacco sprouts until the second of December. On that day it rained and after the fall of a great deal of water the rain gave place to snow and at last it froze. The winter of the deep snow has been so often described, that it is not necessary to repeat the description here.

In 1831 the McCord family moved to Panther Grove, in what is now Woodford County, about three and one half miles north of Secor, and there lived until the death of William McCord, which occurred June 13, 1852. William McCord was a man widely known and greatly respected, and was called by many of the settlers "Uncle Billy McCord." All of them speak of him in very high terms of praise.

Martin McCord lived with his father until the age of twenty-two, when he worked, sometimes as a millwright and carpenter, but generally as a farmer.

He married, October 29, 1840, Elizabeth Hinthorn. He lived, after his marriage, in various places, indeed was quite a traveler. At last, in the fall of 1870, he moved with his family to Newton County, Missouri, and bought railroad land and raised a crop, a very good one for that country. But the country was not blessed with a soil as rich as that of old McLean County. It had plenty of gravel, stone and clay, but the vegetable mould was wanting. The soil was open and porous, and a hard rain washed through it and would scarcely raise the water in a river. A moderate drouth would have destroyed the crops. Some of the land was

"spotted," that is, it had, scattered over it, alkali spots, varying in size from twenty feet square to ten acres. The spots were water-tight, and no moisture could go down or come up, and they caught the rain in puddles, and the cattle and pigs wallowed in them. For some reason these animals preferred the water on these alkali spots to the purest water in the river. Mr. McCord went down to Arkansas, but the prospect seemed as bad as in Missouri. The hills on both sides were white flint rock, and in the distance appeared like snow. He found the people of Arkansas very pleasant and cordial in their greeting; but they carried revolvers and held many old grudges, which came down from the war, and it was a word and a shot. They were hospitable, but ignorant. They never saw a corn-planter or a railroad, or a reaper. He saw one man, who was taking his boys up to see the "kyars" (cars). They speak of "kerrying" (carrying) the horse to water, and they "tote" water for themselves. When a stranger takes dinner with them they say very hospitably: "Retch out and hope yourself, stranger." Mr. Robinson McCord says he saw two men talking about a reaper, which they were viewing for the first time. One of them inquired what the reel was for. The other contemplated the machine for a while and then said, he "guessed that must be to knock the rust from the wheat!"

The pigs of Arkansas were worse than the old Illinois "windsplitters." Their noses seemed as long as their bodies, and Mr. Robinson McCord says that a person was obliged to look at them sideways to see them! They could spring through a rail fence between the rails!

In the fall of 1871 Mr. McCord came back to old McLean County, and thinks he will now stay here. He has had nine children, of whom six are now living. They are:

Mrs. Hannah Jane Farmer, wife of David T. Farmer, lives in Newton County, Missouri.

William Isaac McCord lives in Jasper County, Missouri.

James T., Henry Gaius, Washington Robinson and Mary Ellen McCord live at home with their father.

Mr. McCord is five feet and eleven inches in height, has good health, is beginning to show the effect of age in the gray hairs, which make their appearance. He is a very straight and well-

formed man, is intelligent in conversation, is humorous and good natured.

John Boyd Messer.

This is the sketch of a noted hunter, one whose life has been devoted to the business, and who has met with great success. John B. Messer was born August 4, 1807, in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania. His father's name was Isaac Messer, and his mother's maiden name was Sidney Ann Forbes. His father was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent, and his mother was of Irish. In the year 1811 the Messer family moved to Franklin County, Ohio. In the war of 1812 Isaac Messer was a soldier in the cavalry during three campaigns. In about the year 1816 the family moved to Pickaway County, where they lived twelve years. It was here that young John Messer began to show that disposition for hunting, for which he was afterwards noted. When he was only fourteen years old, he was allowed to take his father's gun and go hunting, as a reward for doing some work which had been assigned him. By good fortune he found a deer and fired at it. The deer sprang up, almost turned a somersault and fell with its head towards him. He came up to it cautiously and gave it another shot for safety, then crawled around in the rear of it and shook its leg and was at last convinced that its soul had really gone to the green pastures never more to be troubled by hunters. He obtained help and had the deer brought home, and during the evening was the hero of a corn-husking, and told his story over and over again.

In the year 1828 the Messer family came to Sugar Grove, Illinois. This was during the Jackson and Adams campaign. Jackson was very popular, indeed it seemed almost impossible to find an Adams man. He says that a crowd of men once divided by drawing a line. The Jackson men stepped on one side and the Adams men on the other. Only one man stood for Adams, and he said he took that course because his own name was Adams!

On the sixth of March, 1829, the Messer family came to near where Lexington now stands, and in what is now McLean County. While he lived there the ruling passion came on him strongly, and he went to hunting. The two creeks down the Mackinaw

below Lexington were named by him. While out hunting he found some turkey tracks near the first creek and called it Turkey Creek, the name it bears to-day. He went two miles farther on and wounded a buck by another creek, to which he gave the name of Buck Creek, a name it still retains. He lived near the present village of Lexington about five years and then moved to the north of the Mackinaw, in the present township of Gridley, where he has resided ever since.

Mr. Messer has had some lively adventures while hunting. At one time he went with a man, named Smith, up to the Blue Mound. There they followed the track of a deer out from a spring, where it had been drinking, and when coming to the prairie they saw it sitting on its haunches some distance away and looking around. After a while it laid down, and Messer and Smith walked to within sixteen steps of it, before it sprang up. Messer shot it and Smith shot another, which sprang up immediately afterwards. Messer made haste to cut his deer's throat, as he said it did not kick to suit him. He put his foot on one horn and his hand on the other and cut the throat. The deer sprang up instantly, and caught its antlers in the knees of Messer's breeches and made two or three jumps with Messer dangling head downwards; but it stumbled and fell and bled to death, Smith was so astonished, that he could only stand and look. The two deer had ten and nine prongs, respectively, on the beams of their antlers, showing them to be ten and nine years of age.

At one time Mr. Messer discovered the antlers of a deer in a pond and saw the nose. He fired, and the ball went up the nose and out at the eye; but he was obliged to chase it ten miles, when it stopped at a spring to cool. He shot it several times from behind; at last he came in front of it, but, instead of changing its course, it charged directly at him. A shot through the head ended its career.

Hunters seem to be subject to queer freaks of fortune, which they always express by the word "luck," and Mr. Messer's was occasionally hard luck. He was once walking in the snow towards a deer, near Wolf Creek, and he pulled off his boots and walked through the snow in his stocking feet, in order to move silently. He killed a deer and hung it on a bush, and that was his good luck; but his boots became so frozen that he could not put them

on, and that was his hard luck. He saw more deer and had a fine opportunity to kill them, and this was his good luck; but the stopper had fallen out of his powder horn, spilling all of his powder, and that was his hard luck. He killed no more and was obliged to walk home through the snow in his stocking feet.

The deer seem to have a very good understanding, and, when chased by dogs and hunters, they know very well that the dogs are sent by the men behind. While Mr. Messer was once hunting on Wolf Creek his dog brought down a wounded deer, but both dog and deer were nearly tired out, and they laid down and watched each other. Mr. Messer was incautiously coming up with his unloaded rifle, when the deer left the dog and sprang towards him. He dodged behind a sapling, and his dog grabbed the deer and held it until Messer could load and fire.

Young hunters sometimes make very ludicrous blunders, and people are familliar with the story of a young man, who killed his neighbor's calf instead of a deer from the prairie. A youthful hunter once mistook Mr. Messer for a deer, as the latter was bending over a buck, which he had lately shot. The first intimation Messer received of this was the whizzing of a bullet. When the young hunter learned his mistake he was more frightened than Messer.

About fourteen years ago Mr. Messer met with a misfortune, which came near terminating his adventurous career. While chasing a deer between Rook's Creek and the Mackinaw, his horse stepped into a badger's hole and Messer was violently thrown over its head, and lay stunned and senseless for perhaps two or three hours. When sense returned his horse and dogs were around him. He put on his saddle and rode to the nearest house, but was so sick, that he frequently became blind, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he clung to his horse. He received every attention at the house, and was rubbed with cayenne pepper and brandy, but was given up to die, as his pulse scarcely beat for three-quarters of an hour. But in order to receive the greatest benefit from brandy, this most delicious article should be taken internally! Mr. Messer did so and revived. He feels the effect of the fall to-day, though it happened fourteen years ago.

Mr Messer made it his rule to kill his fifty deer in the fall of the year and during the fore part of the winter. After Christ-

mas he only hunted occasionally, as the deer were not worth so much.

During the Black Hawk war the settlers were subject to continual fright, on account of the Indians, and Mr. Messer was sent out through Mackinaw timber to investigate matters, but could find no sign of redskins. It is to be feared that he sometimes gave a few nervous gentlemen unnecessary fright. Old Johnny Patton made a yoke for his horses to prevent them from jumping the fence, and Messer persuaded a few soft gentlemen that the shavings were made by the Indians, who had been whittling ramrods for their guns.

Mr. Messer married, July 5, 1832, Susannah Espy Patton. Their children are:

Maria Jane Messer, who was born April 4, 1833, is married to Jasper Loving and lives about eighteen miles southeast of Decatur.

Sidney Ann Messer was born September 27, 1834, is married to Aaron Misner and lives about a half mile southeast of her father's.

John P. Messer was born March 11, 1836, and lives about a quarter of a mile west of his father's.

Margaret Espy Messer was born December 3, 1837, is married to Lane Stewart and lives about eighteen miles southeast of Decatur.

Isaac Messer was born November 30, 1839, and lives about a quarter of a mile south of his father's.

Mary Messer was born October 8, 1841, is married to Thomas Bounds and lives a half mile west of her father's.

James T. Messer was born July 16, 1843, and died of the cholera a few years since.

Elizabeth Ellen Messer was born March 24, 1848, is married to William Stagner and lives four or five miles southeast of her father's in Money Creek township.

Rebecca Adeline Messer was born June 30, 1851, is married to John Drake and lives about a mile south of Kappa in McLean County.

John B. Messer is about five feet and nine inches high, has a clear, grayish blue eye, is good natured and pleasant, has seen a great deal of hunting and can tell about it, is plucky and

quick-sighted, is free and unconstrained, and loves to talk of old times. Phrenologists would say that he has large perceptions, has a full head of grayish hair. He is rather heavy set and is pretty strong. He is generous and hospitable, and whoever talks to him is immediately made to feel at home.

John Sloan.

John Sloan was born March 7, 1810, near Somerset, Pulaski County, Kentucky. His father's name was William Sloan and his mother's name before her marriage was Margaret Kinkaid. William Sloan was of Scotch-Irish descent. He was brought with his parents from Antrim County, Ireland, to Bath County, Virginia, when he was six weeks old. His wife Margaret was born in Pennsylvania, but was of German descent. In 1804 or '5 William Sloan emigrated to Kentucky, where John Sloan was born, Young John there grew up and went to school to his father, and assisted every Christmas day in turning the old gentleman out of the shool-house, as was the custom in those days. John Sloan also went to school to other teachers and always assisted in compelling the teacher to "stand treat" on Christmas day. But one of their teachers came near being too smart for them. They drew up a paper and signed it, insisting that the teacher should "stand treat" and the teacher signed it, "Attest: William Talford," and the meaning of the document then was that the scholars should pay for the treat, and the teacher was a witness to it! The scholars were very angry at the sell, and took possession of the school-room and compelled the teacher to "come to time."

Mr Sloan was raised a strict Presbyterian and was required to attend to all the religious exercises of the day. He often went to camp-meeting, and there saw those strange phenomena, the jerks. They are usually the result of religious excitement. He remembers particularly the excitement of one woman, whom he saw under the influence of the jerks. She threw her head back and forth until her hair cracked like a whip. She said she knew when the jerks were coming, and could prevent them only by leaving the congregation. Mr. Sloan has never known the jerks to be produced by anything but religious excitement at religious gatherings.

In those days it was the custom to drink whisky, but Mr. Sloan never did so except on one occasion. When he was a child ten years of age he went to see a militia company elect their captain, and the men gave him whisky and made him drunk for the fun of the thing. He was carried home insensible, and his mother watched over him all night until he became conscious. He has been a teetotaler ever since.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Sloan joined the Methodist church, and has continued an active member ever since. He attended Sabbath-school regularly and was greatly interested in the cause. Sickness was the only cause for his absence from Sabbath-school, class-meeting or prayer-meeting.

In 1830 he went to Owen County, Indiana, on White River, and there went to farming. January 5, 1832, he married Polly Hart. In 1835 he came to Mackinaw timber, McLean County, Illinois, where he arrived November 25. The journey was a hard one, as the roads were muddy and no bridges were built across the streams. He often mired down, and once got into a pond where he stuck fast for a while and was obliged to take all of his things out on horseback. When he and his family arrived at the head of Mackinaw timber, they were cold and wet and the snow fell and everything was frozen. Then old Squire Thompson took them in and built up fires and dried their clothes and gave them a good supper, a warm bed and a nice breakfast and refused to accept pay for his services. When Mr. Sloan arrived, he possessed very little of this world's goods. He put up a house of poles, and he worked at whatever his hands could find to do. He was acquainted with everybody in that section of county, as he had a social disposition. In 1843 he was chosen constable and served four years. He often had some unpleasant and dangerous duties to perform, but succeeded well in his office. When his term of service as constable expired, he was chosen justice of the peace, but served only one year as he determined to move to Wisconsin, where he lived four years and then moved to the northwestern part of Iowa. There he had no very remarkable adventure. Game was plenty, particularly elk. During the winter of 1853-4 the elk came down into the cornfields at night and went out before morning. He once went out hunting elk with a party of six besides himself, taking dogs and horses. Three

of the company had three guns and the rest were armed with clubs, corn cutters and hatchets. They had a horse and sleigh to bring home their game. They found a drove of about fifty elk and immediately one of their party went around on the opposite side of the, drove, while the hunting party scattered out. The elk were frightened and ran in all directions. The hunters rode after the elk, shooting them, knocking them on the head with clubs and striking them on the back with corn-cutters and hatchets. The corn-cutter was the most effective weapon, as two or three strokes ovĕr the back of an elk, cutting the tendons, seldom failed to bring it down. Seven elk were killed, six by the men and one by the dogs. One of the elk, which had been struck by a corn-cutter, turned at bay. Mr. Sloan shot it, but it only shook its head, another shot was fired, when it again shook its head in a threatening manner. The sleigh soon came up and the elk made a charge at it. Three men in the sleigh beat it over the head with seat-boards and one man on horseback rode up and struck it over the back with his corn-cutter. The elk turned on the horseman and gave him a rake with its antlers, which tore his pants from the knee to the thigh; but before it could do further damage it was shot and killed. An elk is not a fast running animal. It can trot fast and keep up the gait all day; but, when pressed into a run, it soon tires out, It never fights until wounded, but then it sometimes fights most fiercely.

Mr. Sloan remained in Iowa only one winter and then moved back to Wisconsin, where he lived one or two years. But at last he concluded that Mackinaw timber, McLean County, Illinois, was the best place for a human being to spend his days and he returned to his old abiding place. In 1858 the township of Gridley was organized and Mr. Sloan and Upton Cooms were chosen the first justices of the peace. The former has been justice of the peace ever since. He has performed all the duties of his office with fidelity. He has during that time had only two cases appealed and two writs of *certiorari*. His decision was sustained in one of the cases appealed, and the other was dismissed for want of prosecution. The justice's decision was sustained relating to the two writs of *certiorari*. During all the time he has been justice of the peace no one ever called for money, due him from the 'Squire, without receiving it. He has married a

good many of his neighbors. In 1848 or '49 he married James Wilson to Margaret Ogden and has since married two of their children.

On the 27th of August, 1862, Mr Sloan enlisted in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers, Company E., commanded by Capt. John L. Routt. The regiment was commanded by Colonel Orme. Mr. Sloan was chosen orderly sergeant in Bloomington on the twenty-seventh day of August, 1862, when they were mustered into service. He became sick at Springfield, Missouri, and was utterly prostrated and on this account was discharged at New Orleans, February 7, 1864.

Mr Sloan has had five children. They are:

William Henry Sloan lives in Mackinaw timber, about three miles south of his father's.

Sarah Ann, wife of Darwin Phinney, lives in southwestern Minnesota.

John Milton Sloan lives about four miles northwest of his father's and is teaching school. He was a soldier in the Thirty-third Illinois, Company E., commanded by Captain E. R. Roe, and afterwards by Captain E. J. Lewis. He was in many battles, was at Cache, Champion Hills, Black River Bridge, Spanish Fort, Fredericktown, Port Gibson, siege of Vicksburg, siege of Jackson and Fort Esperanza.

John Nelson and Albert Owen Sloan live in Spencer, Owen County, Indiana.

Mrs. Sloan died, and on the 14th of February, ——, John Sloan married Mrs. Susan Smith from Iowa. No children were born of this marriage.

John Sloan is five feet and eight inches high, has blue eyes; his hair was once dark, but is now somewhat gray. He is full faced, has a saguine complexion, long whiskers nearly white, weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds, likes fun, is a good man, talkative, pleasant and hospitable. He is generous and has helped to build four Methodist churches and a great many school houses.

Jonathan Coon.

Jonathan Coon was born April 4, 1815, in Madison County, Ohio. His patrentage is given in the succeeding sketch of his brother Isaiah. He tells an incident of his mother, which gives an idea of the condition of things in a new country. While a girl, living in New Virginia, she and her sister went out in the evening to hunt the cows, taking for protection a dog, belonging to the family. They remained until after dark in the mountains, and after a while their dog began barking in a holow. They went there and found a panther in a tree top. After throwing stones at it for some time, one of the girls went for help to kill it, while the other remained to watch the game. Their father came to their assistance and shot the panther down.

During the winter of 1823–24, the Coon family moved to Crawfordsville, Indiana, and settled within half a mile of the town. They lived there and in that vicinity until July 4, 1837, when they came to McLean County, Illinois. Crawfordsville was a small place, when the Coon family came to it. It had a store, a land office, a little hotel, a few dwellings and a little corn-cracker mill. For two years the breadstuffs, on which the people lived, were brought up Sugar Creek near by in a perogue or large poplar canoe about forty feet in length and three feet in width. At the end of that time the people had cleared enough timber to raise their own wheat for flour. The town grew, and in 1837 became a flourishing little place.

Mr. Coon speaks of the animals of the early days and particularly of the hedgehog, which was protected by quills, which bristled out on every side. These quills easily pierced whatever touched them, and they did not come out easily but had a tendency to work in deeper and deeper. The domestic animals of those days were very different from those at the present time. The Poland-China hog could not have been raised with profit in the early days, as it could not have been driven to market. The settlers were obliged to raise the long-nosed, long-legged hogs, which could travel to market. They were called "prairie rooters" and "wind splitters," and various other names, which were suggested by the appearance of the animal. In Ohio and

Indiana they were collected by drovers and taken to Cincinnati, Baltimore and Philadelphia.

Mr. Coon tells some wonderful snake stories of Indiana. He says, that two great dens of rattlesnakes, near Crawfordsville, were attacked and cleaned out, and that about a thousand snakes of different varieties were taken out of one den, and about thirteen hundred were taken from another. It was considered a pretty good day for snakes.

When Mr. Coon lived in Indiana he had many opportunities for exercising his muscle. People were obliged to clear the timber there to make their farms, and had "log rollings." The young men came from all parts of the country to roll together and burn the logs of trees, which had been chopped down for a clearing. The log rollers were divided into two parties, each with a captain, and the logs were also divided, and the two parties engaged in a race to see which could accomplish their work first. Mr. Coon says, "that was work such as young bucks now know nothing of." They also had husking bees when they gathered the corn, and at night would go coon hunting. The Coons were successful in catching coons, and in one fall slew eighty of their namesakes.

The clothing in those early days was buckskin jeans and linsey-woolsey for winter, and flax and tow linen for summer. The most elegant suit which a young pioneer could wear, was of buckskin dyed green. Mr. Coon relates an incident of a young gentleman, who started forth, arrayed in a suit of green buckskin, to visit a much admired young lady. He sat up with her pretty late, as was the custom in those days, and she gave him a place to sleep in the end of an unfinished log house, which had no door. While the young man was dreaming of the handsome young woman whom he so much admired, some hungry hounds came into the log house and captured the new buckskin pants and ate them up. He was obliged to borrow a pair next morning to return home.

Mr. Coon describes the arrangements for plowing in the early days. The plough was the barshear; the horse was attached to it by ropes, which looped over the single-tree and passed from there to the hames, to which they were fastened by being tied through auger holes. The hames were tied over a

collar of corn husks. The backband was leather or coarse tow cloth, and the line was a single rope.

While the Coon family lived in Indiana game was plenty and bears were sometimes found. Once while the Coons were out with a party after ginseng, they discovered a bear. They chased it until it was completely tired out and laid down. One of the party then came up and killed it by striking it on the head with a mattock.

In 1837 the Coon family came to Illinois and settled in Money Creek township, near Towanda. Jonathan Coon was a farmer and a mechanic. At that time the country began to be a little settled around the timber, but the wild animals were numerous and seemed to thrive well in the neighborhood of approaching civilization, and the settlers were obliged to be active in defending their crops and stock. The wolves were easily killed, though not always easily caught. Mr. Coon speaks of killing one by striking it on the head with his boot, as he had no club or gun. He tells a strange incident of Major Dickason, while out making a survey. The Major in walking to set a stake took sight on a thistle, but in walking towards it was carried out of the true course. Mr. Coon called to him to make him notice his error. A close observation showed that the thistle, which he took for a sight, was moving off. It was the head of a wolf! The wild animals seemed to be very free, and often came near the dwellings of the settlers. The wolves were the most impudent and saucy in this respect, though some of the other wild animals were not at all bashful. At one time, while Mr. Coon was away from home, a panther passed his dwelling, and Mrs Coon had an opportunity to study natural history all alone. She was not at all afraid, and afterwards described the doings of the animal very clearly. This was in 1843, when Mr. Coon lived between Mackinaw and Money Creek. Many animals which are now found only in the extreme west, lived in this part of the country in the very early days. Mr. Coon has found the bones of buffalo and the horns of elk on the Mackinaw, but these animals seemed to scent the coming of civilized men from a long distance, and no living settler has ever seen buffalo or elk in McLean County, so far as the author can learn.

When the Coon family first came to McLean County the set-

tlers "neighbored from grove to grove," that is, the people living in adjoining groves, five, ten or twenty miles distant, were neighbors. They met together, whenever a preacher came to the neighborhood to give them a good old backwoods sermon. Rev. Ebenezer Rhodes preached about twice every summer in Dickason's dwelling on Money Creek, near Towanda. Mr. Coon sometimes went to hear preaching at White Oak Grove, and formed the acquaintance of many valued friends, as the Bensons and Browns.

It was an interesting question in the early days as to where the thriving towns would be located. Lexington, Pleasant Hill and Clarksville, were then little places rivaling each other in growth and importance. A store was once started in Lexington, afterwards moved to Clarksville and then to Pleasant Hill. But the Chicago and Alton Railroad settled the matter by passing through Lexington, the other places could not keep pace with a railroad town. The greater part of Lexington belonged to A. Gridley. Clarksville belonged to Samuel Clark and George and Marston Bartholomew, and Pleasant Hill belonged to Isaac Smalley.

The earliest settlers came to McLean County from a wooded country, and did not understand the value of prairie land. It will scarcely be believed, but it is a fact, that many of them made their first farms by clearing timber in the groves, while the prairie was before them and needed no clearing! Of course it was not easy work to break prairie, and it required usually six yoke of oxen, which drew a plow, which cut a furrow of eighteen inches, and sometimes two feet; but it was very easy compared with the labor of clearing timber. Mr. Coon was a farmer and mechanic. In 1840 he and Joe Benson built the first court-house in Pontiac, but Benson died before it was finished.

In 1844, Mr. Coon commenced improving the place where he now lives. This place had first been selected by Squire Sloan, who was attracted by the fine spring of water, which never runs dry; but Mr. Sloan thought the country would never be settled, and he moved away, but came back, and now lives near his old place. In 1862, Mr. Coon built the house where he now lives, and no one could wish for anything more convenient and pleasant.

Mr. Coon married, October 28, 1841, Nancy Mouser. She was born March 9, 1822, in Fayette County, Ohio. She died May 11, 1852, Mr. Coon married, July 27, 1854, Celina Bilbrey, daughter of Young and Amanda Bilbrey. She was born October 14, 1829, in McLean County, and died August 8, 1855. He has never had any children of his own, but he has taken care of two children, Mary E. and Nancy J. Young, who were placed by their mother on her death-bed, under the charge of himself and his sister. Mr. Young, the father of the children, died the year after the decease of his wife, and Mr. Coon is now the guardian of the children. The parents of Mr. Coon lived with him from 1854 until their death. His sister Ruth keeps house for him. He is a member of the Christian Church, was baptised near Crawfordsville, Indiana, by Rev. Michael Combs. The Christian Church was organized on Money Creek, at the house of Young Bilbrey. The first elders were Isaac Hinthorn and Adam Coon, and, on the resignation of the latter, Jonathan Coon was elected to fill the vacancy. In 1860 he united with the Buck Creek congregation, as that was nearer his house and was chosen elder by them, and still holds that position. The present church on Buck Creek was built 1858

Mr. Coon is about five feet and eight inches in height, is a very careful and honest man, and no doubt made a most excellent mechanic. He is a man that attends carefully and well to whatever is put under his charge, as an elder in the church he no doubt shows a great deal of watchcare. His health has been, for some time, very poor, and he has not been able to do much work since December, 1871.

Isaiah Coon.

Isaiah Coon was born July 21, 1813, in Madison County, Ohio. His father's name was Adam Coon, a Pennsylvania Dutchman, born December 1, 1782, and his mother's name before her marriage was Ellen Dickason, of English and Irish descent, born April 14, 1790. Adam Coon moved to Virginia at an early day, and from there to Ohio, where he was married in 1811 or '12. About that time he moved to Madison County, where Isaiah Coon was born. On Christmas day, 1823, the Coon family started for Indiana, and arrived near Crawfordsville in January,

1824. In 1836, Isaiah Coon came to McLean County, Illinois, and in April settled where Towanda now is. The family came during the following year, starting July 4, and arriving July 12. They lived for two years near where Towanda now is, then two years near Clarksville, on the Mackinaw, in Money Creek township, and then moved to what is now Gridley township, north of the Mackinaw. Here Adam Coon passed the remainder of his days, and died July 9, 1863, and his wife followed him on the 18th of November of the same year. Their home, for some time preceding their decease, was with Jonathan Coon.

When Isaac Coon came to the country his occupation was farming and splitting rails. For the latter he received fifty cents per hundred, and could split two hundred per day. He married, October 30, 1844, Maria Ogden, daughter of Jonathan Ogden, whose sketch appears in this volume.

Mr. Coon has kept a record of the weather since his arrival and speaks of several notable phenomena. On the 13th of May, 1858, occured a great wind storm, which tore down timber along the Mackinaw, and unroofed and tore down many houses. It was not a whirling tornado, which passes along in a moment, but a steady blow, which lasted for two hours and had a track seven miles wide. It blew in a northeasterly direction. Mr. Coons lived in about the middle of the track of the storm, and the rain was so great that the creek by their house rose to their door-step, and the mud from the field above was washed down over their door-yard, covering it in some places six inches in depth. The cloud was green in color, and while the storm was raging, everything appeared green. Such a storm as this is very rare, and the author never before heard of one in the West, although the whirling tornadoes have been often spoken of. Mr. Coon also speaks of the great sleet storm of January 13, 1871, which weighed down the timber with ice, and broke down many trees. Mackinaw timber still shows the effect very plainly.

It was very common for the early settlers to go on regular bee hunts, and they would frequently bring home large quantities of honey. Mr coon went bee hunting during the fall after he came to the country, with Major Dickason and Richard Mc-

Aferty. They went to Iowa, beyond the range of civilization, and at the end of six weeks returned with four barrels of the finest strained honey, and one hundred and fifty pounds of beeswax. During the fall of the year following, he went with Jacob and Albert Dickason and Lewis Sowards to the sand ridges of the Kankakee, and at the end of five weeks returned with six barrels of strained honey and two hundred and forty pounds of beeswax.

Mr. Coon has had six children altogether, of whom three are living. They are:

Mrs. Isabel Robinson Tarman, wife of A. B. Tarman, lives in Gridley township, about three and a half miles northeast of her father's.

Mrs. Sarah Ellen Kearfott, wife of William Kearfott, lives about three and a half miles southeast of her father's, in Money Creek township.

Clara Estelle, the pet, lives at home.

Mr. Coon is five feet and ten inches in height, is strongly and squarely built, has a sanguine, hopeful disposition, gray eyes, a good head with what appears to be a good development of brain. He seems a very honest, kind and pleasant man.

The following are the children of Adam and Eleanor Coon, the father of Isaiah:

Isaiah, born July 21, 1813.
Jonathan, born April 4, 1815.
Ruth, born January 8, 1817.
Michael, born April 5, 1819.
Albert and Henry died in infancy.
James S., born March 21, 1825.
Nancy J. R., born February 22, 1827.
Margaret W., born June 20, 1831.

James Smith Coon.

James S. Coon was born March 21, 1825, in Montgomery County, Indiana. (For his ancestry see sketch of Isaiah Coon). He lived there near Crawfordsville until the fourth of July, 1837, when he came to Illinois with the family, and lived for a while on Major Dickason's farm, near Towanda, McLean County. Afterwards they moved to Clarksville and then to Taylor Lov-

ing's place in Gridley township. There James began to do some of the hunting for which he afterwards became quite famous. He and his brother Michael set large steel traps for wolves, and in one season caught seventeen of these animals (the eighteenth left his toes), two or three badgers, one gray eagle and one white owl. A steel trap set for a wolf was never fastened immovably to the ground, but was tied to a heavy pole, which the wolf could usually drag for some distance. It would be likely to pull itself loose and leave only its toes, if the trap was immovable. Mr. Coon once caught a lively wolf, which pulled the trap loose from the pole and when he came up with it and tried to strike it with his horse's bridle, the lively animal grabbed the bridle in its teeth every time. He was obliged to bring on his dogs, Mr. Coon never considered the wolves dangerous, though th ey sometimes came very close to him while traveling in the night time, so close that he could hear the patter of their feet.

In about the year 1843 Mr. Coon took claims north of the Mackinaw and James set out apple and peach trees. The latter began to bear fruit before the land was entered. He experienced great difficulty in protecting his first trees from the deer, during the latter part of October, when the velvet was shedding from their antlers. For the deer would rub their antlers against the trees to get rid of the velvet.

Mr. Coon often hunted deer with horses and hounds, and thinks it the most exciting of sport. He once remembers a most exciting chase, which he and his brother Michael had after a buck. They started with two gray-hounds, a black dog named Peter Logan (after a negro), and several other dogs of various kinds. They found a herd of deer about half a mile distant, and the grayhounds started on low ground. The deer did not observe the hounds until the latter were very close. The dogs singled out the leader, a large buck. The latter ran a short distance, when he turned for fight. It was a large and powerful buck and fought the hounds most savagely. It gored first one and then the other with its long antlers. The huhters came up but had no guns or clubs and could only look on. The buck would pin one dog to the ground, when the other would grab it; then it would pin the other to the ground, when the first one would take hold of it. At last Peter Logan, the black dog,

came up and all three of them mastered the buck, and the hunters finished it. One of the grayhounds was so terribly gored, that it had to be wrapped up, and carried home in a wagon. The other was gashed in the shoulder clear to the bone, but could walk home. It was a plucky dog, and caught another deer on its return. The buck would have undoubtedly whipped the grayhounds and perhaps killed them both, if old Peter Logan had not come to their assistance.

When the Coon family lived near Clarksville, Adam Coon found the track of an unusual animal. It was a track as large as a man's fist and almost perfectly round. A party of men followed it up and found a lynx. The animal did not seem afraid, but trotted around carelessly, though it seemed a little anxious to keep out of the way of the hunter who carried the rifle. The men wished to see some fun and sent for a couple of dogs, and when the latter arrived, Michael Coon shot the lynx in the leg and breast, thinking to give the dogs an easier fight, but it died in a few moments and they missed the fun. While it was dying, one of the dogs grabbed it, but received a terrific blow from the paw of the lynx and was sent rolling. The paws of the lynx were round and fully as large as a good sized fist; its nails resembled the claws of a timber hawk, and were an inch and a half in length; its legs were enormous in size, large, and with the heavy fur seemed fully as large as the leg of a stout man.

Mr. Coon married, February 14, 1850, Maria Young, who came to Illinois while only a small child. In 1852 he and his wife moved to the place where they now live, north of the Mackinaw. They have had three children, of whom two are living. They are; Ambrose Whitlock and Sarah Eleanor Coon, who both live at home.

Mr. Coon is five feet and nine inches in height, is strong and possessed of great deal of pluck. He is not very heavy, but muscular. He has brown hair and reddish whiskers. He seems born to succeed in the world, and has that leading characteristic of the family, straightforwardness in his transactions. He and his brother Michael were the two coon hunters.

George Washington Cox.

George W. Cox was born October 28, 1815, in Oxford County, Maine, in the little town of Norway. His father, William Cox, was of Welch descent and his mother, whose maiden name was Elizabeth Phipps, was of English but both were born in New Hamshire. George W. Cox received his common school education in Maine. He served his apprenticeship at carding and cloth-making and followed his trade for a while after coming to the West. He came to Illinois in 1837. He traveled by steamboat a greater part of the way, until he landed at Pekin, and there he continued his journey on foot to Bloomington. As he was unaccustomed to walking he was an invalid for a week afterwards. For five years he worked part of the time near Hudson on a farm, which he and his brother, Samuel Cox, opened up, and a part of the time at Bloomington as a cloth-dresser in Ort Covel's carding and cloth-dressing factory. Cloth was dressed by putting it on a cylinder and running the cards over it, and it was finely dressed by teasels or burrs, which were strung on a cylinder, or between slats running across the cylinder.

Mr. Cox married. March 24, 1842, in Bloomington, Nancy Jane Loving, daughter of Taylor Loving, of Gridley township. She was born in Indiana, and was brought to Illinois at an early day. Mr. Cox lived on Taylor Loving's farm in Mackinaw timber for two years, and in 1844 broke prairie at the place where he now lives, north of the Mackinaw in Gridley township. He has succeeded very well in raising stock, has had no particular adventures, never was a hunter, because hunting was not a paying business. He could buy meat cheaper than he could kill it. If he wanted venison he could purchase it of John Messer for a little more than the cost of the ammunition required to kill it. He is a man highly respected in his township: he has been twice supervisor, indeed has held every township office, except justice of the peace and town clerk.

Nancy Jane Cox died February 16, 1863. Mr. Cox married, August 12, 1863, Mrs. Nancy Potter, widow of Joseph Potter, of Kappa. Her maiden name was Nancy Hall, and her birthplace is in Indiana.

Mr. Cox has had five children in all, of whom four are now living. They are:

James W. Cox, who lives a half mile east of his father's. He served in the army in the Normal regiment and was discharged, after two years' service, on account of sickness.

Mrs. Mary Z. Bowers, wife of Wesley Bowers, lives in Benton County, Indiana.

Henry W. Cox lives in Benton County, Indiana, within half a mile of his sister, Mrs. Bowers.

Charles Sumner Cox is deaf and dumb, and has for some time been an inmate of the asylum at Jacksonville.

Mr. Cox is about five feet and nine inches in height, has a full head of hair, which was originally dark, has grayish blue eyes, a full beard, rather a thin face, is rather spare and has been much afflicted with rheumatism. He is good natured, hard working, hospitable and kind; a man of good business qualifications, has succeeded well, takes care of what he possesses, has a fine farm and a fine house and everything appears neat and tidy, as the place of a New Englander should.

The family, of which George W. Cox is a member, has been much scattered. There were fourteen children of them in the little town of Norway, where their father kept store, about forty miles from Portland. Two of the daughters are in Massachusetts, one in New Hampshire and one in Bloomington, Illinois; one son is at Troy, New York, two are in Maine, one at Hudson, Illinois, merchant and postmaster, one in Bloomington, and one, the subject of this sketch, in Gridley township, north of the Mackinaw.

HUDSON.

Young Bilbrey.

Young Bilbrey was born May 21, 1801, in North Carolina. His father's name was Isam Bilbrey and his mother's maiden name was Ruth Sellers. When Young was about seven years of age, the family moved to Matthew's Creek and there he lived until he came to Illinois. He married, August 12, 1826, Amanda Patrick, and January 12, 1827, he started for Illinois

with horses and oxen, with his wife, three brothers-in-law and one sister-in-law. They came first to Twin Grove, where they arrived February 12, and remained until April 16, when they moved to Panther Creek, in what is now Woodford County. At the latter place Mr. Bilbrey built a rail pen to live in. It was a ten-foot rail pen, with rails on three sides and the other side open. The roof was of clapboards. In this they lived three weeks and while there Mr. Bilbrey and his three brothers-in-law cleared ten acres of heavy timber and planted it in corn, and it yielded fifty bushels to the acre. After this clearing was made they moved to a log house near by, and the following year moved to another log house, which they had built in the meantime on the north side of the east fork of Panther Creek. While building that house, Mr. Bilbrey's brother-in-law, Winslow Patrick, was killed by a fall, and this was the first sad event they experienced.

The fever and ague was a regular visitor in the West. Mrs. Bilbrey says that Stephen Webb, of Twin Grove, declared that no one but a lazy man could have the ague. But before long he took it himself, while splitting rails. He had a good shake, but insisted that it would be driven off the next time by splitting rails. Again the ague came, harder than before, and Stephen mauled rails with all his might; he shook and mauled and shook and mauled, but the fever and chills were at last so severe, that he stopped work, and he was forced to acknowledge that the ague was no respecter of persons. Some time afterwards he was out haying, and while coming home on the load he had the ague, and while crossing a creek his load upset and he was involuntarily baptized, and, strange to say, never had the ague again. Mrs. Bilbrey thinks the wagon was upset for the purpose of throwing Mr. Webb into the creek.

During the winter of the deep snow the Bilbreys pounded their corn as everybody did. When the heavy snow-fall came, some men, who had come to mill from Pontiac, and were returning, were caught in the snow and stayed at Mr. Bilbrey's over night. They left their corn meal there and went home and afterwards returned with sleds and snow-shoes. One of them was near freezing to death, and gave up and wished to stop and die. His companion gave him encouraging words, but these

seemed to be of little use and he was determined to die. At last his companion aroused him by saying: "I don't care if you die. You are of no account to your family anyhow, or to any one, and the best thing you can do is to freeze." The man thus addressed became very angry and aroused himself and walked through.

The house of Mr. Bilbrey was used as a preaching place for many years, for the Christians and United Brethren.

The clothing worn in the early days was jeans and linsey woolsey, and Mrs. Bilbrey thinks it would do no harm if this clothing was worn at the present day. She thinks the fashions of the present day are scandalous, and that it is an outrage for women to wear humps on their backs, and that they had better dress naturally, even if they wore linsey woolsey. She wishes this idea preserved with care in the hope that it may be a benefit to the rising generation.

In 1836 the Bilbrey family moved to the east side of Money Creek, where they lived twenty-five years and then moved to the west side, where they lived until the death of Mr. Bilbrey, which occurred June 13, 1873,

Mr. Bilbrey belonged to the Christian Church for about thirty-five years. He died without fear, and was conscious to the last. His business was all arranged and "his house set in order." Ten dollars would have paid every debt he owed.

Mr. and Mrs. Bilbrey have had nine children, of whom six are living. The children are:

Jane, born October 14, 1829, married to Jonathan Coon, died August 8, 1856.

Mary Ann, born January 8, 1832, married Rankin Armstrong and lives near Secor, Woodford County.

Melinda, born December 17, 1833, married Lewis Smith, died August 9, 1861.

William, born March 29, 1836, lives in Gibson, Ford County, Illinois.

Ellen, born October 25, 1837, married Jacob Hinthorn and lives on the west side of Money Creek timber.

Margaret was born March 16, 1839, and died May 3, 1864.

Almira was born September 28, 1840, married William Hinthorn, March 24, 1861, lives in Shelbina, Missouri.

Allen, born October 28, 1841, lives on the south end of his father's farm.

Eli, born October 5, 1845, lives on the southwest side of Money Creek timber.

Mr. Bilbrey was rather a large man, weighed about two hundred and thirty pounds, was very muscular, worked hard, had an iron constitution, was a good man and strictly honest. He was very cool and fearless, when difficulties appeared in his way, and worked steadily and carefully to overcome them. He was sick for three weeks previous to his death with inflammation of the bowels and bilious fever. His funeral was a large one, the people coming from long distances to see the old pioneer laid in his last resting place. The funeral sermon was preached by Thomas D. Lyons, at the house of the deceased.

Joseph Messer.

Joseph Messer was the son of Isaac Messer, whose children are given at the close of this sketch. It has not been possible to obtain information sufficient to write a sketch of the old gentleman, who was one of the earliest and most noted pioneers of McLean County.

Joseph Messer was born September 5, 1825, in Pickaway County, Ohio, and came with the family to Mackinaw timber, in what is now McLean County, Illinois, where he arrived in March, 1829. He has led quite an active life, and has done some hunting "off and on" for fifteen or sixteen years, and indeed this disposition to hunt is one of the leading characteristics of the family. He studied particularly into the nature of that most cunning and most interesting animal, the deer. He says that frequently they have their regular places to live and sometimes select them with great care and discretion. He remembers a large buck, which had a place to stay on the north of the Mackinaw, where it was protected in some measure by two ponds of water. It could there see a long distance and had timely notice of the approach of hunters or wild animals. Mr. Messer determined to kill this deer, and crawled to it from a long distance and was obliged to crawl through a pond of water, which came over his back. But he held up his gun and went through, and was rewarded for his trouble by killing the deer. As the country became well settled,

the game grew scarce and was not easily killed. The old hunters then practiced shooting deer on the run. Mr. Messer, while on horseback, once chased a deer, and as it was about to run into a thicket he shot it through the heart without slacking the pace of his horse. In one fall he killed eighteen deer, and only one was shot while standing.

Mr. Messer married, March 17, 1853, Martha Locke. He has had eight children, all of whom are living. They are fine, healthy boys and girls, and he works hard to support them. He is five feet and ten inches in height, is not heavy set, has a nose with a good natured turn to it, and gray eyes with a very clear expression in them. He is a very pleasant man.

The following are the children of Isaac Messer, the father of Joseph:

John Messer, born August 4, 1807, lives north of the Mackinaw in Gridley township. His sketch appears in this work.

Mary Messer, born January 4, 1811, married Joseph D. Gildersleeve and lives in Hudson township in the edge of Money Creek timber.

Elizabeth Messer, born September 4, 1813, married Peter Spore and lives at Neosho Falls, Kansas.

Jane Messer, born September 9, 1815, married Isaac Turnipseed and lives in Hudson township in the edge of Money Creek timber.

Sidney Ann Messer, born April 19, 1819, married Madison Young, lived in Mackinaw timber and died many years since.

Rebecca Messer, born October 30, 1821, married Calvin Doughty. She and her husband are both dead.

Isaac Messer died in infancy.

Joseph Messer, born September 5, 1825, lives in Hudson township in the edge of Money Creek timber.

James K. Messer, born April 19 1828, died when eight years of age.

Isaac Messer, born December 28, 1831, lives in Hudson township in the edge of Money Creek timber.

Jesse Havens.

Jesse Havens was born June 23, 1781, near the mouth of Squawn River in New Jersey. His father came from Wales when

quite young. He was a sea captain and was shipwrecked and lost his life on the ocean by shipwreck. Jesse Havens came to Virginia, when only a boy and lived with a brother-in-law, named Newman. There he went bear-hunting and killed a great number. Mr. Newman made bear-hunting a business and Jesse Havens often went out with a company of hunters under Newman and stayed for three months at a time without seeing any human beings, except members of the company. Jesse Havens was an excellent marksman, and as the bear were thick, had every chance to exercise his skill. He sometimes took the dogs and went out hunting himself and occasionally had some unexpected adventures. At one time, while alone watching a deer-lick, he heard an animal approaching, which proved to be a panther. It ran up a tree and seemed also to be on the watch for deer. Jesse took careful aim at it, fired and ran for home. The hunters returned with him to the spot and found the panther dead. At one time he had a dangerous adventure with a bear. He shot a bear which had been treed and it fell wounded, and hugged the dog, which had treed it. When Jesse came up, the bear and dog went rolling down a hill, but Jesse succeeded in killing the bear with his knife and tomahawk. He considered this a narrow escape.

He went in 1801 to where Newark, Ohio, now is, and built several log cabins for a company which settled there. He married and moved eight miles north of that place and cleared out a small farm and ran a shop in which he made furniture, chairs, etc.

Jesse Havens enlisted in the war of 1812 and was at the desperate defence made by Major Croghan and his band of one hundred and sixty men, of Fort Stephenson on the Lower Sandusky.

In the fall of 1829 Jesse Havens came to Illinois. He came first to Big Grove, near where Urbana now is, and from there went in search of a house and found one on the North Fork of the Sangamon, south of where Leroy now is. When he moved his family there, which was in December, 1829, the sleet troubled him very much, and he was obliged to walk many miles to obtain corn for food. He left the Sangamon and came to Buckles' Grove and from there he came to where Hudson now is, in January, 1830. There he bought some claims, made improvements and went to farming, as did all the settlers in that section.

In 1850 Jesse Havens sold out and went to Iowa, but after a few years returned to Havens' Grove. Here he lived two years

with his son Hiram and then went back to Iowa, where he remained until the time of his death, which occurred December 2, 1862. Just previous to his death he requested his son William to bury him in Havens' Grove, and this request was carried out. He was, at the time of his death, eighty-one years, five months and nine days old.

He was married to Rebecca Hinthorn in Licking County, Ohio. He had eleven children, all of whom lived to become men and women. They are:

Mrs. Elizabeth Platt, wife of Hezekiah Platt, died in Northern Iowa.

Mrs. Anna Smith, wife of John Smith, lives at Havens' Grove.

Mrs. Dorcas Wheeler, wife of Benjamin Wheeler, lives at Havens' Grove.

Mrs. Margaret Trimmer, wife of David Trimmer, died at Havens' Grove.

John Havens lives at Ford County, Illinois, not far from Paxton.

Hiram Havens lives at Hayens' Grove.

Jesse D. Havens lives in Lincoln, Illinois, on the Chicago & Alton Railroad.

Rev. James Havens lives in Wisconsin. He is a Methodist minister and belongs to the Wisconsin Conference.

Rev. Enoch Stephen Havens also is a Methodist minister belonging to the Wisconsin Conference.

Ired M. Havens died at Kappa, January 8, 1852, aged twenty-six years, seven months and twenty-one days. He was buried at Havens' Grove.

W. W. Havens lives in Northern Iowa.

Jesse Havens was six feet in height, had heavy hair and eyebrows, and was very muscular. He was a good man and quite successful in life. He gave the name to Havens' Grove. He was one of the first Commissioners elected in McLean County after its organization.

Hiram Havens.

Hiram Havens was born March 29, 1817, in Licking County, Ohio. He worked for his father, Jesse Havens, in his younger days and broke prairie with an ox-team. He and his brother

John broke prairie together and together kept bachelor's hall. John usually brought up the oxen in the morning, while Hiram pounded the cornmeal for breakfast. They often killed deer, sometimes early enough in the morning to have venison for breakfast. In March, 1833, Hiram Havens went to More's mill on Panther Creek, in company with a man named Platt. But on his return he found it impossible to cross the Mackinew. His companion, Platt, managed to cross on the ice with a pole, intending to go home and return with something for Havens to eat, but on his return it was impossible to re-cross the Mackinaw, as it had risen to an enormous height. Havens was left to lay all night on an open sled, on the bank of the Mackinaw in a sleeting storm. But he fortunately had his feet protected by a big dog, which kept them warm. The wolves came unpleasantly near and seemed very anxious to make mutton of him. The next morning he rode eight miles in the storm on one of his horses, leading the other. He obtained some parched corn for breakfast, of a man named More, then rode two miles farther to a house where he was given some boiled corn and venison. He lived there sixteen days before he could re-cross the Mackinaw. He found that the crows and mice had eaten much of his flour, and possibly the wolves might have assisted in the matter.

Hiram Havens was a good shot and pretty certain to bring down his game. His father once treed a lynx, which is an immensely long-bodied animal, with spots or short stripes, and with legs which are short, thick and powerful. Hiram was called to shoot the animal, and put a bullet into its brain. It fell to the ground and an incautious dog came rather close, when the lynx gave it a blow with its paw, which sent the dog rolling senseless. The lynx died in a few moments. It measured six feet from tip to tip, but its tail was short. Its nails were two inches in length.

The lynxes, as may be seen by the description, are ferocious animals, and have given rise to many stories. One of these was the story of the once celebrated Clem Oatman. It was said that Clem Oatman was once coming home from mill, when he saw one of these lynxes and killed it with a club and carried it on his horse, which was a very tall one. And it was said that this lynx dragged its head in the snow on one side and its hindquarters in the snow on the other, and in this manner the wonderful lynx

was carried home. The news of Clem Oatman's lynx was carried over the country, and was told in every school house, church and grocery. So far as the truth of this story is concerned, the reader can believe as much or as little as he chooses. If he wishes to cultivate his faith, this story is a good one to practice on.

Mr. Havens takes delight in stories, and tells one on a certain man named Wood, an English sailor, who came to the neighborhood with Mr. Samuel Lewis. Wood went hunting, with a fine gun, which Lewis had brought from England. The gun was scoured up brightly, and was of beautiful workmanship. Wood wounded a deer, which turned for fight, and came with its hair all bristling forward, though it was much worried by the dogs. Wood turned to the deer and said: "Don't you come 'ookin' at me, Mr. Deer, or I'll knock 'ee in the 'ead with the gun." But the deer was not familiar with broad English dialect and did not heed the warning. The old sailor managed the gun as he would a handspike and broke the deer's horns and mashed its head and laid it out dead. But the pretty gun, which had been brought from England, with pretty mountings and fancy trappings, was broken and battered and useless for further service.

Hiram Havens commenced work for the Illinois Central Railroad Company in 1851, when that great undertaking was put under contract. He worked two years and a half, furnishing ties, bridge lumber, etc., and could have remained in the service of the company, but was afraid of the uncertainty of a life on the road.

Mr. Havens has been pretty successful in life, and has made his money by the hardest of labor. When he married and commenced life for himself, he was on sixty acres of land, which was given to him by his father. He lived in a cabin twelve feet square, made of split logs. It had only one window, and was a hard looking affair. He and his wife had two cows, one pony, two chairs, one bed and one blue chest, which they used as a table. During the first year he did his ploughing with a borrowed horse, but succeeded well and bought more land and in about three years was able to build a house. He continued farming and raising stock and accumulating property, until he became pretty independent. In 1859 he bought the farm of Enoch S.

Havens, and since that time built the house where he now lives. His property is not tied up with trust deeds or mortgages, but belongs to him in fee simple.

He married Sarah A. Trimmer, April 5, 1838. She is still living. He has had five children, of whom three are living. They are:

Mrs. Martha E. Johnson, wife of John S. Johnson, lives in White Oak Grove.

Alice Havens and Etta B. Havens, the pet, live at home.

Mr. Havens is nearly six feet in height, and has a fair amount of muscle. His hair was once what is politely called intensely auburn, that is, it had a reddish cast, but now it is sprinkled with gray. He has been a hard and industrious worker, and has the respect and confidence of the community where he resides, as is seen by the fact that he has been justice of the peace for sixteen years.

Benjamin Wheeler.

Benjamin Wheeler was born February 14, 1803, in Hardy County, Virginia, (now West Virginia,) about two and one-half miles from the town of Morfield. His father's name was Benjamin Wheeler, and his mother's maiden name was Rachel Harris. He is of English and German descent. Mr. Wheeler was, of course, very young during the war of 1812, but he remembers that about that time his mother died, leaving seven children for the father to look after. As strange luck would have it, Mr. Wheeler, sr., was drafted during that war in what was called the Whisky Company, while he had all these seven children to support. But the case was one of such hardship that the town generously paid for a substitute, and Mr. Wheeler remained at home.

The war of 1812 had a great effect on the price of various articles, which were imported into the country. When it was nearly closed, a merchant brought some salt from Baltimore to Morfield on packhorses, and sold it for fifty cents per quart; but soon the war was ended, salt was brought in cheap, and the merchant was obliged to sell out at a loss.

When Benjamin Wheeler, jr., was about thirteen years of age, the family came to Licking County, Ohio. No incident of im-

portance occurred during his youth. He married, April 10, 1828, Dorcas Havens, and during the fall of 1829 started for the West with his father-in-law, Jesse Havens. He came to Big Grove, where Champaign City, Ills., now is, and in 1830 came to McLean County. He began farming with very little to work with and no money. His first plow was partly of his own manufacture. He had a land side and a shear, and he made a wooden mould-board himself. The appearance of this plow was not prepossessing. It seemed more like an A harrow than a plow; but it was serviceable, and he was obliged to use it for two years before he could make enough money to buy another.

In 1839–40 he experienced the celebrated hard times, and sold pork in Lacon for one dollar and a quarter per hundred, took one-fourth of his pay in store goods, and the remainder in Cairo money, which the merchants tried to shave twelve and a half cents on the dollar; but he refused to submit to it. He hauled shelled corn to Peoria and sold it for twelve and a half cents per bushel. But in 1843 prices rose, and farmers could make money. The fluctuations in currency at home made many a man's fortune. Many men, who owed the State Bank, bought up its notes at a large discount and paid their debts. But with all of these vexations, Mr. Wheeler thinks he enjoyed himself better then, than he has done during the last fifteen or eighteen years.

Mr. Wheeler was very little of a hunter. He killed two or three deer, but was more successful with turkeys, for when he shot one out of a flock, the rest fluttered around and huddled together, and would not run until they saw the hunter. He only killed three deer, and two of these were during the winter of the deep snow. Only six or seven deer lived during that winter in Havens' Grove; whole droves of them perished in the snow.

During the famous sudden change of December, 1836, Mr. Wheeler was out feeding his stock, and when he came into the house and pulled off his overcoat it was frozen so stiff that it stood upright on the floor. He speaks of a man and his daughter, who were frozen to death in this sudden change, before they could go to their home, a few miles away. This incident has been related by several other settlers, but none seem to know the names of the unfortunate persons. Mr. Wheeler says that

two hours after the sudden change took place, the Six Mile Creek could be crossed on the ice.

Mr. Wheeler speaks of other phenomena. In 1844, the year of the great rains, he was at one time entirely hemmed in. The Six Mile Creek overflowed the bottom lands, and Mr. Wheeler's house stood on an island. The creek was higher than ever before, except the spring of 1831, when the deep snow went off.

Mr. Wheeler has suffered much by fire. During the fall of 1830 a fire came up from Twin Grove, and everyone turned out to fight it; but it burned up all his rails, his wheat and his hay, and during the succeeding winter he was forced to depend on his corn, which he dug out of the deep snow. In about the year 1838 or '40, a fire came rolling over the prairie, and Mr. Wheeler and his boys tore down the rail fences as fast as possible to save them, but nine hundred of his rails went up in smoke. In 1840 or '41, the fire came so swiftly, that it jumped a piece of plowed and burnt ground two rods wide. At another time it jumped the big road, which is more than two rods wide. He saw a dry fence, belonging to Samuel Lewis, burnt down so quickly that the stakes and riders were still standing, while the fence was burnt out underneath. Mr. Lewis was away from home at the time, and Mrs. Lewis came out with her mopstick to do something, but she might as well have thrown it at the Chicago fire. Mr. Wheeler has seen fire going faster than a horse could run and taking fearful leaps. It would suck in the air behind it, and move like a flock of wild geese with the center ahead and the wings on each side hanging back.

The old settlers, of course, have a lively recollection of those animals, which destroyed their property. Mr. Wheeler remembers a particularly destructive lynx, for which a reward of thirty dollars was offered. An Indian succeeded in killing it and claimed the reward, which was refused; but the settlers took the Indian's part and insisted that the reward should be paid, and the Indian at last received it.

The rattlesnakes, in early days, were numerous, and Mr. Wheeler says that the poison strikes into the system almost instantly. A Mrs. Rook was bitten by a rattlesnake on the hand, and her husband thought he would show great presence of mind by cutting out a piece of flesh, where she had been bitten; but

she came near dying and was only saved by an Indian, who rubbed her with China snakeroot. This was the great remedy.

Mr. Wheeler has seen all phases of pioneer life, and, notwithstanding all the hardships, he enjoyed himself very much in the "good old times." He has had fourteen children, ten of whom are living. They are:

Valentine Wheeler, who lives in Hudson.

Jesse Wheeler, who lives three miles west of Hudson.

William L. Wheeler lives in Ford County, near Gibson City.

Mrs. Rebecca Miller, wife of John G. Miller, lives in Bloomington.

John T. Wheeler lives in Clay Centre, Clay County, Kansas.

James A. Wheeler lives in Farmer City, DeWitt County.

Rachel, Elizabeth, Mary and Henry Wheeler, live at home.

Benjamin Wheeler is almost six feet in height, is a very kind gentleman, can tell what he knows, and fortunately knows something to tell. His hair is gray, and his whiskers are of mixed red and gray. He has a hopeful disposition and a pleasant temper. He suffers with the asthma, which, he thinks, he brought on by contending with fires and becoming suddenly warm and breathing the smoke and heated air. Mrs. Wheeler, his lady, was born June 9, 1810, in Licking County, Ohio. She is a woman of tender sympathy, has a kind heart and a pleasant word for all.

John Smith.

John Smith was born December 11, 1804, in Randolph County, North Carolina. His father's name was David Smith, and his mother's name was Polly McLaughlin. His grandfather, Zachariah Smith, was a German, who came to America when a boy. He was a Baptist preacher during the Revolutionary war. Polly McLaughlin was of Scotch descent. David Smith moved to Georgia in 1811, and returned the following year to North Carolina. Many soldiers were seen on the way. He volunteered to go to the war in 1812, but was never called out. Shortly afterwards the Smith family went to Kentucky, where they remained a year, and then went to Centreville, Indiana, on the Whitewater River. They farmed and cleared forty acres of land on the beach. They hauled their corn on a sled, as the settlement did not have a wagon for two years. After four years of

farming there, they went to Strawtown. The health of this place may be inferred from the fact that only one man in it failed to take the fever and ague. A little difficulty occurred there with the Miami Indians. Some of them came to the house of a pioneer, named Shintaffer, and insisted on having whisky, which was refused. One of them in his anger struck Shintaffer's wife on the cheek, and it hurt her severely, as she was suffering with the toothache. Mr. Shintaffer picked up the Indian and threw him on the fire, while Mrs. Shintaffer took the butt end of the whip to him. The Indian was severely burnt, and would have been roasted alive, had not the squaws made an outcry. This was in the fall of the year. During the following spring, Mr. Shintaffer went with John Smith to blaze a road to the Wabash River, and a party of twelve Miami Indians attempted in his absence to murder his family; but he returned just as they were about to commence, and was assisted in defending his family by some whites, who were watching the Indians. After a severe scuffle, one Indian and one white man were killed. The Shintaffer and the Smith families moved down to the mouth of Eel River. There the Smiths lived two years, then moved to Honey Creek prairie on the Wabash, where they remained one year, then went to the Grand Prairie near the State line, between Illinois and Indiana. The Grand Prairie was a name given to the whole prairie of the Mississippi valley. On the line, where the Grand Prairie commenced, the beech and yellow poplar stopped.

In 1824, John Smith moved a family to Peoria, which then contained only two or three houses. While on this trip, he saw, about twenty miles above Peoria, a large log in a tree, and on climbing up he found it contained the bones of an Indian, who must have been six feet and five inches tall. On Mr. Smith's return home he moved to Big Grove, Illinois, near where Urbana now is. While he was there, a man went to Peoria on foot to perfect his title to some land, and it was necessary to see the person whom John Smith moved there. On the man's return he walked himself to death, and was found lying between the Sangamon and the head of the Vermilion.

The Indian trading-house was at the east end of Big Grove. In the timber were two Indian sugar camps. They had all the apparatus for making sugar. They had immense troughs, which would hold six or eight barrels of sap.

In the spring of 1830, the Smith family moved to what was afterwards called Smith's Grove. John Smith immediately entered the land, where the Jones family now live.

The winter of the deep snow was a hard one for the Smith family. When the first heavy snowfall came, John Smith was at White Oak timber, and during that night stayed at More's mill with several others. He was watching the mill as it ground his corn, but it broke during the night, and he could grind no more. The mill was built of logs, and was not chinked, and the snow drifted on the inside about eight feet high. It required the whole of the next day for Mr. Smith to go to Havens' Grove, and the whole of the following day to reach home at Smith's Grove. A few days afterwards, when the snow became settled and packed, it was impossible to go anywhere.

John Smith married, March 30, 1831, Anna Havens. In the spring of 1832 he settled at Havens' Grove, about three-quarters of a mile north of his present residence. In 1849 he settled about half a mile from Hudson, in the edge of Havens' Grove, and has lived there ever since.

John Smith relates an incident, which occurred in December, 1836, during the sudden change in the weather. On the day of the sudden change, a man, named Lapham, was crossing the Mackinaw. He came over the ice on horseback; but just as his horse was stepping from the ice, which had been raised by the thaw, it went into the mud and water between the ice and the steep bank. While Lapham was trying to get out his horse, the sudden change came on, and the intensely cold wind stupefied the horse, and Lapham left it and walked two miles and a half to John Smith's house. On the following day he and Smith went back for the saddle, bridle and blankets. The horse was frozen solidly in the ice. The water and mud had not reached to its flanks, but it was so chilled by the sudden change, that it was powerless to loosen itself.

John Smith has raised quite a family of children. He has had eight altogether, of whom six grew up. They are:

Dr. Lee Smith, who was born May 8, 1832, and lives in Bloomington.

Mrs. Irena Lewis, wife of Samuel H. Lewis, lives in Hudson.

Jesse and David Smith, twins, were born December 31, 1836. Rev. Jesse Smith lives at Hamilton on the Mississippi River, is a Methodist minister, and belongs to the Central Illinois Conference. David Smith lives at home and attends to the farm.

Christiana Smith lives at the homestead.

John Smith is five feet and nine inches in height, and is rather slenderly built. In his younger days he was pretty muscular and was a hard worker. He is very industrious and strictly honest. His hair is heavy and stands high on his head. Old age leaves its effects on him, and his eyesight is poor and his hearing has partially failed. He is a good man and wishes to perform all of his duties honestly and religiously. He has been very successful in life, and is one of the earliest and most honored pioneers in the grove where he lives. The following incident may throw some light on Mr. Smith's character and disposition. In an early day an old Quaker, named Joseph Wilson, attempted to build a mill on the Mackinaw, but his undertaking was not fortunate, as the Mackinaw is rather an uncertain stream. He afterwards went to the northern part of the State and built a mill on Elkhorn Creek, and became quite well to do in the world. He came to McLean County in search of grafts for fruit-trees, and while on this excursion, called on "his old friend, John Smith." The two old pioneers talked over their matters together. Friend Wilson said, he wished to have plenty of apple trees, so that he could sit down with a basket of apples beside him, and when they were gone, he could say: "Boys, bring another basket of apples." The friends discussed their financial matters, too, and John Smith told how by his care and labor he had money at interest. Friend Wilson asked Smith, if the latter did not think he should have given his money to the poor. "No," said John Smith, "I have worked hard for it, and think I have earned it, and if I should give it to others they might not appreciate it." John Smith was right.

Albert Young Phillips.

Albert Y. Phillips was born April 14, 1812, at Huntsville, Alabama. His father's name was Glenn Phillips and his mother's name before her marriage was Leah McCord. Albert Y. Phillips is of Scotch and Irish descent. Glenn Phillips was a

soldier in the war of 1812 and fought at the battle of Horse Shoe Bend under Andrew Jackson against the Creek Indians, and died of hardship, exposure and want of food.

When Albert Y. Phillips was about fourteen years of age the family moved to Overton County, Tennessee, and there Albert resided until the fall of 1830, when he came to Illinois. He arrived at Twin Grove, in what is now McLean County, November 8, 1830. He did very little during the succeeding winter, which was the one of the deep snow, but kept his toes warm in the house as well as possible.

In April, 1832, the Phillips family went to Indian Grove, which is now in Livingston County, but were alarmed for fear of Indian troubles during the Black Hawk war, and went to White Oak Grove. The Kickapoo Indians at Indian Grove were quiet during the Black Hawk war, but the whites were suspicious and fearful of them. This anxiety was increased by the freaks of an Indian, named Turkey, who alarmed the whites by appearing among them with his face painted a blood-red color. But the Kickapoos were friendly, polite and well behaved. They conducted themselves as gentlemen should. They attended church and listened to the preaching. At one time they listened to the exhortations of a Methodist preacher, named Walker, whose sermon was interpreted to them by Peter Cudjoe, who had married an Indian woman. Mrs. Phillips says she was glad to have the Indian women come to see her, and thought them quite good looking. They had regular features and would have been considered remarkably fine women, if the copper-colored tan could have been removed from their cheeks.

In September, 1832, Albert Phillips and his brother, Calvin Marion, and a man named Andrew Barnard, moved to Indian Grove to the old Indian town, which the Kickapoos had abandoned during that fall. The men started with little to eat, as they expected to be joined by their families and by others on the following day. But the families were detained and did not come for a week, and the three men were obliged to live during that time on honey and hog potatoes. These potatoes grew wild on the creek bottoms and along the sloughs. They were little black things about the size of an egg, and could be boiled or roasted, but had a flavor very different from Irish potatoes. They were

tubers, grew from three to six inches apart, and had two or three potatoes to a stem.

The deer, which had been killed off during the winter of the deep snow, became numerous a few years later, and had a bad habit of eating up the settlers' corn. They would eat the corn from the cob without tearing off the husk or breaking down the stalks, and the patch would appear a fine field of corn, when scarcely a kernel was left. The settlers hunted the deer not only to obtain venison, but to protect the corn, They usually, or at least very often, hunted on horseback, and when a deer was killed, it was very common to tie it to a horse's tail and in this manner have it dragged home. In the fall of the year the necks of the bucks became as large as their bodies and very hard and gristly. Mr. Phillips tells of a man, named William Popejoy, who fired at the neck of a deer, which was lying in the grass. The deer jumped up, looked around and laid down, and Popejoy shot it in the eye and killed it. He tied it to the tail of his horse, and brought it home, and when it was dressed, the ball was cut from the neck, in which it had only penetrated two inches and was flattened in the gristle. Mr. Phillips saw this himself.

The following story, which Mr. Phillips tells of Nicholas Jones, is a very remarkable one, but is confirmed by nearly all the settlers in Money Creek timber. It seems that Nicholas Jones once shot a deer in the neck and stunned it. He went up to it, and not having a butcher knife, neglected to cut its throat, but tied it to his mare's tail and started home. When he had gone only a few steps across Money Creek, his mare stopped and Jones felt a decided jerk. Looking around, he saw that the buck had come to life and was trying to gore the mare with its antlers. He whipped his horse into a run and went home, but could not stop running for a moment for fear of the deer. He ran his horse around the wagon, all the time calling to his wife: "Oh, Jane! fetch the butcher knife, the butcher knife, Jane, quick, the butcher knife!" At last the deer's antlers became tangled in the wagon wheel and it was killed.

Albert Phillips is five feet and ten inches in height, is rather sparely built, is a very industrious man, loves humorous stories and is very hospitable and kind. He married Margaret Moats,

February 17, 1850. She is the daughter of Jacob and Sarah Moats, of Money Creek timber. They have had no children. They married late in life, nevertheless their wedded life has been very happy. But they advise young men and women to get married early.

Isaac Turnipseed.

Isaac Turnipseed was born July 16, 1809, in Fayette County, Ohio. His father's name was Christopher Turnipseed, and his mother's name was Mary McMullen. His father was of Pennsylvania Dutch descent and his mother's ancestors were from Scotland. He came to what is now McLean County, Illinois, on horseback, in the spring of 1831. Here he worked during the first serson for Jacob Haner, and in the fall bought cattle and fed them through the winter. In the spring he went back to Ohio, stayed two years, and then returned to McLean County, where he lived until his death.

He bought a claim on Mackinaw, near Haner's mill, and made a settlement. He married, July 30, 1834, Jane Messer, who is yet living. He succeeded pretty well, and was pretty sharp to see the value of things. He had nine children, seven of whom grew up and were married. They are:

John M. Turnipseed lives on Buck Creek, north of the Mackinaw.

Mary Jane, wife of Matthias Carter, is dead.

Sidney Ann, wife of John Neubarger, died in Kansas.

Sarah Elizabeth, wife of J. D. Viles, lives in Jasper County, Illinois.

Anderson Y. Turnipseed lives in Kansas.

Isaac Turnipseed, jr., lives at Mr. Hinthorn's.

G. W. Turnipseed lives at home. The two latter are not married.

Mr. Turnipseed was a man of medium height, and very healthy, and took very little medicine. He was one of the best known settlers in Mackinaw timber. He lived in the edge of Money Creek timber at the time of his death. His widow, Mrs. Turnipseed, still lives on the homestead place. She is a kind and hospitable old lady, whom it is a pleasure to be acquainted with.

Elijah Priest.

Elijah Priest was born September 10, 1812, in Muskingum County, Ohio. His father's name was James Priest, and his mother's maiden name was Hannah Anderson. James Priest was a great hunter after deer and bear. On one of his hunting excursions the old gentleman cornered a bear by the root of a tree. It began hugging his hunting dog, and he killed it by striking it on the head with an axe. The fat on the ribs was nearly four inches thick, the fattest bear he ever killed.

Elijah Priest worked in the summer at the business of making charcoal, and in the winter he worked in a furnace for melting ore into pig-iron. This was, indeed, warm work, so warm, that the sweat ran down into his shoes and squirted out at every step he took; indeed, it was so hot, that water was poured on his clothes to prevent them from catching fire. It was Mr. Priest's duty to clear out the hole in order to draw the melted ore from the furnace into the sand-bed to cool into pig metal. The hole was stopped with clay, and when the furnace was heated and the iron melted, this clay became as hard as iron, and had to be drilled out. Mr. Priest drilled it out while from two to four tons of melted iron were in the furnace. If he allowed a particle to fall into the liquid metal, it would boil up and spit out melted iron, and a piece of clay as large as an egg would blow up the whole mass of metal. The hands, who worked at the furnace, wore linen, and persons stood near and poured water over them. Mr. Priest worked first in the Mary Ann furnace in Licking County, Ohio, and next in the town of Zoar, in Tuscarawa County. The town of Zoar, as well as the furnace, was owned by a German, named Beimoner. This man provided for the entire town. He employed men to herd the cattle, and women to herd the sheep and geese. Mr. Priest never saw any children in the place.

On the eleventh of September, 1833, the day after he became of age, Mr. Priest married Rebecca Hinthorn, and in June, 1834, he started for the West. He arrived at Money Creek timber on the west side, where he now lives, on the eighth day of July. The journey was a warm and dry one, and he suffered greatly for want of water and food. He ran out of provisions near Big

Grove, then called Pin Hook, now called Urbana. He made many enquiries, and heard that a certain man had recently two sacks of meal ground at mill. Mr. Priest wished to buy some, and sent a little boy, named Henry Moats, to get it. Henry came back empty-handed, but reported that the man had a big corn pone on the fire. Mr. Priest then went with the boy, and the latter was instructed to open the door, whenever Priest stood by the fire. Mr. Priest offered to buy some meal, but was refused; then he stood by the fire, where the pone was cooking, and Henry immediately opened the door. Priest was then about to walk off with the pone; but the man of the house saw that he must give way, and he allowed Priest a peck of meal. When Mr. Priest arrived at Money Creek timber, he would have given all he possessed to have been back in Ohio; but it was impossible to get away. He immediately began farming and worked very hard. He never bought a sack of flour after his arrival here, as he always raised his own. He was a man of great strength, and made sometimes three hundred rails in one day.

Mr. Priest has done some hunting, for deer were plenty and easy to kill. He once found a little fawn as he was out in the timber cutting a tree. When the tree fell the fawn started from its hiding place and jumped into Mr. Priest's arms. It was a pretty, spotted little creature, about two weeks old, and he took it home, and it became very tame, and ran all over the neighborhood. It was distinguished from the wild deer by a tassel around its neck. It was a doe, and when it grew up, he raised seven deer; but when game grew scarce, they were all killed by hunters. The doe was killed by Samuel Ogden, who immediately informed Priest that it was done by accident. But the parties, who killed the other seven, were never discovered.

Mr. Priest came to the West a poor man in a borrowed wagon, but has been very industrious, and has succeeded well. Four years ago he was offered forty-five thousand dollars for his property, but did not consider it for a moment. His property has been earned by his strong muscle and his good judgment.

Mrs. Priest died some years ago, and on the eleventh of September, 1870, Mr. Priest married Mrs. Minerva McCurdy. Her maiden name was Minerva Johnson.

Mr. Priest has had seven children, but four died in infancy, and three are now living. They are:

Sarah Priest, James Saulsbury Priest and George Washington Priest.

Mr. Priest is about five feet and nine inches in height, and weighs two hundred and thirty pounds. He is a man of extraordinary strength, and, in his younger days, scarcely knew what it was to be tired. He has worked during his life without the benefit of an education, for an education could not be obtained where he lived in Ohio. But in spite of these disadvantages he has been very successful, and owes nothing to anyone, except good will. He is a very clever man to anyone who is disposed to deal fairly and do right with him; but to anyone who is disposed to cut up shines, Mr. Priest is a very unpleasant customer. His memory seems remarkably good, and in conversation he tells of many curious and strange incidents. He is a man with a very strong constitution, and his temperate habits have preserved it unimpaired. With his great strength and good health, he ought to live to be a centenarian and celebrate one hundred Fourths of July.

Samuel Lewis.

Samuel Lewis was born in the fall of 1800, in England. He was a plumber, glazier and painter by trade. He married, in England, Sarah Seeley. He emigrated to the United States in November, 1835. The Lewis family came over to New York in the sail vessel Virginia, and were twenty-six days on the journey.

At that time the Hudson colony was talked of, and the three agents of the company, Pettit, Purkit and Gregory, induced Lewis to join it and buy a section of land. The land was bought by the agents at Havens' Grove, and in May, 1836, Samuel Lewis went there with his family by way of New Orleans. They went to the latter place on a sail vessel, which brought up a Chinese junk from the mouth of the Mississippi to New Orleans. From New Orleans they came up the river by steamboat, and on the route the passengers amused themselves by shooting at alligators. The Lewis family stayed two or three months at Hennepin, and then came through to Havens' Grove with ox-teams. Mr. Lewis settled during the first winter in the south end of the grove

in a rented log cabin. He immediately began farming, setting out fruit trees and grafting them. He hunted once in a while, though seldom. At one time while hunting he saw a deer come bounding up with blood pouring from its side. He fired and the animal fell. Mr. Havens came up and claimed the deer, and as but one bullet hole was found, Mr. Lewis gave it up, for it had certainly been shot before he fired. Havens took home the deer, but in dressing, he found two bullets, and it was evident, that both had entered the deer at the same spot, and that the shot of Lewis had taken effect. The deer was, therefore, divided.

Mr. Lewis hauled pork to Pekin, and during one trip carried a whisky bottle and put it into a hog, and as it was cold weather the hog froze up. On the way he met a preacher, and the two men had a very difficult undertaking to get out the whisky.

People were all neighborly in the early days. Mr. Lewis' daughter Jane was once bitten by a rattlesnake, and old John Pennel, who lived six miles distant, left his wheat stacks, where he was at work, and dug China snakeroot and cured her. He would accept no pay for this, as he "never charged neighbors anything." A horse belonging to Mr. Lewis went astray, and was taken up and kept by Peter McCullough, who lived nine or ten miles away at Dry Grove, and when Mr. Lewis asked the bill, old Peter said he "never charged neighbors anything." Indeed, the people considered all men neighbors whom they met within eighty miles or more.

The dress, which the Lewis family wore, was somewhat different from that worn by them in England. The English goods gave way to blue jeans and buckskin.

When Mr. Lewis had an opportunity he worked at his trade. He made the first vats in St. Louis for pressing stearine candles out of lard.

Mr. Lewis died December 29, 1871. He had six children, of whom four grew up to years of discretion. They are:

William Lewis, who was a bugler in the regular army. He died at Fort Gibson, which is now in the Indian Territory, in 1844.

Mrs. Sarah Ann Burtis, wife of Edwin E. Burtis, lived in Hudson. She died about twelve years ago.

Samuel H. Lewis lives in Hudson.

Mrs. Jane Wheeler, wife of Valentine Wheeler, lives in Hudson.

Mr. Lewis was five feet ten and one-half inches in height. He walked erect, was a hard worker, was very successful in business, was a kind neighbor and an honest man.

Samuel Henry Lewis.

Samuel H. Lewis was born April 14, 1828, in Cheltenham, Gloucestershire, England. His father was Samuel Lewis, whose sketch is given above. When he came to Hudson he early learned to cultivate his muscle by hard work on a farm. Nevertheless, he did not allow the work of the farm to prevent him from making sharp work with the deer and turkeys, and at one time killed three deer within a space of a few rods. One of them was not immediately killed, and Mr. Lewis ran up to finish the work with his knife, when the animal uttered a bawl, threw up its hind legs and tore Mr. Lewis' pants frightfully; but he killed it at last. At one time he shot a deer and wounded it severely, when it turned on him with its hair bristled up and pointing forward. Mr. Lewis made quick time to the rear, and his father came to his assistance and shot the pugnacious buck.

The most serious trouble the settlers encountered was the difficulty in getting their grain ground. Samuel Lewis and his brother once went to Crocker's mill and found three weeks grinding to be done before their turn would come. Fred Trimmer wished to have the business done for the boys first, so that they could go, but this was not allowed, as it was said that, if this was done, people would always send their boys to mill. Sometimes when he was delayed at the mill he worked for his board, for he was an industrious boy. He went to Green's mill, above Ottawa, sixty miles distant, and found this easier than going to the mills nearer home, as he could get his grinding done at Ottawa without waiting.

Mr. Lewis traveled in the West occasionally, and saw something of the country. Some twenty years ago he made an excursion to Texas, and found the people hospitable and kind, and everyone was ready and willing to entertain him, when he wished to stop. He made a trip down there after the war, but no one

was willing to entertain him, for all looked upon him with suspicion. Such are the results of the war.

His first excursion was full of life. While crossing the Trinity River on horseback, the swift current carried him down stream, and pressed him and his horse against a sapling, and tore off one of his saddle-bags. He sprang from his horse and saved the missing bag, and by good luck, as well as good conduct, came out of the river in safety. Mr. Lewis' partner, on this excursion, a man named Mason, rode an active little pony, which sometimes raised its rider in the air. Mr. Mason was thrown three times in one day. His pony once dodged a greenbriar thicket on one side, while the rider thought it would go the other, and he was compelled himself to take a middle course and go head first into the thicket. On their return, Lewis and Mason came through the Indiin territory with a drove of cattle. The Indians were partly civilized, and were up to a great deal of civilized rascality. While the drovers were crossing the Canadian River, in the Chocktaw country, the Indians drove the cattle, which crossed first, up on a mountain, and when the drovers came over, the Indians offered to get the cattle down for a dollar a head. But the drovers hired a negro to bring down the cattle for fifty cents a head, so that the Indians made nothing by their sharpness after all. The Indians, at that time, lived a civilized life and owned slaves, and some of them were quite wealthy. There were among the Chocktaws some half-breed Indians and negroes, but this was a bad cross, as the half-breeds were treacherous and cowardly. Lewis and Mason had their cattle twice stampeded, once from a corral, but had little difficulty in finding them. The Texas cattle are a strange breed. It is dangerous to approach them on foot; but they are very easily driven by men on horseback. The Texas drovers are bold riders, and when seated on a horse it is impossible to shake them off. They would ride any bull for five dollars. They would lassoo the bull, strap on a saddle tightly, and ride the ferocious animal until it sulked and laid down, and then they would take off the saddle. Mr. Lewis was with the Indians in the Indian territory long enough to form an opinion of some of the tribes. He was much impressed with the civilization of the Chocktaws and Cherokees, but the Creeks were not so intelligent. The various Indian nations had their territory set off to

them, and were divided from each other by iron posts set up on the prairie, which showed the division lines. The life of a drover does not improve a man's personal appearance, and Mr. Lewis, on his return, was not the handsome man, who went away. His beard was grown, his coat was lost, his clothing torn, his face tanned, and in his general appearance he bore a closer resemblance to a shaggy buffalo on the plains than to a human being.

Mr. Lewis made an excursion to Texas since the war, and while there, was in danger of the Comanches, who came down the night before his arrival, killed several men, and took several children prisoners. The children would be traded back for a pony or a horse. The Comanches are fierce and vicious. When they find a man on the prairie, they circle around him on horseback, and lay on the sides of their horses and shoot from underneath while on the run. A good double-barrelled shot gun is the most effective weapon of defence, and more feared by them than a rifle. Mr. Lewis did not buy cattle on that excursion, as he could not see that it would pay.

Mr. Lewis married, January 1, 1868, Irene Smith, and has two children. He is six feet in height, is squarely built, has broad shoulders, a heavy head of sandy hair, and heavy red whiskers. He has blue eyes, and a broad, square, English face. He has had as good an education as the child of a pioneer could get. He went to old Dr. Hobbs, of Bloomington. When Mr. Lewis was twenty-one years of age, he was made a constable, and served under William McCullough. Mr. Lewis has assessed the town of Hudson for eight years, and the experience he obtained under McCullough has been of great advantage to him in making his assessments. He is a jolly man, full of fun and jokes, enjoys a good story, and can tell one himself very easily. He "never charges neighbors anything."

James Turner Gildersleeve.

James T. Gildersleeve was born April 10, 1803, in Hempstead, Queens County, New York. His father's name was James Gildersleeve, and his mother's name before her marriage was Catherine Dorlon. Hempstead was settled in 1643 by a few emigrants from New England, who came originally from Hemel Hempstead, twenty-three miles from the city of London. They re-

ceived a patent of ground-brief from Governor Kieft, the Dutch governor of what was called New Netherlands. This patent was granted November 16, 1644, and was confirmed by the Indians July 4, 1657. This confirmation was obtained for the purpose of preventi. g any disturbances, which might otherwise occur between the whites and their Indian neighbors.

Among the first colonists were Richard Gildersleeve and Richard Gildersleeve, jr., ancestors of James T. Gildersleeve. They received three hundred and sixty acres of land. In those days the colonists were obliged to pay tithes to the Dutch governor, and it was resolved in town meeting of July 10, 1658, to depute Richard Gildersleeve to go down to the Manhattans to agree with the governor concerning the tithes, which they resolved should not exceed one hundred sheeples of wheat, to be delivered at the town harbor. At the same town meeting they agreed to pay the herdsman twelve shillings sterling per week in butter, corn and oats, at fixed prices, as follows: butter, six pence per pound; corn, two shillings and six pence per bushel. The prices of other things were also fixed. Wheat was to be four shillings per bushel; pork, three pence per pound; lodging, two pence per night; board, five shillings per week; victuals, six pence per meal, and labor, two shillings and six pence per day. It was further agreed, that the people should all be ready at the sounding of the horn to turn out their cows and the keeper was required to be ready, when the sun was half an hour high, to take them to the pasture. He was to bring them back every evening a half an hour before sunset, and to drive them one day in each week to Cow Neck, where they could eat the vegetation, which was salted by the tide.

James T. Gildersleeve lived on his father's farm near Hempstead nearly all the time until he came West. He spent a short time in New York studying law. He married in Hempstead, August 23, 1828, Mary Ann Eckford Rhodes, who died in Bloomington, August 9, 1846.

In the winter of 1835–6, in the town of Jacksonville, Morgan County, Illinois, certain parties drew up articles of agreement, associating themselves together to form a colony. This association was formed February 6, 1836, and it was known as the Illinois Land Association. The business of the association

was conducted by an executive committee of three. These were George F. Purkitt, Horatio N. Pettit and John Gregory. In the spring of 1836 Horatio N. Pettit came to Mr. Gildersleeve in Hempstead, and wished him to join the colony. James T. and Joseph D. Gildersleeve subscribed for four colony interests, which gave them the right to nearly seven hundred acres of land, consisting of prairie and timber land, and town lots in Hudson. Mr. Gildersleeve started West in September, 1836, from New York with his wife and child. They went to Philadelphia, thence to Pittsburg, and thence by steamboat to St. Louis. From Louisville to St. Louis they enjoyed the society of a circus troupe. From the latter place they went by steamboat to Pekin, and from there started to Bloomington in a three-horse wagon. There was then a perfect rush of people to Illinois, and wherever they went on their journey, every place and all means of transportation were crowded. When it drew towards night on their journey from Pekin it was almost impossible to get a place to stay one night. Each one referred them to the next house. His first hotel bill was $2.50, for which he wished to give a gold quarter-eagle, but the man wanted it in silver. At Dry Grove Mr. Gildersleeve learned that Bloomington was full of people, so he came across to Havens' Grove.

Mr. Gildersleeve's family lived very uncomfortably and in close quarters until he could build a house, which he occupied on the fourth of December. This forms a part of the house where he now lives. Jacob H. Burtis, of Jacksonville, stayed that winter in one-half of his house, and was ready to build in the spring. During that winter Mr. Gildersleeve's family had no flour and was obliged to boil corn as a substitute for bread.

The rattlesnakes in early days were plenty, and they took up quarters wherever they could find it convenient. Mr. Gildersleeve remembers that on one occasion, when he went to the hearth to light his pipe, he heard a sharp rattle and found a snake coiled up on the hearth. It had crawled through the weather-boarding between the outside of the house and the wall and there, seeing a hole in the plastering, had crawled through to the hearth.

The difficulties of travel, before the roads were worked and the bridges built, were of course much greater than at present.

Mr. Gildersleeve had once a very intelligent horse, and in March, 1837, wished to cross the Six Mile Creek near Havens' Grove, while the ice was running. His horse, full of courage and intelligence, sprang upon a thick cake of ice as it floated down, walked across and stepped off on the other side. Mr. Gildersleeve was once riding this horse across a bridge on Sugar Creek, when the stream was high and running like a mill-race. Several planks were floated off and others were raised up; but the horse stepped cautiously over the holes, and when the planks were raised up, it carefully pressed them down to the beams on which they rested, before it trusted its weight. After the country became a little settled, the ducks and geese and sandhill cranes became very numerous. At one time, while Mr. and Mrs. Gildersleeve were riding over the country, which had lately been burnt by a fire, they saw what appeared to be a new fence, which extended a long distance; but as they approached, it proved to be some thousands of sandhill cranes.

In about the year 1843 or '44 a great hail storm visited the West. It was the severest ever known. A green cloud came up from the south, and when the storm burst the hail stones came down with terrific force. They split the shingles on the roofs of houses, killed the prairie chickens and snipe on the prairie, and broke the back of a hog in Havens' Grove, a half a mile west of Hudson. These hail stones were of great size; one of them measured seven inches in circumference. When the storm was over, a Mr. Rinehart took a basket and collected it full of prairie chickens and snipe, which had been killed by the hail stones.

In the spring of 1845 Mr. Gildersleeve was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court by Judge Treat. Some time after this the new constitution was adopted, making the office elective. In November, 1848, the time for election came, and Mr. Gildersleeve and William H. Allin were candidates, the former a Democrat and the latter a Whig. The contest was very sharp indeed, and Mr. Gildersleeve's friends worked very hard. Even Abraham Brokaw, who never before or since took an interest in politics, worked for Mr. Gildersleeve enthusiastically. The Whig majority was about six hundred, but Mr. Gildersleeve was only beaten by eighty or ninety votes.

In March, 1849, Mr. Gildersleeve moved back to Hudson, where he has resided ever since. Mr. Gildersleeve has had three children, but only one is living. This is Charles Turner Gildersleeve, who was brought to this country when only six years old. It was at that time supposed that every one who came to the West would have the ague, and though the infant Gildersleeve was a fine, healthy boy, it was thought that he too must endure the shakes. An old lady, who saw young Charles, said: "You poor little boy, to think how soon the color must come out of those cheeks!" But the old lady was wrong, for Charles has borne the climate well and is a healthy man.

Mr. Gildersleeve is six feet in height, and is generously formed; his hair is white and flowing, and this, with his full white beard, gives him the appearance of a patriarch. His eyes are black, and his features are large. He seems to be a man of large mind, and would naturally be popular and command the support of friends. He is full of humor and loves to tell funny stories almost as well as Abraham Lincoln; and they are good ones, and have point and fun in them. He married, October 14, 1847, Elizabeth S. Conkling, at Leroy. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Dr. Perry. She is a pleasant lady and loves a joke as well as her husband. She has very quick perceptions and greatly enjoys the society of her friends.

Joseph Darling Gildersleeve.

Joseph D. Gildersleeve was born November 30, 1805, in Hempstead, Queens County, New York, on Long Island. (For his ancestors see sketch of his brother James).

Mr. Gildersleeve remembers some of the queer customs among the farmers of Hempstead, and particularly what was called "sheep parting." They all had their sheep marked and turned out on the commons on the first of April of every year; and on the first of November the sheep were put in a large pen, around which were several smaller pens, and here the sheep were divided. All were driven up together and each farmer hunted up his sheep, which were recognized by their marks and put in separate pens. This was always a great day and a large crowd attended. They drank wine and cider and beer and varied the exercises with horse-racing.

Mr. Gildersleeve went to school in Hempstead and received his common school education there. He was not remarkably different from other boys, but occasionally had his fun. He once went down to explore a well on a boyish frolic and the well caved partly in. He was rescued, but shortly afterwards it all caved in. He and a companion once rescued a man, who was caught in a well, which had caved in and covered up the unfortunate person, so that only his hair was visible. They dug away the dirt around his head, put a barrel over it to protect him and succeeded at last in getting him out.

Mr. Gildersleeve chose the profession of carriage maker and painter, and worked on Long Island and also for a year or two in Dutchess County. In the fall of 1836 he came with his brother, James T. Gildersleeve, to Hudson, McLean County, Illinois, and began farming and raising stock. He has ever since resided in Hudson township. He was something of a sportsman, and occasionally hunted wolves, deer and turkeys. Mr. Gildersleeve frequently chased wolves, and at one time, while riding eagerly after one on horseback with a gun, he tried to shoot, but every time he stopped, the wolf gained so fast and went so far that he was obliged to renew the chase. At last he fired, but the exertion was too much for his gravity, and he pitched headlong from the horse, which went after the wolf on its own account. Mr. Gildersleeve was not always so unfortunate in hunting, for occasionally luck seemed to decide in his favor. He at one time killed three deer with two bullets. The first bullet killed two deer standing together, and the second killed a third deer near by.

Mr. Gildersleeve married, May 23, 1844, Mary Messer. He has had four children, two of whom are dead and two are living. They are :

James Gildersleeve, born March 29, 1845, died February 14, 1847.

Elizabeth Hellen Gildersleeve, born May 17, 1849, died November 28, 1865.

Catherine J. Gildersleeve, born June 30, 1851, married Robert Mavis, and lives one mile east of Hudson.

Isaac M. Gildersleeve, born April 7, 1854, lives at home.

Mr. Gildersleeve is about five feet and ten inches in height. His hair and whiskers are perfectly gray with age. He has rather a strong face, has black eyes, is a kind man and has plenty of courage. He has been temperate in his habits, never smoked or chewed tobacco, and never played a game of cards, in which respect he differs from many young men of the present day.

Jacob Hicks Burtis.

Jacob Hicks Burtis was born November 18, 1796, in Queens County, on Long Island, within a few miles of Hampstead. When eighteen or twenty years of age he went to New York and learned the carving business of the cabinet makers' trade.

During the war of 1812, he enlisted in a company in New York city and was chosen captain, but was never called into active service. He married, February 5, 1821, Eliza Carman, who died in 1832. Mr. Burtis was a merchant for two years in Brooklyn. In May, 1835, he married Mary Weeks, and in September of that year he started for the west. His family stopped for a while in Jacksonville, and at Alton, Illinois, and did not arrive at Hudson township until December 1, 1836. His family lived during the first winter with James T. Gildersleeve. Mr. Burtis had bought a share in the Hudson colony, and this gave him a right to one hundred and sixty acres of prairie and some wood land. He settled, in the spring of 1837, about two miles north of the village of Hudson, and there remained until the time of his death, which occurred June 16, 1873. He first built a small house of lumber, sawed with a whip saw, but, with improving circumstances, he was enabled to build larger.

His health, previous to his death, had not been good for some time, but the sickness, which immediately preceded his death, lasted only two days.

Mr. Burtis was a Christian man, though not a member of any church. He received the rite of baptism in the Episcopal church; but as his parents died when he was very young, he was never confirmed. He was very quiet, patient and hopeful, in his last illness, as long as consciousness remained.

Mr. Burtis had four children by his first marriage, and five by his second. The children by the first marriage are:

Edwin Elias, who died in March, 1869.

Phœbe Eliza, wife of Alfred T. Weeks, lives just north of the homestead.

Jacob Hicks Burtis, jr., lives at El Paso.

Hannah Alma, wife of John Carl, died in 1859.

The children by the second marriage are:

Catherine Augusta, who died in infancy.

Alfred S. Burtis was a soldier during the rebellion in the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, and died January 9, 1862, of sickness in the hospital at Mound City.

Catherine Augusta, wife of William M. Collins, lives at Moline.

Rachel R., wife of Francis R. Johnston, lives at the homestead.

James H. Burtis enlisted in the Fourth Illinois Cavalry, and died at Camp Butler, near Springfield, February 3, 1864.

Enoch A. Gastman.

Enoch A. Gastman was born June 5, 1801, in West Friesland, Holland. His father's name was Eilt A. Gastman. He never came to America, nor did any of his relatives, except his son, Enoch, whose sketch we are writing. In 1808 young Enoch went on board of a French man-of-war, when Napoleon Bonaparte was at the head of affairs in France. It was young Enoch's business to brush coats and black boots. The discipline was very strict, as Enoch found by sad experience.

In 1812–13, Napoleon made his celebrated march to Moscow and his disastrous retreat. After his defeat and capture, the soldiers and sailors under him were discharged, and Enoch was told to go. He went back to Holland, where he remained until spring, and then went coasting on board of a Dutch schooner. After coasting about a great deal and visiting many ports, he came on land for a while, and was bound out to learn the trade of carpenter and joiner. After working for two years he took French leave of his master. He worked at other places and stayed for one winter with his father. When he became seventeen years of age, he fell in with an East India captain and shipped as carpenter's mate for Batavia, on the island of Java. There he saw many Chinamen with their brimmed hats. But the crew were seldom allowed to go ashore, as the place was very sickly.

An intoxicating drink, called arrack, is made there out of the juice of the cocoanut tree. This juice is allowed to ferment, and when it works it makes the intoxicating drink. All persons, who go to Java, must exercise the greatest caution in their diet or they sicken and die. While Mr. Gastman was there, an American ship came to port, and as the sailors had been without grog for a long time, they were given their back rations in arrack, and they drank themselves to death and were buried on the island of Unrest. Mr. Gastman made three trips to Java. In 1824 he and three others chartered a vessel to carry a cargo of powder and gin to the Mexicans, who were then fighting for independence against Spain. They started through the British channel, but a southwest wind blew them to the North Sea. They attempted to go around the British Isles to the Atlantic Ocean, but were dismasted and waterlogged, and would have gone to the bottom, had not the cargo of gin kept the vessel afloat. Seven of the crew were drowned, and seven were picked up by an American vessel. Of these, two died from the effects of their hardships, and the remaining five were carried to New York. There he shipped on board of a vessel for Norfolk, thence to Grenada, South America, thence to Turk's Island, and thence to Portland, Maine. He made a great many voyages to all parts of the world, and had a great many adventures, but thought he would settle down at work in New York as a rigger. But soon he was off on a voyage to London, then came back to New York. Here he married, July 11, 1830, Margaret Hiegans. After many voyages and adventures, he had a wife, and seventy-five cents in his pocket. He again became a rigger for a while, but soon was a public porter, and remained such for six years. For six years also, he was a night watchman, and a part of this time a porter. He had many lively adventures in New York, while making arrests, as thieves and smugglers were plenty. In the winter of 1837–8, he started for Illinois, and arrived at Hudson, McLean County, in March. Everything was then selling at high prices. He boarded for a while with Horatio N. Pettit, then traded his land for the place of R. G. Marion, and moved on the latter farm in June. In 1840 the prices of produce of all kinds came down, aud it seemed as if everything was given away. Mr. Gastman contracted to sell a load of

potatoes to Mr. Barnett, of the Eagle Hotel, but when the former went to deliver them he could get only four cents per bushel. Rather than sell them at such a figure he carried them down to Sugar Creek, took out the tail-board of his wagon and emptied them into the stream.

In the spring of 1857, Mrs. Gastman died, and in April, Mr. Gastman moved to Hudson and sent his children to Eureka College. In 1858 he married Ann Hitch. She died in 1862. He then moved to his son's farm. In 1863, Mr. Gastman married Lavinia Randalls, who is yet living.

Mr. Gastman has had five children, of whom two are living. They are:

Enoch A. Gastman, jr., who was born June 15, 1834, in New York city, No. 54 Mulberry street. He went to Eureka College for three months, then to the Normal school, where he graduated. He has been for twelve years superintendent of schools at Decatur, Illinois.

George Washington Gastman was born July 12, 1837, in New York city. He went one year and three months to Eureka College, when his health failed him, and he returned to his farm. He is married, and lives on his farm near Hudson.

Francis Marion Gastman was born in August, 1842, in Hudson township. He was two years at Eureka College, and two years at the Normal. He enlisted in the army in 1861, in the Normal regiment, (Thirty-third Illinois,) commanded by Colonel Hovey. He died at Black River, March 22, 1862.

These are all of Mr. Gastman's children, who grew up to manhood. He named the last two after Revolutionary patriots and is sorry that Enoch was not also named after some Revolutionary soldier. If he had another child he would name it Andrew Jackson, (regardless of sex,) on account of the services rendered by Jackson during the Revolution. (?)

Mr. Gastman is a Democrat, dyed in the wool, a real, genuine, uncompromising Democrat, and would vote for no man of any other party. He is five feet and ten inches in height, and is enormously muscular. He treats a rough man roughly, but when he talks to gentlemen he is a gentleman himself. He is a humorous man, and takes life pleasantly. He delights in telling

of his adventures, and will sit and talk by the hour, when he has an appreciative listener. He is proud of his boys, and has a right to be, for they are an honor to him.

LAWNDALE.

David Henline and William B. Henline.

David and William B. Henline, brothers, live near each other in Lawndale township. They own their large property together, consisting of large flocks of cattle and stock of all kinds, and about four thousand acres of land. As they are united in all things, their sketches are written together and so placed in this volume.

David was born March 6, 1822, and William B. was born December 20, 1823, in Boone county, Kentucky. Their father's name was John Henline, of German descent, and their mother's name, before her marriage, was Mary Darnell. John Henline was a successful farmer and kept his business very straight. In the fall of 1828, the Henline family came to the West. On the first day of the journey, John Henline broke his leg, and it was set by quack doctors and bound with straight splints. He suffered with it severely, and during the first winter after his arrival in the West, he chopped in the timber by kneeling down. The family came first to Hittle's Grove, in Tazewell county, near the present line between Tazewell and McLean. There they remained a few weeks, while John Henline went to Mackinaw timber and built a cabin. When it was finished, he returned and brought the family. The three brothers, John, George and William Henline, all settled near each other.

The little Henline boys were often visited by the little Indians. The latter were usually the victors in the races they ran; but the former showed more muscle and came out first best in the childish quarrels. Such things always excited the anger of the squaws, and they would chastise the little pappooses severely, and bring up the little Henlines to their mother and clap their hands together and say, "whip pappoose, whip pappoose." The old lady would go through the motions of whipping her boys, and the little Henlines would yell, and the squaws would laugh, and all parties would be satisfied.

In the fall of 1830, the Henlines went back to Kentucky to get a stock of farming implements. While there, Mrs. Henline took up a lot of little apple sprouts in a stocking, put earth around them and brought them out to Illinois. The orchard raised from these sprouts is yet standing on the Henline place. At Cincinnati, the Henlines bought large kettles in which to boil maple sap, and some of these kettles they still have.

The winter of 1830–31, of the deep snow, is an era in the life of all who experienced its severity. When the snow began falling, Martin Darnell, from Indian Grove, was at the house of the Henlines. He started home, ten miles distant, after the snow began falling, in company with John Henline and Squire Thompson. The two latter went about three miles, and Darnell went the rest of the way alone. He was short of meat, but captured a few wild hogs, and by this means his family was saved from great suffering. They saw no living person outside of their own family for six weeks or more. During that fearful winter, the Henline boys obtained plenty of healthy exercise by gathering corn. John Henline, jr., fed wild hogs out in the snow, and they made a track as they came up. One morning, he told the folks to look out for deer, as he would drive some up. Soon he was heard to halloo and sure enough up came the deer. Three of them were killed, but were hardly worth it, as they were very poor.

During the Black Hawk war the people were much alarmed, and the settlers made a fort on the land of John Henline, and during their occasional frights would collect there from all parts of the country. The slightest thing would cause an alarm, and the people would gather in. At one time an Indian came to the house of a woman named Shelton, and obtained some bread and milk; but she was so scared that she took her children to a schoolhouse, where her husband was teaching, and the school was dismissed immediately and the people were aroused. At another time some boys were out in the woods at play, when one of them caught sight of a stump and said, "I see an Injin," and ran for home digging up dirt with his little toes at every leap. The rest of the boys laughed at him and called him back, and at last sat the dog on him; but he reached home, told his story and the credulous neighborhood was aroused again, and women ran

with their babies for the fort. Men were sent out to investigate the matter and at last learned the mistake. During all of this excitement the rangers moved from one fort to another, and when they camped at night they usually helped themselves to whatever they could find to eat, and the settlers were very willing they should. One of these rangers had a fondness for milk and would pick up a panful and say, " boys, this is what I was raised on," and drink it. During one dark evening he happened to pick up a pan of dish water! The rest may be imagined.

When Mr. John Henline came to this country he was lame, in consequence of a severe injury to his leg, and could not walk fast. He had a couple of rams which the boys had taught to be vicious, though the latter could always manage them. One morning the old gentleman came out in the yard and the vicious rams charged on him, and as he could not run he was obliged to take refuge on a stump, and there called to his boys to take away the rams. But it is sad to record that these youngters were so neglectful of their duty and enjoyed so keenly the sport, that they allowed the old gentleman to remain on the stump until he said, " boys, I would n't serve you so," when they took away the rams.

The Henline boys amused themselves in their youthful days by trapping turkeys. These foolish birds would walk into the traps with their heads down, eating corn, and would not know enough to put down their heads and walk out. Out of a flock of about thirty turkeys, only three knew enough to escape.

The Henline boys went to school, of course, when a school was taught in the neighborhood, and they traveled through snow and rain and slush. During the sudden change in December, 1836, they started from the school house, wading in slush knee deep, and before going far they " scooted over the ice like a top."

In writing of the experience of David and William B. Henline, the things they saw in childhood are particularly given, because they were children in the early days. But many things of a very important nature are impressed on the minds of children, and from childish recollections we obtain actual, life-like impressions. The Henlines remember the wagons of the men who came over the country to speculate and buy land. The parties looking up land used the rudest but most ingenious ways to

learn its description. They hunted up the corners of sections, then traveled by compass, tied a rag to a wagon wheel, counted the revolutions, and by this means measured the distance.

John Henline, the father of David and William, was born November 7, 1787, and died July 26, 1869. His wife Mary, was born January 22, 1791, and died November 28, 1865.

David and William Henline are of about the same height, five feet and four or five inches. They have heavy whiskers and are very muscular. William is rather stouter in build. They are both good natured, kind hearted and hospitable, and love fun and humor. David Henline was married in the winter of 1855, but his wife is now dead. William B. Henline married in June, 1853, Jane Wright, who died in 1861. Two children born of this marriage, John D. and Elmira A. Henline, live at home. On the 25th of February, 1866, W. B. Henline married Jane Moon, a woman who is kind in her manner and sensible in her conversation.

Martin Henline.

Martin Henline, brother of David and W. B. Henline, was born October 25, 1819, in Boone County, Kentucky. He lived there until the fall of 1828, when he came with the Henline family to Illinois. The family immediately began farming on their arrival, on what has since been called Henline Creek, in the northern edge of Mackinaw timber.

Martin Henline, of course, remembers the deep snow of 1830–1, and being then a little boy, he could run around on top of it. He remembers how his elder brother John drove up three deer from the pasture, when he went out to feed the pigs; for the wild nature of the deer was tamed by cold and starvation. It was no easy matter to obtain fuel to burn during that winter, and in order to get it the Henlines cut down trees and hauled them in by dragging them over the snow with oxen.

During the Black Hawk war the Henline fort was the place where all the frightened settlers congregated, whenever they thought it worth while to take a scare. The Henlines had a large gun, which they called the "old yawger;" this gun made a loud report, and was known by the sound. At one time, while Martin was out in the woods with others at play, some parties

attempted to play a trick on him by firing the gun to bring him in for fear of Indians; but Martin was too sharp, for he knew the report of the "old yawger."

Martin Henline married, May 16, 1841, Feraby Cunningham. He has had ten children, of whom eight are living. They are:

David and Seth Henline, who live about three miles east of their father's.

Lucretia, wife of Harvey Harris, lives near David.

Pierce, William, Joseph, Martha and Ella, live at home.

Mr. Henline is somewhat below the medium height, is rather fleshy, has a round head, thick, black hair and heavy whiskers. He is a pleasant, humorous man, takes life easily, and does not trouble himself unnecessarily about the future.

Martin Batterton.

Martin Batterton was born September 29, 1807, in Madison County, Kentucky. His father, Abraham Batterton, was of English descent, and his mother, whose maiden name was Susannah Henline, was of Dutch. Abraham Batterton was, for a short time, a soldier in the war of 1812, and served under General Hopkins against the Indians. Martin Batterton lived in Kentucky, where he was born, until the fall of 1833, when he came to Illinois. He went to school in Kentucky, was a fair scholar, and paid strict attention to his book. In the fall of 1833 he came out on horseback with a friend to Mackinaw timber, where his relatives, the Henlines, lived. In August, 1834, he went back to Kentucky, and brought out some carpenter's tools and other articles necessary in a new country. He became a jack-of-all-trades, and could make anything out of wood. He was farmer, carpenter, cooper, cabinetmaker, shoemaker, and, indeed, was handy at all things. He made his own chairs when he first came to the country and has them yet. In 1835 he entered the land where he now lives, having bought the improvement made on it by Nickolas Darnell, and on this land built the house in which he now resides.

Mr. Batterton married America Taylor on the 10th of October, 1836. They have had three children:

Ira Abbott Batterton, who was a soldier during the rebellion in the Eighth Illinois Infantry, and afterwards editor of the

Vicksburg Herald. He was accidentally shot in Vicksburg, in July, 1865.

Mary Ellen, wife of Thomas B. Kilgour, lives about three miles east of her father's.

Surrilda J., wife of Almaron J. Moon, lives in Lexington. Mr. Moon is of the mercantile firm of Smith & Moon.

Mr. Batterton is rather less than the medium height. His hair, once dark, is now becoming gray. His eyes are dark, with a clear, intelligent expression, and his nose is a little Roman. He is a remarkably careful, accurate man in his business, and none of his property suffers for want of attention. His crops are always gathered in season; his stock is seldom caught in a dangerous storm; everything about the place is very neat. In other words, he is a careful, thrifty farmer, with a large farm and a big barn to shelter his stock.

LEXINGTON.

Jacob Spawr.

Jacob Spawr was born January 24, 1802, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. His father's name was Valentine Spawr, and his mother's maiden name was Anna Margaret Richer. Valentine Spawr was American born, but of German descent, and his wife, Anna Margaret, was born in Germany, but came to the United States when only two years of age. Valentine Spawr was a soldier and served under General Anthony Wayne against the Indians, and was once wounded through the body.

In the fall of 1826 Jacob Spawr came to Illinois, in company with the Cox family and Robert Guthrie. His father's family came the following year. The journey was pleasant and Mr. Spawr was active in driving the sheep and cattle. He went to Money Creek timber and there commenced working for Mrs. Trimmer, who had a large family of children. Her husband had died a short time previous.

Jacob Spawr married, December 3, 1826, Eliza Ann Trimmer, one of the old lady's daughters. He had no license, as he would have been obliged to go to Vandalia to get one, so he posted

up notices and the justice of the peace, William Orendorff, who married him, made return of the marriage to the Clerk of the Court at Vandalia. Six or seven years afterwards Mr. Orendorff married a second wife, and Jacob Spawr, who had been elected a justice of the peace in the meantime, performed the ceremony. After Mr. Spawr's marriage he began farming on his own account.

In 1827 the settlers were much excited by the Winnebago war, which was threatened in the mining country by Red Bird, the chief of the Winnebagoes. While the excitement continued old Machina, the chief of the Kickapoos, came down to Mr. Spawr to inquire the condition of affairs, whenever the latter returned from Bloomington, where he went to militia training. Machina declared that in case of war the Kickapoos would certainly help the whites. After a while an order came to send fifteen men, and Mr. Spawr, being first lieutenant of the company, was ordered to go with them. But the Rev. Mr. Latta insisted on taking Mr. Spawr's place, and at last was allowed to do so. The fifteen men were taken to Peoria, but the Indian troubles were soon quieted, and the men came home.

During the winter of the deep snow Mr. Spawr pounded corn of course. For nearly sixty days the sun did not shine warm enough to make a wet spot in front of his south door. During that winter a man named Rook came down from Rook's Creek (Little Vermilion) with a handsled, walking with snow-shoes, and obtained corn for his family of Conrad Flesher, who lived where Lexington now stands.

During the Black Hawk war the people of Mackinaw and Money creek timber were excited and apprehensive, and many of them moved away to Sangamon County. Many men at Eppard's Point, on the Little Vermilion, moved their families to Money Creek and went back themselves to attend to their crops. The volunteers from Indiana, about six hundred in number, camped within twenty or thirty rods of Mr. Spawr's house, and during the night had two false alarms. At one time a lightning bug showed its phosphorus, and one of the guards fired at the harmless insect, and the camp was in an uproar. But after a while matters were quieted. Soon another gun was discharged, and on inquiry it was found that a soldier, who had a pique

against two others, had fired into their tent. The excitement among the soldiers was very great for a while, and one of them, while loading his gun, mistook a can of buttermilk for a powder horn, and loaded his gun accordingly. The soldiers wished Mr. Spawr to issue a warrant for the arrest of the man, who attempted to shoot his comrades, but Mr. Spawr told them that their own martial law should settle such matters.

The town of Lexington was laid off in 1835; and in 1836 Mr. Spawr moved there from Money Creek timber. It was during December of that year that the great sudden change of the weather occurred. Mr. Spawr then saw the water blown into waves and frozen in that way. He speaks of another sudden change almost as severe. In November, 1842, he started for Chicago with a party to drive stock. The weather had been mild, but it snowed and melted and by the seventh of November it froze up. On the return of the party from Chicago they crossed the Kankakee on the ice at the rapids, where the water runs as swiftly as a mill race. A thaw came in January, but the cold weather again returned and winter continued until March.

Mr. Spawr has had eight children, of whom six are living, all daughters:

Ann Margaret, wife of Benjamin Fitzgerald, lives in Lexington.

Elizabeth, wife of Perceval Champlin, who lives in Lexington.

Mary Jane, wife of Abiud Sweet, lives at Eppard's Point in Livingston County.

Sarah Catherine, wife of Noah Franklin, lives a mile and a half west of Lexington.

Emily, wife of S. S. Shade, lives in Lexington.

Lowisa Isabel, wife of C. R. Preble, lives in Lexington.

Mr. Spawr has twenty-one grandchildren and one great grand child—enough to eat up his surplus apples.

Mr. Spawr is of medium height, is rather solidly built, and seems to be enjoying good health in his old age. He is a quiet man, is very kindly disposed, and much looked up to among the old settlers. He leads a very quiet, contented life, though he works enough to keep himself healthy. He is a man universally respected for his integrity and correct judgment.

George Spawr.

George Spawr, son of Valentine Spawr, was born December 26, 1806, in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania. In the fall of 1827, he came to Illinois with the Spawr family, except two sisters, who never came, and also except Jacob and his sister, Mrs. Catherine Guthrie, who came the year before. When they came to the Indiana wilderness of heavy timber, they met with a lot of teams, and all joined and went through the wilderness together, in order to be protected against a band of robbers, by whom it was infested. The travellers camped one night in the wilderness and were visited by a suspicious character, but they detailed seven men to watch the camp and were not molested. In the morning their unwelcome visitor left.

After they crossed the Wabash River and came to the prairie they mired down in the first slough; but they soon learned the nature of the sloughs and drove through them quickly without stopping long enough to become fast in the mire. They found the worst slough at Cheney's Grove. But by good management and quick driving the Spawr family came safely through without assistance. The Cheneys took care of them that night and showed the greatest hospitality, and made no charge for favors rendered. The next day the Spawr family took the Indian trail and went on to Money Creek timber, where they settled.

The next year Mr. Spawr began to raise a crop of corn, but sold out and went with Jonathan Cheney to the lead mines to make a fortune, but returned the next fall without the fortune. Then he started with Isaac Funk, who was taking a drove of cattle to Ohio, but the cattle were stampeded by wolves, and the trip to Ohio was spoiled. He then helped to take care of the Cheneys, who were sick with the measles, and became sick himself and lived on milk-punch. (Who wouldn't have the measles!)

Mr. Spawr married, March 19, 1831, Rhoda Walden.

In the spring of 1832 occurred the Black Hawk war. Mr. Spawr enlisted in a company of rangers commanded by Merrit Covel, after the fight at Stillman's Run. It was the business of the rangers to guard the country from the Mackinaw to Ottawa. The people were much disturbed by false alarms and regular frights. At one time two men, Isaac T—— and Mat F——, went

to Bloomington, the former mounted on his fleet horse and the latter on an Indian pony, which he found hoppled near by. On their return they passed where the town of Normal now stands. There they saw some blood on the ground. It was where Isaac Funk had bled his horse on account of some sickness, which the animal had contracted. But Isaac and Mat knew nothing of the real cause, but supposed immediately that some one had there been murdered by Indians, and that the savages had already commenced the work of slaughter and destruction. The men whipped up their horses and went across the prairie, and saw the tall rosin weeds waving in the wind and thought each one was an Indian after them. Isaac, being better mounted, ran far ahead, and Mat, who was behind, called out, "Wait for me, Isaac!" and the reply came back, "Whip the pony, Mat!" At last they arrived home, and Mat mounted one of his own fleet horses and said: "Father and mother, I respect you, I respect you above everybody else, but I must leave you, I must go to Ohio, and must be at Cheney's Grove to-night!" When he arrived at Cheney's Grove, he was laughed out of his fright. At one time the neighborhood took a great scare: some thought they saw Indian signs, and others imagined that they saw in the distance the smoke arising from Indian camps. The rangers were called out, and they hunted through the timber, displaying the most excellent training, and at last found the track of a pig! During that evening the settlers collected at the house of John Henline near the head of Mackinaw timber. The rangers also came there, and during the night George Spawr and Henry Davis were instructed to raise a false alarm in order to test the pluck of the men. Spawr and Davis were placed on picket. Spawr says: "Just before we were relieved, I called out, 'Who's there, who's there, who's there?' and fired my gun and ran to the house, yelling 'Injins' at every jump!" The men at the house turned out, some with guns and some not, and all were in disorder. Captain Covel was swearing and the women were making a great ado. A squad of men were placed in charge of the guard and they went out, and the wicked Spawr slipped off his shoe and made a track, which was pronounced "Injin sign," and the panic was greater than ever. One of the men at the house was so stricken with fear that he gave up his gun and jumped into bed behind his

wife. The guards who were posted were relieved, and one of them was found trying to catch his horse to get away, another was found lying flat on his face, hoping that in the darkness of the night he would escape the general massacre! The next morning a voice was heard calling: "Who jumped in bed behind his wife?" An answering voice replied: "T—— F." It was indeed true that the frightened man had run to the house, and old Mrs. Henline had kept him out. At last old Joseph Brumhead said: "I wish I had a gun, I wish I had a gun!" "Here, uncle Joe," said the frightened man, "here's a gun." Mr. Brumhead, who was a very religious man, took it, saying: "I am not afraid to fight, and die, if need be, so help me Lord, for Christ's sake!" The man, having given up his gun, was allowed to come into the house where he jumped into bed behind his wife.

A fort was built at the house of the Henlines, and another at the Little Vermilion. Not long afterwards, while some of the rangers were picking strawberries, George Spawr and William Dimmitt fired off their guns to give the men a scare. The joke was successful, for the frightened rangers ran plashing through the Vermilion, and on three miles to the fort. The neighborhood was again alarmed, men were hurrying to and fro, and women were riding with their infants in their arms, in every direction. The rangers continned reconnoitering until the Black Hawk war was ended.

In the summer of 1837 George Spawr went to Franklin County, Illinois, where he lived until the fall of 1863. Franklin County had been settled by men from the south; and during the rebellion they were so much in favor of the rebel cause, and made so many threats against Union men, that in the fall of 1863 George Spawr went back to his old home in Mackinaw timber, and now lives in Lexington.

Mr. Spawr has had ten children, of whom six are living. They are:

Charles Wesley Spawr, who lives about two miles from Belleflower. He was in the 110th Illinois Volunteers during the war and served under Sherman.

Mary Jane, widow of Terry Scarlock, lives at Pleasant Hill. Mr. Scarlock had been a soldier.

Dr. Braxton Benton Spawr lives in Franklin County, where he practices medicine and dentistry.

Dr. Elijah Valentine Spawr lives in Mackinawtown, in Tazewell County. He was a soldier in the Eighteenth Illinois Volunteers.

William Walker Spawr lives in Farmer City. He was in the three months' service during the rebellion, and in 1865 he re-enlisted.

Margaret Malinda was married to Charley Kemp and lives in Bloomington.

Mr. Spawr is about five feet and ten inches in height, and weighs one hundred and eighty-four pounds. He has a round, healthy face, and his eyes have an honest, open expression, but one can see the love of practical jokes in them. His hair stands up decidedly on his head. He has been a mechanic for thirty years, and still works at his trade. He gets up early in the morning and goes to work on time. He is very jovial and loves to talk over the adventures of other days. It does him good to laugh at the funny scenes which happened when the people in Mackinaw timber took their periodical frights.

Joseph Brumhead.

Joseph Brumhead came to the West with the Haner family, in 1828. Before coming to the West he married Catherine Haner in Ohio. He settled, on his arrival from Ohio, in Mackinaw timber, near old John Haner's place, a little west of where John Haner, jr., now lives. Mr. Brumhead was a very religious man, and was, for many years, a member of the Methodist Church. He belonged to this denomination when he came to Mackinaw timber, and was one of the eight members who organized the first Methodist Church in McLean County north of Bloomington. This was in 1830. He was a class-leader for nearly a year after its organization. He was then made a licensed exhorter, and went to the different groves and held meetings. He was not an educated man, but was possessed of great natural ability.

The Indians were quite numerous before the winter of the deep snow. At one time Mr. Brumhead had a horse, which was bitten by an Indian pony, and was much annoyed. Mr. Brumhead tied the pony to a tree with a log chain. After a while its Indian owner came for it, and when he found it fastened with the

log chain he walked around it carefully, and at last came to the conclusion that "he no get loose." Mr. Brumhead at last gave the Indian the pony.

Mr. Brumhead was a very courageous man. During the Black Hawk war, while the settlers were collected at the house of John Henline, for fear of trouble with the Indians, Mr. Brumhead was one of the coolest and most collected among them. His religious feeling bore him up always, and during the Indian troubles he seemed to feel no fear, for he trusted his life to the keeping of Divine Providence. He died in the year 1838, and his wife died a week after him. Their death resulted from eating unhealthy meat. Two of their children are living. The eldest son, John Wesley Brumhead, was the first white child born on the Mackinaw. His birth was in 1829. He now lives on the north of the Mackinaw, and is an incorrigible bachelor. The second son, Anderson S. Brumhead, lives in Blue Mound township. He does not believe in a bachelor's life, and has married a very amiable and attractive lady.

Henson B. Downey.

Henson B. Downey was born August 26, 1817, in Frederick County, Maryland. His father was Alexander Downey, and his mother's name before her marriage was Mary Tucker. He was partly of Scotch and Welch descent. In about the year 1828 he came with the family to Illinois. He grew up in the West, and Patrick Hopkins says of him during his youth and early manhood: "He was about as high a chicken as you could scare up."

On the 7th of April, 1839, he married Phebe Brumhead, youngest daughter of Joseph Brumhead. She died March 16, 1852. The children by this marriage were James N. Downey, who lives in the northern part of Blue Mound township; Emily, wife of Henry Walden, lives in the northern part of Blue Mound; J. Henson Downey also lives in Blue Mound, and his brother, Allen T. Downey, lives with him.

On the 24th of July, 1852, Mr. Downey married Lowisa Ellen Hand. The children by this marriage are Merritt R., William A., Mary, Ann Elizabeth, John W., Frank E., Lu Elle, Henry Benjamin and Harvey E. Downey. Of these, William A., Mary

and John W. Downey, are dead. The living children are with their mother on the homestead place, in Lexington township, on the south of the Mackinaw.

Henson B. Downey died June 29, 1871. He was a member of the Methodist Church for fifteen or twenty years previous to his death, and held the positions of steward, class-leader, exhorter and all the stations on the official board. He was a very high-spirited man, and had a quick temper, which frequently was the cause of difficulty with his friends. But he would always apologize for his anger and try to make amends.

John Haner.

John Haner was born July 3, 1819, in Fayette County, Ohio. His father's name was William Haner, and his mother's name was Jane Steel. His father was of Dutch descent and his mother of Irish. John Haner lived in Fayette County, Ohio, until he was eight years of age, when the family came to Sangamon County, Illinois. After living here one year they came to Mackinaw timber, in the present township of Lexington, in the present county of McLean. This was in the fall of 1828. They went to farming immediately, and had the usual hard times, which the old settlers experienced. In December, 1830, the day before the deep snow, they obtained a large quantity of corn-meal and flour from Cunningham's mill, and it was supposed to be sufficient to last all winter; but it was only enough for a short time, as they supplied the neighbors, who could not go to mill. After it was gone they pounded corn, and sometimes took it over to old John Patton's hand-mill and ground it there. Many of the families in the neighborhood suffered severely during the deep snow. Not long before the deep snow, Mr. Harrison Foster sold his claim, went to a new piece of ground and built a cabin. The clapboard roof was put on, but the cabin was only partly chinked, and the chimney was built no higher than the mantle-piece. When the deep snow came it nearly covered the cabin on the outside, and nearly filled it on the inside. The bed in which Foster slept had upon it a foot of snow. He arose in the morning and could not put on his moccasins, but drew on his socks and walked nearly a mile and a half down the Mackinaw, on the ice, to his brother's house. The two brothers then went back to bring away the

family. Sarah Foster was carried on the back of her Uncle William. She clutched hold of his coat, and when they arrived at the latter's house she could not loosen her hold, as her fingers were frozen stiff, and had to be pulled open. The skin on the ends of her fingers and the nails afterwards came off.

During the fall before the deep snow, Charles and John Cox came to Mackinaw timber and put up a log cabin, but as they had no out-buildings, they kept their pigs in one part of the cabin during the winter, while the family lived in the other, a slab partition separating them. William Haner, quite as careful, kept his chickens and sheep in the cellar. During that severe winter the Haners had a six-acre patch of shocked corn, and the wind whistled around the shocks, sometimes leaving bare places. When the snow came, a calf was caught in it near one of these shocks, and lived there all winter, the Haners bringing it water; but its ears were frozen off. During that winter the deer came up among the stock and ate with them. The wolves became saucy, impudent and troublesome, and often came to the house and snatched and ran off with what they could find. One of these animals made its home in a shock of corn, but Haner's dog brought it out of those quarters and killed it. At one time a rather awkward mistake occurred. A wolf came up to Joseph Brumhead's house, and he chased it with a shoe-hammer along a path leading to William Haner's, and called to the latter to come out. Haner did so, and hissed on his dog; but the dog mistook the object of the excitement and grabbed an ox by the nose, and the astonished animal whirled around and sent the dog against Haner, and the two went rolling into the snow. But Haner recovered himself in a moment and pointed out the wolf, which was soon brought down. In the fall of 1831, William Haner built a horse-mill on the Mackinaw. A few years later, John Haner, sr., the father of the former, built a water-mill, and for many years Haner's mills ground the wheat and corn for a large section of country around.

John Haner, jr., of whom we are writing, tells some interesting matters concerning the Black Hawk war. During that exciting time the settlers collected at the house of John Henline. While there a great scare occurred, and it was thought that the Indians had come. The people in the house were ordered away

from the walls to let the soldiers have a chance to shoot, and the children were pitched into the middle of the floor. John Haner, then a child, was one of the youngsters who were so roughly handled. But at last the men with their guns took the outside of the house. The excitement lasted until nearly morning. The Haner family remained at the Henline house for nearly a week, then came home, remained two weeks, then took another alarm and went to Bloomington, and stayed at the house of Mr. Goodheart.

Many practical jokes were played by the settlers during the Black Hawk troubles. George Spawr played a wicked trick upon his father, Valentine Spawr. While the old gentleman was absent, George tied strings around his feet and walked around the house, leaving tracks resembling those made by Indian moccasins; then he shot a few bullet-holes through the door and left. The old gentleman came home, saw the bullet-holes and tracks, and the more he looked at them the more his hair began to rise. At last he started on the run for the Henline fort, and as he was rather fleshy his movements were by no means graceful. While he was crossing a creek near by on a high log, the wicked George fired a gun. This caused the old gentleman to make a misstep, and he fell into the water. But he scrambled out and went to the fort. Notwithstanding his scare, the cheery old gentleman did not lose heart, but congratulated himself that, though in his fall he had "got his lower body wet, he had kept his upper body dry."

The youthful sons and daughters of the early settlers of course had their affairs of the heart; but as they worked very hard they had little time to think of such matters, and did not attend to them in the way their sons and daughters have learned to do since. It is said that Moses Patton once traveled twelve miles to visit the daughter of Mr. Allen, in Old Town timber. He sat up with her until midnight, but could scarcely master courage to say a word. At last he turned to her and said in a scarey way; "I s'pose you think I'm a long time a com-men-cin!" She made some evasive answer, and after a while he retired for the night. The next morning he asked if he might call again, and she replied, that "if he had no more to say the next time, she hardly thought it would be worth while for him to come twelve miles to tell it!"

John Haner married, May 28, 1839, Miss Caroline Bull, who was born in Indiana, and came to Illinois in the fall of 1837. They have had eight children, of whom seven are living, and three are married. They are:

Esther Jane, wife of Herbert Cool, lives in Keelsville, Cherokee County, Kansas.

Mary Ellen, wife of Thomas Davis, lives in Blue Mound township.

William Haner lives in Cherokee County, Kansas.

Merritt Steel, Jessie Edwin, Charles Luther and Maggie May (the pet), all live at home.

John Haner is six feet in height, has rather a broad face and bluish-gray eyes. He seems a very modest man, has a peaceable disposition, and is, no doubt, on the best terms with his neighbors. The humorous stories which he has related show that the love of fun is strong within him, and his amiable and accomplished lady is not far behind him in this respect. He is a man of good development of muscle, and has never been afraid to work. He has been very successful in life and manages his property well.

Benjamin Wiley Patton.

Benjamin Patton was born June 18, 1817, in Kentucky, in Garret County (he thinks). His father's name was John Patton, and his mother's maiden name was Margaret Wiley. John Patton was of Irish descent, and his wife was probably of English and Welch. He was quite a genius, and master of a number of trades and professions. He was a farmer, mechanic, gunsmith and blacksmith. He made ploughs, both the iron work and the wood work, and made household furniture, all that was necessary for the family. He was a professor of religion and a member of the Methodist Church, and his house at Mackinaw timber was a preaching place for many years.

When Benjamin Patton was less than a year old, his parents left Kentucky, where he was born, and came to Switzerland County, Indiana, and there remained until they came to Illinois, which was in the fall of 1828. They came with two teams (two yoke of oxen and four horses). Benjamin was obliged to walk and drive the cattle, and as he wore light shoes, the exercise

chafed his feet so severely that his two great toe-nails came off. The family arrived at Old Town timber in November, and went into an old round log house, without chinking or chimney, and there remained during the winter. Mr. Patton, sr., cut logs to build a house at Buckles' Grove, but changed his mind as to his location, and went to Mackinaw timber. There the Patton family lived for a while in a deserted wigwam of the old Indian town. It was a queer structure, built up on all sides, with a hole in the top for the smoke of a fire inside to pass out.

Benjamin Patton has experienced the hardships common to the old settlers. He married, October 13, 1839, Mary Ann Conover. He has had no children. He is full six feet in height, is rather spare in build. He appears to have succeeded very well in life.

Patrick Hopkins.

Patrick Hopkins was born June 11, 1799, in Sussex County, Delaware. His father's name was Robert Hopkins, and his mother's maiden name was Nancy Spence. His father was of Welch descent and his mother of Scotch. His father was a farmer, plain and unassuming in his manner, though rather imposing in appearance, as he weighed about two hundred and twenty pounds. Mrs. Hopkins, the mother of Patrick, was a smart, energetic, little woman. So far as her person was concerned, she would hardly bear down the scales against her husband, as she only weighed ninety-four pounds. But what she lacked in size she made up in spirit and energy. She was a good deal of a theologian and would discuss religious matters with any one who chose to test her argumentative powers. She and her husband were both members of the Methodist Church. There were nine children of the Hopkins family, five boys and four girls; they all lived to be grown and, like their parents, have led an unassuming and retired life.

In 1806, the Hopkins family went to Woodford County, Kentucky. There Robert Hopkins bought a farm and lived on it until 1814.

Patrick Hopkins had few opportunities of obtaining an education, and he has been obliged to make his way in the world with the benefit of only forty days schooling.

In the fall of 1814, the Hopkins family moved to Clark County, Indiana, among the deer, bear and Indians. In 1817, Patrick went to Georgetown, Kentucky, to learn the bricklaying trade. In 1820, he came back to Clark county and married Mary Bartholomew. During the following year, he moved to Owen County, where he laid brick and worked a small farm. In 1830, he came with his wife and four children to the head waters of the Mackinaw, in what was then Tazewell County, Illinois. He raised a cabin and in the following year broke prairie for a farm. He lived very quietly until 1832, when the Black Hawk war broke out. In those days, the settlers were liable to take a scare at any moment, as it was very hard to obtain correct news from the seat of war. One of the neighbors, named Bartholomew, an old Indian fighter and formerly a soldier in Wayne's army, advised the settlers to build a fort, which they did on the place where John B. Dawson now lives. On the day before the settlers collected in the fort, Mr. Hopkins was alarmed by the barking of dogs and thought the Indians had certainly come, but concluded to fight not only for his family but also for his horses, and took his gun and went to the barn; but the alarm was false. On the following day, the families of the settlers went to the fort, and Mr. Hopkins went with a company collected by Mr. Bartholomew to Indian Grove, where the Kickapoos were encamped, to see whether the latter were disposed to be hostile. The Indians had just returned from their winter quarters and were very friendly. They were, when the whites arrived, collecting food, and in the evening came to camp with all kinds of game, from a snipe to a raccoon. They treated the whites with great courtesy, took charge of their horses, put strong halters on them, and set two men to guard them through the night. The party that evening witnessed some religious ceremonies, which were carried on by Indians who were converted to Christianity. All were seated on the ground, except the leader, and they sang and exhorted for a long time. At last the leader took his seat, and then occurred a singular ceremony. An Indian stepped forward and asked to be whipped for the sins he had committed during the week, and drew his garment over his head, exposing his bare back. Fourteen stripes were given him by three Indians near by, with smooth hickory rods about three feet long. The stripes were received

without a movement to indicate pain. This example was followed by fifty others, who received fourteen or twenty-eight stripes laid on with such force that any one of them left a mark. The stripes were administered by three Indians. When fourteen stripes were called for, the first Indian gave seven, the second four and the last three. When twenty-eight stripes were called for, the first Indian gave fourteen, the second seven and the last seven. When each applicant for stripes had been whipped, he turned around and shook hands with the men who bore the rods. The interpreter told the whites, who were looking on, that these stripes were given because of disobedience to the commands of the Great Spirit during the week.

In the spring of 1833 he put up a log cabin in Lexington township, on the farm now known as the Lemuel Biggs place. When he first moved into it, his chickens roosted on the partly built wooden chimney. One evening, while he was holding family worship, an owl took a chicken from the chimney; but as the fowl was heavy, both birds came down in the yard. Mr. Hopkins says: "I won't say how long I continued the prayer, but it was short. I reached for my gun, glanced along the sights, shot the owl by good luck and released the chicken."

The settlers went sometimes long distances to get their milling done, and were frequently gone eight or ten days. Mr. Hopkins went to Cheney's Grove, and afterwards to Fox River above Ottawa. At one time he went to mill at Ottawa with William Popejoy. The latter was a very fair-minded man, but it stirred up his anger if he was imposed on in any way. Mr. Hopkins, on the contrary, would "rather suffer evil than do evil." They were obliged to stay over night at the mill, while waiting for their grist. During the night Mr. Popejoy waked up Mr. Hopkins, saying: "Hopkins, Hopkins, get up, get up, that other man has given the miller fifty cents to grind his grist before ours, and we will miss our connections to-morrow if that is done." Mr. Hopkins aroused himself reluctantly, and Popejoy brought up their corn to put into the hopper as soon as it became empty. "You can't put in that corn," said the miller. "Yes I will." "No you won't, unless you are a better man than I am." When Popejoy heard this, his coat dropped from his shoulders as he stepped up, saying: "I never yet failed to whip a mean man." The miller

stepped around on the other side of the hopper! The corn was ground on time, and Popejoy and Hopkins made their connections.

Mr. Hopkins' wife died August 29, 1839. She was a very kind lady and their marriage was a happy one. They had five children, one of whom was born in Illinois. They are two sons and three daughters, and are all married. Mr. Hopkins married, November 15, 1847, near Pleasant Hill, Matilda Smith, daughter of William and Obedience Smith. They have had no children. They have lived together very happily. In 1867 Mr. Hopkins moved to Lexington, where he has resided ever since.

Patrick Hopkins is five feet and eleven and a half inches in height. He has a full head of hair, which is now nearly white. He wears glasses while reading, though the sight of his right eye is very good. He lost the use of his left eye in 1842, when it was struck by a branch of a tree while he was going through the timber. His health is now pretty good, though he has suffered a great deal from the bilious fevers common to the western country in early days. He has not had extraordinary success financially, as the goodness of his heart has too often induced him to become security for men whose obligations he has been obliged to pay. Nevertheless he has plenty to make him comfortable, and is in the happy condition of the man who has neither poverty nor riches.

Mr. Hopkins died February 21st, 1874.

Peter Hefner.

Peter Hefner, known as "Uncle Peter," was born April 20, 1813, in what was called Pendleton County, Virginia, but is now called Highland County. His father's name was Michael Hefner and his mother's name before her marriage was Barbara Flesher. The Hefner family moved to Fayette County, Ohio, when Peter was between two and three years of age. As soon as the latter became five or six years of age he showed a disposition for raising stock, and attended to the feeding of the animals, and took notice of all the transactions in stock. This little five-year old infant knew of every cow, pig or sheep bought or sold in the neighborhood and the prices paid. In 1830 the Hefner family moved to Mackinaw timber, Illinois.

When the family came to this country Mr. Hefner received a fine colt as a present from his father. It was carefully raised and trained, and became the celebrated Tiger Whip, one of the fastest horses in the country. This horse once ran a race, in which were a number of fine racers, and among them was Bald Hornet, ridden by E. E. Greenman, now of Leroy. Tiger Whip won the race triumphantly. Greenman thought that if fair play could have been had, the Bald Hornet would have come out first best; but the trouble was that Tiger Whip ran faster. Mr. Hefner once rode Tiger Whip on a queer race. While coming home from Bloomington he chased a prairie chicken, and notwithstanding its long flights he tired it out and caught it. After Mr. Hefner had won some money by the speed of his horse, his uncle Flesher said he considered it a misfortune, for the money obtained in that way would never do any good, and Providence would be sure to bring some misfortune upon Peter, and the latter would learn to drink whisky and to gamble, and would fall into evil ways generally. But nothing of the kind occurred; the latter never drank the intoxicating fluid nor gambled nor fell into evil ways.

Mr. Hefner went to mill occasionally. He once went to Cheney's Grove with a load of twenty-five bushels of wheat. There he succeeded in getting two or three bushels ground, but no more for want of water. Then he went to a new steam mill, which was then just in operation in Bloomington, and there two or three bushels more were ground. Then he went to a mill on the Mackinaw, but could get nothing ground at all. Then he went to Ottawa with a full load, and after waiting a week or more, his wheat was ground.

The author is sorry to relate that Mr. Hefner has been occasionally "up to his capers." John Messer was once going to mill and was asleep in his wagon, as his slowly moving oxen were plodding along. Peter Hefner and a few other sports made motions at the oxen and gradually turned them around and started them in the opposite direction. They went a mile or more on the back track before Messer discovered the error. He never forgave Peter for this prank.

The settlers were many times in want of the necessaries of life. The Hefner family once thought themselves in luck when

they obtained the half of a wild hog by active hunting, but they had no salt for cooking it, and Peter started for some. He went to Dry Grove, failed there, went to John Benson's at White Oak Grove, and there found salt and came home, and the Hefner family had a few "square meals."

The pigs that were raised by the early settlers were "prairie rooters." They could root up anything with their long noses, climb anything and run anywhere. The Hefner family were once short of meat in harvest time, and the old gentleman decided to kill the only pig they possessed. He said: "Boys ,you shall have some meat for supper," and sharpened his knife for the bloody work, and started for the pen. The intelligent pig saw what was coming, and as the old gentleman climbed into the pen on one side the pig climbed out on the other and ran off switching defiance with its tail! The old gentleman was left to meditate on the uncertainties of life, and the pig was not found for six months.

Mr. Hefner had his experience in the deep snow. When the heavy snow fell in December of the celebrated winter of 1830–1 he was coming with two others from the house of Louis Sowards on Money Creek, with a load of corn and a hog on a sled, drawn by four horses. They were so blinded by the falling snow that they could not see the lead horses, and they unhitched and rode back to Sowards. There they kept warm during the night by building a great fire, though the weather was intensely cold, and the cabin was unchinked. In the morning they returned home safely.

Traveling in the early days was not always safe, as may be supposed. Mr. Hefner tells of a trip to Danville, to show the difference between the old days and the new. He went first to Newcom's Ford, where he was followed by a pack of wolves. There he stayed over night, and the wolves were so ferocious and bold that they drove the dogs into the house. The next day he crossed two sloughs, and in each case was obliged to wade waist deep in freezing water and break the ice for his horse. On his return he swam the Sangamon at Newcom's Ford, and as the weather was bitterly cold and a west wind was blowing, he thought he had a good chance of freezing to death; but he reached a settler's cabin, thawed himself out and went home.

At one place where Mr. Hefner stopped, about sixteen miles this side of Danville, was a clever, good-natured gentlemen, old General Bartholomew. Peter Hefner, being an active lad, brought up the general's horse, and the latter was so pleased by the little favor that he paid Hefner's bill. When Hefner inquired the bill the landlord said nothing. The old general, who was looking on, said: "Well, sir, now I learn the custom of this road: the man who eats thirteen buckwheat cakes for breakfast, has his bill free!"

Peter Hefner married, March 27, 1833, Betsy Flesher. He has had nine children, of whom five are living. They are:

Harmon, who lives on the old place on Mackinaw, in Money Creek township.

Mary, wife of J. P. Curry, lives in Lexington.

Adeline, wife of John Campbell, lives in Lexington township.

John A. and George M. Hefner live in Money Creek township.

Mr. Hefner is about six feet in height, weighs two hundred and thirty-five or forty pounds, has black hair and dark eyes, is plain spoken and fond of humor and practical jokes. In January, 1870, he moved from Money Creek to Lexington. He was always a hospitable man and never charged travelers anything. But afterwards he varied a little from this rule and made peddlers "come down with their stamps." Mr. Hefner is a man of great strength and nerve, and the exposure of a frontier life has not injured his constitution in the least. He is a straightforward man in his dealings and prompt to meet his engagements.

John Dawson, (*of Lexington.*)

There are two John Dawsons in McLean County; the one lives in Bloomington and the other in Lexington. They are not related to each other, because they happen to be John Dawsons, any more than if they happened to be John Smiths; though the relationship of either would be an honor, for they are both gentlemen. John Dawson was born December 4, 1820, in Madison County, Ohio. His father's name was James R. Dawson and was of English and Welch descent. The great, great grandfather of John Dawson was one James Dawson, who came from Wales, and settled on the north fork of the Potomac in Virginia. This

gentleman was married twice and had sixteen children by each marriage, making thirty-two in all. At the time of his death, his youngest child was twenty-four years of age, and the old gentleman was himself one hundred and twenty-eight years old. His thirty-two children were all living at the time of his death. His death occurred while he was moving about, carrying corn to his horses, in which he took great pride. This liking for horses has ever been a characteristic of the Dawson family.

The grandfather of John Dawson was born in Virginia, moved to Kentucky at an early day, and was there killed by Indians.

The father of John Dawson was James R. Dawson, who was born October 10, 1794, in Bourbon County, Kentucky. At the age of fifteen he left Kentucky and went to Ohio, and there married Mary Ogden in the year 1816. She was a lady of English and Irish descent. On the 26th of September, 1832, the Dawson family came to Mackinaw timber, McLean County, Illinois. There the old gentleman bought three eighties of land and began farming. During the fall after their arrival the Dawsons, senior and junior, made a visit to Chicago and there saw General Scott and the troops and cannon brought on account of the Black Hawk war.

John Dawson was particularly skillful in killing wolves, and pretty sure to finish one at a single stroke of his club. He describes the manner in which a dog catches a wolf in the chase. The dog takes the wolf by the hind legs, while both are running at full speed; this throws the wolf from its feet, and the dog catches it by the throat before it can recover from the fall. Sometimes dog and wolf will turn a complete somersault in the air. The vicious wolves were put to death in the most convenient way. Mr. Dawson killed one by thrashing it on the ground. John Ogden once came up to a wolf, which was whipping his dog, threw a blanket over the wolf and pounded it to death with his fist.

John Dawson married, February 25, 1844, Araminta Adams. He has had eight children, four boys and four girls, but only two are living. These are:

Thomas A. Dawson, who lives on a farm on the northeast corner of Lexington.

Orlando Francis Dawson lives at home with his father.

John Dawson is six feet and an inch and a-half in height and weighs one hundred and ninety-five pounds. He is very muscular and is good natured and kind in his manner. He is a man of steady nerve and understands what he is doing, no matter how much excitement is raised. He is a most conscientious man, both in his religious opinions and in his dealings with his fellow men.

The following are the children of James R. Dawson, the father of John Dawson:

Albert Dawson, who lives on the south side of the Mackinaw, about two miles from Lexington.

John, whose sketch appears above.

Croghan and Samuel, live in Lexington.

Cynthia, wife of Shadrach Kemp, lives in Kansas, near Fort Scott.

Margaret, wife of William Roe, lives in Lexington.

Washington and James Marion Dawson are twins and live in Chenoa township.

The children by J. R. Dawson's second marriage, with Mrs. Sarah Robbins, are:

Lafayette Dawson, who lives in Missouri.

Philander and Mary, wife of Daniel Underwood, live in Lexington.

Croghan Dawson.

Croghan Dawson, son of James R. Dawson, was born October 10, 1822. When he was ten years of age, the family started for the West. and arrived at Money Creek timber, September 26, 1832. They went to Mackinaw timber about the first of December, 1832. He there worked for his father until the age of twenty, when he began the work of farming and catching wolves. In the latter occupation he went into partnership with his brother John. They had great sport and were pretty sure to bring down their game. If a dozen men were after a wolf, either John or Croghan was pretty sure to get the scalp. He has killed wolves with steel traps and with strychnine. The latter was most effectual. In one winter he killed twenty-six wolves with this poison.

Croghan Dawson has also had his sport in chasing deer, and particularly the fawns which run faster than full grown deer. He remembers a particularly lively chase after a fawn, near Patton's Creek. The parties to the sport chased it far and fast enough to catch a deer. At last it hid in the high grass, and two of the hunters, Isaac Haner and Valentine Spawr, were thrown from their horses in the slough, while trying to catch it. Mr. Dawson at last caught it with his hands, holding its fore and hind legs, stretching it out helpless. He has caught quite a number of fawns, by springing from his horse and holding them in this way. Mr. Dawson has occasionally chased wild hogs, and they have occasionally chased him. He once went after two of his father's hogs which by neglect had become wild, and they turned on him savagely. He tried to climb a tree, but the tree was simply a little bush and broke down, and his situation seemed a bad one; but his dogs came to his rescue and occupied the attention of the ferocious hogs.

The Dawson family are great lovers of stock, and it seems natural for them to manage cattle and horses well; but Mr. Dawson once had great difficulty with an ox belonging to his father. Good management and kind treatment had no effect upon it. It would not be broken or trained, but would hook and kick and even bite. If it had lived in the days of the Jews, it would have been supposed that the evil spirits, which were then so numerous, had entered into it.

Croghan Dawson married, February 2, 1847, Elizabeth Haner. He has had nine children, of whom eight are living. They are:

Merritt Dawson, lives in Chenoa township.

James B., Ellen, Ezra, Azor, Dolly and Captain J. Dawson, live at home.

Emma died in infancy.

Mr. Dawson is about five feet and ten inches in height, and nearly all that is said of his brother John's disposition and character will apply equally well to Croghan. He is a kind man and talks in a homelike manner, and he is blessed with a family of very intelligent children.

James Adams.

James Adams was born February 3, 1826, in Boone County, Kentucky. His father's name was Matthew Adams, and his mother's maiden name was Jane Black. His father's descent was Irish, and his mother's was English. Matthew Adams was raised in Pennsylvania, and was a soldier in the war of 1812, just after Hull's surrender at Detroit. He was a man somewhat peculiar in his ideas. If he had money he would sometimes lend it, but would never charge a cent of interest. He raised corn, but would never sell it for less than twenty-five cents per bushel, as he thought that a fair price, and if he could not get this price immediately, he kept his corn until it rose in the market. On the other hand, he never charged more than twenty-five cents per bushel, no matter how high it rose in the market, as he thought the acceptance of a larger price would be extortion. During the year 1844, the year of the great flood, when all the crops failed, Matthew Adams had on hand about a thousand bushels of old corn. He could have sold it for a very large price, but would accept only twenty-five cents per bushel, and would never sell to anyone more than that person needed for his family. No speculator was allowed to buy his corn. People came from Old Town, Cheney's Grove, Buckles' Grove, and from all over the country, to get some of Adams' corn. James Adams lived in Kentucky until October, 1834, when the family came to Illinois. The journey was pleasant until they came to the black swamps of Indiana. There it rained four days, and they traveled over the corduroy roads slowly, going fifteen miles in two days. After twenty-six days of travel they arrived at the house of John B. Thompson, who then lived in what is now Lexington township, on the north of the Mackinaw. There Matthew Adams bought a claim of Harrison Foster, entered it two years afterwards, and it still belongs to the family.

When James Adams arrived at the age of fifteen, he took great interest in hunting, and made a specialty of shooting turkeys. At one time he killed fifteen in a single day. He also hunted deer. The first he killed was a little spike-horn buck, which he creased on the neck, so that it was stunned and fell, and he killed it with his knife before it could recover. He was a

tireless hunter, and once chased a deer all day after breaking into the Mackinaw and having his wet clothes frozen. He experienced some of the dangers as well as the excitements of the chase. At one time while chasing a deer his horse stepped into a badger's hole, turned a somersault, and sent the rider rolling. At one time James Adams and his brother Thomas were chasing deer on horseback. The horse which the former rode was shod as to its fore feet, but the horse ridden by the latter had no shoes at all. Unexpectedly they came to a slough overflowed and covered with ice. The horses were on the keen run and could not be reined up, and they crossed the slough of ice without slipping.

James Adams speaks of a strange circumstance which happened while one of his neighbors, John Spawr, was chasing a wolf. The horse which Mr. Spawr rode had been accustomed to step on the wolves, when it overtook them, but was once bitten and refused to step on them afterwards. While Spawr was chasing the wolf, he became so anxious that he shouted, and at last eagerly pitched headlong from his horse on the wolf, crushed it to the ground, tied its mouth with a suspender and brought the wild creature home.

The early settlers were toughened and made hardy by their exposures. Mr. Adams speaks of the Foster family particularly. During the winter of the deep snow the family of Harrison Foster had their cabin nearly covered with snow on the outside, and nearly filled on the inside, and they were obliged to leave it and go to the cabin of William Foster, a mile and a half distant, and were all more or less frost-bitten. But the Fosters became very tough and could endure much cold. Mr. Adams has seen the children sliding barefooted on the ice. Little Aaron Foster often ran about in the snow, with no garment to protect him but a shirt. He was once lost and was found curled up in a snow-drift fast asleep, with nothing but his shirt and the snow to keep him warm.

Mackinaw Creek, where Mr. Adams lives, is nearly always difficult and dangerous to cross in the spring of the year or during a thaw in the winter. The following incident shows what risks young men will sometimes take under peculiar circumstances. In January, 1846, Mr. Adams had an engagement with a young lady, who afterwards became Mrs. Adams. The Macki-

naw was full of water and ice from bank to bank; nevertheless, he crossed it by stepping on a cake of ice, then pushing it over to another and stepping upon that. On his return, at four o'clock in the morning, he re-crossed it in the same way. Mr. Adams says that the Mackinaw was never so high as to prevent him from crossing, though he was once stopped for a short time. He attempted to cross it on horseback, and his horse begun plunging and kept it up for half an hour. He was obliged at last to build a raft. He sometimes took passengers over on it, and at one time ferried over a certain Mr. Samuel Shurtleff. The logs rolled a little and Mr. Shurtleff was much frightened, and sat in the middle, calling out, "Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" but was safely landed. About six years ago, while the Mackinaw was high, in February, Mr. Adams had a raft with which he ferried people over. He made several successful trips, but once came very near being carried under the ice, for it was piled up six feet high along the banks.

If the West has been troubled with wet seasons, so it has also been troubled with dry. Mr. Adams speaks of a dry fall when he went to Chicago, and his oxen gave out on the prairie on account of thirst and refused to travel for some time. At last went forward to the Mazon River, but found it dry, with the exception of a puddle of water, in which about two hundred of Isaac Funk's cattle had been wallowing.

Church-going was, in early days, quite a journey. The Adams family went to church to Indian Grove, twelve miles distant, and to Money Creek, nine miles distant. They were obliged to be at church by nine o'clock in the morning for love-feast, and found the congregation more punctual than at the present time.

Mr. Adams married, February 9, 1847, Margaret Foster, a woman who bore the trials of a pioneer life bravely. She died in 1855. Three children were born of this marriage. They are:

Lee Adams, who lives just east of his father's.

Thomas B. and William W. Adams live at home.

Mr. Adams married, February 28, 1856, Miss Annie Ransom, one of the most agreeable and accomplished of women. She is a lady who commands the respect and admiration of all who are so fortunate as to be numbered among her acquaintances.

James Adams is five feet and ten or eleven inches in height,

is somewhat slim, has clear, blue eyes, and a rather prominent nose. He is a very companionable gentleman, and loves to talk of the good old days. He is very courteous to all with whom he converses, and is widely known and respected.

Shelton Smith.

Shelton Smith was born February 27, 1825, in Switzerland County, Indiana. His father's name was John Smith, and his mother's name was Cassandra Wiley. John Smith was of Scotch descent, and his wife Cassandra was of English, and, perhaps, partly of Welch. In 1834 the Smith family came to the Henline settlement in Mackinaw timber, Illinois. They made their journey in the fall of the year, and had a pleasant time. When they came to the prairie they followed the Indian trail; but at one time lost it and wandered out of sight of timber. They returned on their own track for some distance, and employed a guide to take them through. When they came to Mackinaw timber they bought a claim of George Henline and commenced farming.

During the winter of 1836 Shelton Smith commenced going to school. His first teacher was an Irishman, who made the scholars study at the top of their voices. As they shouted their lessons he stood in the middle of the floor slapping his hands and saying: "Whoop! boys, I'll take ye through the arith*mathic* in four weeks!" This Irishman taught school until the day after Christmas, and then suddenly disappeared and was never seen again. It was supposed that he left because the scholars gave him to understand that they would bar him out and make him treat, between Christmas and New Year's. The last day of school that season was in December, 1836, on the day of the great "sudden change." When school was dismissed, the water and snow had just commenced freezing. While he and some larger boys were on their way home, they came to low ground covered with running water a foot or more in depth, and fifty or sixty yards wide. The tall boys started across it while a thin scale of ice was freezing. When they were coming out of the water on the opposite side, they had some difficulty in breaking the ice, as it partially bore their weight. Shelton stood watching them and they hallooed to him to come across, and if he could not wade through they would pull him out. He started, and the ice bore him up all the way over.

In the winter of 1834–5, when the Smiths came to this country, Shelton Smith and his younger brother John set traps for the prairie chickens. These traps were set near the house, where some flax, belonging to George Henline, was rotting. The chickens came there in great flocks to eat the flaxseed, and the little Smith boys watched them as they filled up the traps. The chickens were taken out, and the traps were filled again and again. During that winter these boys caught seven hundred and fifty chickens. The breasts of the chickens were salted away in barrels, and the other parts were eaten. The family obtained enough meat from these chickens to last during the following summer.

When Shelton Smith was fourteen years of age he often took his father's gun and went out to hunt. On his first hunt he discovered a deer, which came close to him, but instead of shooting, he climbed a tree from fear, and the deer ran off. Little Shelton determined to be more brave the next time, and not long afterwards, on another hunt, he saw a deer and laid his gun on a log, took deliberate aim and fired. The deer fell, and with boyish excitement little Smith dropped his gun and ran up. But when he approached the deer it rose to its feet, threw its hair forward and sprang towards him. He went up a tree in a moment, and the deer came near and laid down. Little Shelton remained in the tree for several hours, shivering with fear and cold, and throwing down branches to frighten away the animal below. At last, being fearful of freezing to death, he descended and found the deer cold and stiff. The deer were very plenty. At another time little Smith shot a very large buck on the side of a hill, and was much excited and jumped on it with his knife to cut its throat. But as he caught hold of the large antler he thought he would first count the prongs, and he counted seven; just then the deer doubled up and gave little Smith a kick, which sent him rolling down the hill, and as he looked up, the deer was running away. It was never seen again by little Smith.

When Shelton Smith became large enough to chase wolves on horseback he had great sport. He once tired out a wolf after a long chase, and his horse stumbled over it, and Smith was thrown. In the struggle he succeeded in getting hold of the wolf, choked it down, tied its mouth with a suspender and

brought it home alive. Mr. Smith tells a story on Samuel Ogden, which has often been related by political speakers to illustrate their points. Samuel Ogden had a fine greyhound, called Sharp, which was fleet after deer. Once, while Sharp was coming up to a buck, which was running with all its might, the latter became frightened and confused and ran in a zigzag course. Then Samuel Ogden exclaimed: "Oh, you may gee and you may haw, but Sharp will take you at last." This incident has often been told by political speakers to illustrate the zigzag courses of their adversaries, and that justice will overtake them at last.

Shelton Smith married, November 16, 1851, Melinda Powell. He has had seven children, of whom five are living. They are: Emma, Lucinda, Charlotte, Shelton, jr., and Albert. Those who are dead, are: Harper and Cassandra.

Mr. Smith is five feet and ten inches in height. He is straight in build, and pleasant in his manner. He loves fun, though he is somewhat slow of speech. He appears to have succeeded well in life, and has an interesting family. He is a very reliable man and much respected in the community where he resides. He likes to play croquet, which is a favorite game in Lexington.

Milton Smith.

Milton Smith was born Februaıy 19, 1808, in Franklin County, Kentucky. His father's name was William Smith, and his mother's name was Obedience Brown. He thinks he is of Irish, Welch and English descent. The father of Milton Smith died when the latter was eight years of age. Milton grew up in Franklin County, where he was born. He had many lively experiences, as he was a lively boy. There was a species of insect called the yellow jacket, which was quite common in Kentucky. This insect was long, with yellow stripes or bars running around its body, and was something between the bee and the wasp. It had a fearful sting in its tail; and when it was angry this insect would take hold, with its bill, of the object of its wrath, curl up its body and sting again and again. It was dangerous business to disturb a yellow jacket's nest. But the troublesome insects often made their nests in the pastures and the cattle were sometimes made crazy by their stings. It was often an interesting

problem how to destroy these nests of yellow jackets; but Milton Smith was a bright boy and his ingenuity never failed him. He would shell a few quarts of corn, come up slyly to the nest. and pour the corn into it and around it. Then he would call the pigs! The swine would come running up, giving satisfactory grunts, and would at once begin eating the corn and tearing up the nest to get more. The yellow jackets would come out, of course, and sting the pigs, and the latter would flap their ears, shake their tails and squeal; but they were pretty sure to eat up the corn and tear up the nest until they found the last kernel.

In the fall of 1835 Milton Smith came to where Pleasant Hill now stands, in the township of Lexington, McLean County, Illinois, and he has lived there ever since. He helped to build the first house in Lexington, which was put up by Gridley & Covel. Thomas Fell had the building contract. Mr. Smith succeeded well in the new country, as his motto was "keep striking." He bought land, exercised good judgment, and has become very well to do in life. He bought some land after the Illinois Central Railroad was built, when the last unentered land was taken up. He would have bought more, but he had a lively recollection of the unfortunate speculations of men who entered land, and after holding it for many years, sold it for less than the government price.

Mr. Smith married, November 23, 1837, Lydia Ann Goddard. She is a woman of ready wit, and is a good judge of character. They have had eleven children, of whom nine are living. Mr. and Mrs. Smith both appreciate practical jokes, and their children are not far behind them in this respect, and occasionally put their love of fun into practice. It is said that during one morning, when Mr. Smith called his children to the house to attend devotional exercises, they all came except Fletcher. This young man had an idea which he wished to develop. He waited until the exercises commenced, when he took his father's dog by the neck and pitched the unfortunate animal between two bee hives, which were standing close together. The bees were enraged and swarmed out everywhere, and the poor dog ran off howling. Fletcher took good care to keep out of the way. The devotional exercises were carried on under difficulties, and it is said were suspended for the time being.

Mr. Smith's living children are:

Ann Mary, wife of George B. Ogeson, lives in Lexington.

Sarah Francis, widow of Marinus W. Strayer, lives in Lexington.

William A. Smith lives in Lexington township, south of the Mackinaw.

Fletcher M. Smith is married and lives in Lexington.

Carrie, Kate, Louis, George and Estelle (the pet) live at home.

Mr. Smith is about five feet and eight inches in height, is strongly and squarely built. His hair and whiskers are white and his eyes are gray. His mouth has a firm expression, and his eyes twinkle when he sees anything funny. He is a very religious man and belongs to the Presbyterian church. He is very conscientious in his dealings, and is widely known and respected. He is always anxious to speak well of his neighbors, and charitably conceals their faults.

Thomas McMackin.

Thomas McMackin was born March 15, 1823, in Green County, Tennessee. His father, Thomas McMackin, was a native American, and his mother, whose maiden name was Rachel Monteith, was partly Irish and partly American.

In the fall of 1838, Thomas McMackin and his widowed mother came to McLean County, Illinois. They came with another family and two young men; and during a part of the journey they had with them an old Quaker as a guide. This old gentleman was exceedingly honest, and was pained at sight of any immoral act. When the young men stole a couple of gourds, the old gentleman was so shocked and so angry that he broke the gourds over the young men's heads. The journey was, on the whole, a pleasant one, but a few incidents occurred which are perhaps worth relating. Mr. McMackin says that just before the party came to the Kentucky shore he saw the meanest man he ever knew. He was a Baptist preacher, named Rush. This man compelled his slaves to work until ten o'clock at night and made them go four miles after dark for potatoes, and sent them off to work the next morning by sunrise. This preacher had two large orchards, but forbade any of the party to go near

them. Nevertheless, this order was not obeyed, and the party went through the orchards, but found no apples fit for eating. Mr. McMackin does not wish it thought that he has any feeling of disrespect for preachers as a general thing, but he certainly did have a lively sense of the meanness of this Baptist preacher, Mr. Rush.

During the latter part of November, the party arrived at Cheney's Grove. There the McMackin family lived for two years on the place belonging to the heirs of Benjamin Thomas. In 1843, Thomas McMackin was a boatman on the Illinois and Wabash Rivers. He also flatboated for a while on the Vermilion River. He had evil fortune, as people sometimes do, and lost his health and used up all his earnings in regaining it.

Mr. McMackin married, February 13, 1848, Elizabeth Downey, eldest daughter of Benjamin Downey. He has lived since that time in Lexington township, with the exception of one year.

He made the usual trips to Chicago, when prices seemed little or nothing compared with the present, and went long distances to mill. For some unexplained reason he seemed to live easier and better then than at the present time, and took more pleasure in life. He has carried his axe fifteen miles to help a neighbor raise a log cabin, going one day and returning the next.

Mr. McMackin thought the land in the West would never be settled, and neglected to buy land until it was all taken up and could not be had, except at high prices. He now lives on twenty-five acres of land, which he has bought with hard earned money. He was offered a square of land in Bloomington, near the Wesleyan University, for eighty dollars, and it is now worth twenty thousand.

Mr. McMackin has three children, James, Eliza and Joseph Grant McMackin, all of whom live at home.

Mr. McMackin is five feet and eight inches high, has brown hair and whiskers and gray eyes. He is a good man and has a kind expression in his face. His nose is good natured and Roman. He is very peaceable and quiet, but sensible in conversation. He seems very conscientious and honorable in his dealings. He has been pathmaster for some time, but insists that he shall not be compelled to serve again. Notwithstanding the

quietness of his manner, Mr. McMackin is bold when boldness is required, and has great presence of mind during an exciting moment. He once rescued a lady, who had fallen into the Sangamon river, after she had sunk for the third time. He was on horseback at the time, and when apprised of her danger rode into the water, jumped from his horse and succeeded in bringing her out. She was insensible, but was revived after some exertion.

MARTIN.

William Wiley.

William Wiley was born August 24, 1813, in Garrett County, Kentucky. His father's name was John Wiley, and his mother's name before her marriage was Hannah Sampson. Both were of English descent. When William was three or four years of age his father's family moved to Switzerland County, Indiana. When Mr. Wiley was eighteen years of age, he went with his father during the winter season on a flatboat down the Ohio and Mississippi. In the Ohio River their boat grounded on a sand bar, and by the falling of the water was left twenty or thirty feet in the air; but the water rose and they floated on their way. They often made landings on the shore of the Mississippi, and the negroes would come on board to trade sugar for meat. They said that all the meat they could get was obtained in that way. Their only allowance (he thinks) was a peck of meal per week. They were poor, and lacked the energy of the negroes of Kentucky. The latter were fatter, sleeker and greasier.

In the fall of 1835 the Wiley family came to Mackinaw timber, in the present township of Lawndale. The weather during the journey was cold and rainy, and the Wileys were often mired down in the sloughs. They reached the Sangamon in November. Their sheep refused to cross until William Wiley took one by force and dragged it over.

At Mackinaw timber, William Wiley helped his father make a farm, and then made one for himself, where he now lives.

Mr. Wiley speaks most eloquently of the sudden change of

December, 1836, and of the great difficulty in driving his cattle from the creek bottom to prevent them from freezing fast in the water.

The deer, in an early day, were very thick in the Upper Mackinaw timber, and in the fall of the year would make bad work in the cornfields. Mr. Wiley has counted eighty deer in a line coming from the prairie into his cornfield at the edge of the timber, during the evening of a cold day.

John Messer, the great hunter on the Mackinaw, frequently came to Mr. Wiley's, and they went out hunting together. The two men once went to Burr Oak Grove, where they killed several coons, and became much excited in the sport. Mr. Messer put his hand into a hole to feel for coons, and unexpectedly got a bite, for a vicious coon grabbed his thumb. He said nothing, but kept his hand perfectly still until the coon let loose. He told Wiley that the coon was very strong, and induced that gentleman to try his skill; but Wiley first put on his buckskin mittens, and when he heard the coon snarl, withdrew his hand. That little joke could not be passed around.

Mr. Wiley speaks of old Milton Smith, and says, that when he came to the country, he brought with him from Kentucky an old negro woman, whom he had hired in order to hold her in a free State. But she was a high-tempered woman, and when she learned to use the ox-whip, she occasionally mistook old Milton for the steers she drove.

The old settlers particularly enjoyed practical jokes. Mr. Wiley speaks of a yellow jacket's nest, with an advertisement or notice posted over it to draw people there. Those who were victimized appreciated the joke so highly that they allowed the notice to stand, and called the attention of others to it.

On the 30th of September, 1841, William Wiley married Nancy Hopkins. They have had eight children, six of whom are living. They are:

John Wiley, who lives just east of his father's. He enlisted in the Eighth Illinois Infantry, and was in the battles of Fort Donelson, Shiloh, siege of Vicksburg, and many others.

Robert Wiley, who enlisted in the regiment some time after its organization, died of the measles about six months after his enlistment.

Joseph Wiley served in the same regiment during the last eighteen months of the war. He lives at home with his father.

William R., James, Amelia and Nancy E. Wiley, live at home.

Mr. Wiley is about five feet and ten inches in height. His eyes are dark, his hair is black, but his whiskers are white with age. He is a good man, and is blessed with a family of intelligent and happy children.

Lytle Royston Wiley.

Lytle R. Wiley was born November 7, 1815, in Garrard County, Kentucky. When he was about two years old his parents left Kentucky and came to Switzerland County, Indiana, and there lived until November, 1835, when they came to Illinois. Here he found matters very unhandily arranged, for there was no village near by, where even the necessaries of life could be purchased. The mill was fifty or sixty miles distant, and wheat was hauled to Chicago for fifty or seventy cents per bushel. The pork was so cheap that it was almost given away. Mr. Wiley was never a hunter, but occasionally took amusement by chasing wolves. He attended carefully to his farm, and found always plenty to do. Although he has been an active, hardworking pioneer, his life has had in it very little of adventure. The only "lively time," which he particularly calls to mind, was his chase after his cattle on the creek bottom of the Mackinaw, to prevent them from freezing into the slush during the sudden change in December, 1836.

On the 13th of June, 1843, Mr. Wiley married his relative, Miss Sarah Wiley. They have had nine children, of whom eight are living. They are:

Thomas, who intends to be a physician; Rhoda Margaret, John James, Hannah Elizabeth, William Sampson, Sarah Lucinda, Lytle Richard and Mary Cassandra Wiley, all live at home with their parents.

Mr. Wiley is five feet and eleven and one-half inches in height, is rather slim in build, has brown hair, and whiskers partly gray. He has attended closely to his business and succeeded well. He has hunted very little, but has employed all of his time in farming and caring for his stock, and by this means has accumulated

a fair amount of property. He seems to have looked after his affairs carefully, and has not allowed anything to go to waste for want of attention. He is a thrifty farmer and a good American citizen.

Curtis Batterton.

Curtis Batterton, brother of Martin Batterton, of Lawndale township, was born January 11, 1810, in Madison County, Kentucky. He lived in his native State until he grew to manhood. No very important or remarkable event occurred during his early life. He received the education which could be obtained at that early day.

In the fall of 1831, Curtis Batterton went with two men, Martin and Linsey, to South Carolina, with a drove of swine. They stopped at certain places, where notices had been posted that on certain days swine would be sold, and in this manner disposed of the drove. The negroes there had very queer ideas. Their thoughts seemed to be confined to their bodily wants. They nearly all wished to go to Kentucky, for they knew that swine were driven from there, and they supposed that negroes in Kentucky could have all the pork they wished to eat. The negroes hated the cotton-fields, and were willing to do almost anything rather than pick cotton. They were well clothed, indeed he saw only one ragged negro.

In the fall of 1836, Mr. Batterton came through Illinois to Missouri. He took a careful observation, and decided that it was hardly worth while to settle there as long as he could enter land in McLean County, Illinois. During the fall of 1836, on his way back to Kentucky, he bought eighty acres of land in Mackinaw timber, and came to it in the spring of 1837, and made a farm and broke prairie. The wolves were exceedingly troublesome. He had a flock of twenty-five sheep, and made every exertion to protect them; but they went one by one, and during a single night five of them became missing. At one time he awoke at night and found a sheep running around the house, a wolf after the sheep, and his dog after the wolf. He only saved one sheep out of the twenty-five.

Mr. Batterton was never much of a hunter. He pursued the wolves and caught a great many of them to protect his stock, but

he never hunted as a business. His time was spent in raising stock and cultivating his farm. He tells of a lively hunter, who killed two deer, skinned one of them, and as it was cold, threw the skin over his shoulders, and began skinning the other. A youthful hunter mistook the man for a deer and fired at him. But the young man missed his mark, as youthful hunters sometimes will, and no damage resulted.

In the fall of the year the settlers went to Chicago, and great strings of wagons, indeed almost caravans, were seen on the road. No one mourned for want of company.

Going to mill in the early days was a task, and usually required some time. Mr. Batterton tells a joke on an early settler, who required twenty-seven years to go to mill. A few of the settlers became seriously indebted to various merchants, and the laws for collections were then very stringent, and parties could oftentimes be taken on a capias. One person, who was about to make a settlement elsewhere, and had a few little dues outstanding, loaded up his slight worldly possessions as if going to mill, and left. Twenty-seven years afterwards he returned, and was asked if his grist was yet ground!

On the 10th of August, 1837, Mr. Batterton married Melinda Henline. He has had seven children, of whom four are living. They are:

Tilitha, who is a milliner, and lives at Lexington.

John Batterton enlisted at the outbreak of the war in the Eighth Illinois Infantry. He died of sickness at Jackson, Tenn. He was a brave boy and did his duty.

Franklin, William and Albert, all live at home.

Mr. Batterton is five feet and ten inches in height, is straight and rather spare. He is careful, thrifty and honest, has worked well, and has seen the fruits of his labor in the plenty which surrounds him, and makes his life pleasant. He is a kind, good man, and likes a chat with his neighbors and friends.

MONEY CREEK.

Jesse Trimmer.

Jesse Trimmer was born March 14, 1818, in Huntington County, New Jersey. His father's name was John Trimmer, and his mother's name before her marriage was Elizabeth Lanterman. John Trimmer was an active business man, and his worldly circumstances were very fair. In August, 1826, the Trimmer family came to Smith's Grove, McLean County, Illinois. After they crossed the Wabash, on their road to the West, they saw no white person until they reached Smith's Grove. They traveled on an Indian trail and found no wagon track this side of the Wabash. No white person was to be found at that time in Mackinaw timber. Jonathan Cheney was at Cheney's Grove, John Dawson lived at Old Town timber, and about fifteen families lived in Blooming Grove.

In October of that year, before the family had built a house and while they were yet living in a camp, John Trimmer died, leaving Mrs. Trimmer with a family of eight children to oversee and provide for. Mr. Trimmer was buried in a coffin made of walnut lumber, which had been made by splitting thin pieces from a log and dressing them down with an axe and a jack plane. Jacob Spawr, W. H. Hodge, William Orendorff and John Hendryx helped to make the coffin and assisted at the funeral.

The family settled first on Money Creek, about one mile north of where Towanda now stands, and lived there about ten years.

When Mr. Trimmer came to the country he was a child, and his playmates were the Indian boys, with whom he often ran races. The clothing of the pioneer children consisted of a shirt, but nothing else to speak of. Mr. Trimmer once witnessed a race between George Harness and an Indian boy, in which the latter came out ahead. George was beaten but not discouraged, and declared that if he could pull off his shirt he could beat the little savage. He drew off his shirt, and on a second race came out ahead. The Indians were very friendly and stole watermelons in a sociable way. They sometimes raised corn, and

when they moved away the white folks were asked to take care of it in the lofts of their cabins. The Indians were always glad to get a night's lodging, and Mr. Trimmer remembers when two of them stayed at his mother's house over night. She gave them mush and milk for supper, but they did not know how to eat it until the little Trimmers commenced.

During the deep snow the Trimmers had the experience common to all of the old settlers. In the fore part of the winter, Frederick Trimmer and one other went to St. Louis to bring goods for James Allin. They returned as far as Springfield, when they were caught in the deep snow. They left their loads and came home with four horses, riding two and driving two ahead in a single file to break the road. As soon as the horse on the lead gave out, it was put in the rear and another took its place. The goods were not brought to Blooming Grove until the April afterwards.

Mr. Trimmer married, March 7, 1839, Amanda Gilmore, who was born and reared in Fayette County, Ohio. She came to Money Creek timber in 1837. Her family was four weeks on their journey to the West, and Amanda walked all the way and drove cattle.

Mr. Trimmer has had ten children, of whom seven grew up, and six are living.

William Trimmer enlisted in the Thirty-third Illinois Volunteers in August, 1861, was discharged from the hospital at St. Louis, on account of continued sickness, and died three months afterwards of sickness contracted in the army.

Eliza Ann was married to John T. McNott, and lives at Normal.

John F. Trimmer was a soldier in the Ninety-fourth Illinois, and afterwards in the Twenty-seventh, and served nearly three years. He lives in Money Creek timber.

Sarah E. Trimmer married Joseph A. Scott, and lives in Hudson township.

Frank, Mary and Enos Trimmer live at home.

Mr. Trimmer is rather less than the medium height; his hair is dark and turning a little gray and his face is broad. He seems in good health, is in comfortable circumstances, and appears to be a man of responsibility and standing. He is

friendly in manner and modest in appearance. Very few men have too little self assertion, but this certainly seems to be the case with Mr. Trimmer.

Henry Moats.

Henry Moats was born November 26, 1810, in Licking County, Ohio. His ancestors were of German and Irish descent. In the fall of 1829, the Moats family came to Buckles' Grove, where they remained six weeks, then went to where Hudson now stands and remained a month; then came to Money Creek timber and made a permanent settlement. They did some farming, hunted "right smart," pounded their corn during the "hominy session," which was the winter of the deep snow, and hauled fall wheat to Chicago for forty cents per bushel.

Mr. Moats married, November 2, 1837, Elsie Van Buskirk. He has had four children, of whom two are living. They are:

Francis Marion Moats, who lives west near by his father.

Mary Jane Moats, who is married to John Rankin, and lives a mile and a-quarter northeast of her father's.

Mr. Moats is fully six feet in height, has broad shoulders, is strong, is good natured, accommodating and pleasant. He works hard, and has done fairly well since his arrival in the West. He has a full head of rather bushy hair, which is turning gray, and his whiskers are grayish black. He always enjoys himself in the society of the frank spoken old settlers, and thinks they are much more social than at the present time.

William Stretch.

William Stretch was born March 24, 1817, in Fayette County, Ohio. He is of English, Scotch and Dutch descent. His father was Jesse Stretch, and his mother was Elizabeth Vandolah. The Stretch family came to McLean County in the fall of 1830. They had a very pleasant journey, were nineteen days on the road; but William shook with the ague during the most of the time and was not in a situation to appreciate the grandeur of the West. The family settled on the east side of Money Creek timber, where William Stretch now lives, and there built a cabin and began farming. During the first winter of their residence in this country they pounded their meal, and the Stretch boys had great sport in chasing the deer.

During the summer of 1832 the Stretch family lived in their own cabin, and did not run for protection on account of the wars and rumors of wars, which were flying around.

William Stretch has led a quiet life, and has not had it diversified by many adventures. At one time, when he killed a deer in Mackinaw timber, he became lost. The day was cloudy and it was impossible to see the sun. He dragged his deer during the greater part of the day over the snow, and at nearly nightfall discovered the house of Samuel Bigger, and then understood his position.

Mr. Stretch married in 1850, Elizabeth Ann White, who died in 1854. He has had two children:

Almeda Josephine, who is married to Samuel Nichols, and lives with her father.

Samantha Jane, who is married to William Stretch, her cousin, and lives on a part of the homestead place.

Mr. Stretch is five feet and ten and one-half inches in height; his hair is dark, and his eyes are a light hazel. His form is large, and he weighs from one hundred and ninety to two hundred pounds. He has great muscle, and his features are massive and heavy. He seems to be a man very independent in manner and feeling, though quiet and modest. He is a good neighbor and a kind father, and a man whose word can always be relied upon.

Albert Ogden.

Albert Ogden was born in 1798 in New York, and was of English descent. He came to Ohio at an early day and there worked at his trade as a cooper. He married Margaret Riddle, who was born in Pennsylvania. Her descent was rather mixed, as her ancestors were Scotch, Irish, Welch and Dutch.

Albert Ogden lived in Madison County, Ohio, for a long while, and was a famous hunter there. He often hunted deer by torchlight on Deer Creek. This creek in some places spread out into ponds, and here the deer came in the night time to feed on moss. Mr. Ogden hunted with a canoe at night. He placed a torch in the canoe, and in front of the torch was a board with a hole in it, giving the torch the appearance of a dark lantern. Behind the board was the hunter. He could come up within a

few rods of the deer, as they were feeding on the moss, for they would gaze at the light with astonishment. Mr. Ogden understood the nature of deer, and hunted them accordingly. In Madison County were many barrens, and on these were knolls of ground. When the deer were scared they were sure to run up on a knoll and look around. Mr. Ogden, understanding this, would take his position near a knoll, and send his boy around to scare up the deer, which would run to the knoll, and there Mr. Ogden's unerring rifle would bring them down.

Albert Ogden came to Money Creek timber, McLean County, Illinois, in the fall of 1831, and there helped his son Benjamin to make his farm. He did very little hunting after his arrival in the West, but worked hard and faithfully. He died August 13, 1845. He had ten children, of whom eight grew up. They are:

Mrs. Polly Dawson, wife of James R. Dawson, lives in Money Creek township.

Abner Ogden died in Ohio, never came West.

Jonathan Ogden lives in Money Creek township.

Benjamin Ogden died in September, 1873, at his home in Money Creek timber.

Deborah Ogden was first married to Hiram Tipton, and after his death she was married to Elder Henry Stump.

John Ogden lives in Money Creek township.

Susannah Ogden was married to William Orendorff. She and her husband are both dead.

Samuel Ogden lives on Buck Creek in Money Creek township.

William Wilcox.

William Wilcox was born December 26, 1813, in Fayette County, Ohio. His father's name was Edward Wilcox, and his mother's name before her marriage was Sarah Richardson. Edward Wilcox was born in Pennsylvania and moved to Kentucky at an early day. He was a soldier in the war of 1812. He was one of the party sent down to bury the dead at Fort Stephenson on the Lower Sandusky, after the attack made upon it by the British and Indians. The fort was defended by Major Croghan, who commanded a little band of one hundred and sixty young

men, and Edward Wilcox says that this little garrison was disproportioned to the number of men, that lay dead in the ditch in front of the fort. Many of those in the ditch lay dead without a scar of any kind, and seemed smothered in dead bodies and blood. After this battle General Harrison censured Major Croghan, as the former had sent the latter orders to retreat; but it afterwards appeared that the orders were never received. The ladies of Chillicothe presented to Major Croghan a fine sword as a reward for his bravery, and a red petticoat as a sarcasm upon General Harrison.

William Wilcox lived in Fayette County, from the time he was born until he came to Illinois, which was in the spring of 1832. On the fourth of May of that year the Wilcox family started. They came through heavy timbered country in Ohio, where scarcely any grass could be had to feed their horses, and were obliged to pay a dollar and a quarter per bushel for corn. When they arrived at the Wabash, they found many peaceable Indians with their squaws, who had come there to be as far as possible away from the scenes of the Black Hawk war. When the party arrived on the open prairie, they were much troubled by wolves, which hung around them every night. These animals were always on the watch, and during one night attacked a colt belonging to Mr. Wilcox, and injured it so severely that it afterwards died. On the 30th of June, the family arrived at Mackinaw timber and settled where William Wilcox now lives. Their first care was to obtain provisions, and Mr. Wilcox, jr., was sent one hundred and ten miles to Perrysville, on the Wabash, for flour. But this was simply a prelude to the travels, which he afterwards made to mill. He once went to Green's mill, at Ottawa, and broke down his wagon with sixty bushels of wheat in the Illinois River. Three other teams were in company with him and the teamsters waded into the water and carried the sixty bushels of wheat ashore, sack by sack. This was in 1836. During the following year, he went to the Kankakee River to mill, in company with a friend, who also had a wagon load of wheat and a team. They mired down very often and were obliged to double teams and pull out. At last the friend mired down completely to the wagon bed, and even the double team would not pull the wagon out. The teamsters then took off the load and carried

out the wheat sack by sack, but even the double team could not stir the wagon, and the only result of pulling was to break off the tongue. The teamsters then lifted off the wagon bed and pried up the wheels, two at a time, and brought them out. The wagon was put together, the load replaced, the two wagons fastened together and the teams doubled, and in this way they proceeded on their journey. They were a complete mass of black mud from head to foot, but took a good wash at the Kankakee. While the miller was grinding their wheat, they made a tongue to replace the one which had been broken, and returned safely home.

Mr. Wilcox often went hunting after bees. In 1835, he went with a friend to Indiana after honey. On the road their horses ran away and broke the spokes out of a wheel; but they mended this little breakage and went on. When they came to timber, they hunted bees and found a very old swarm, and among the comb they found a black snake dead and carefully sealed up with wax. Its skin was finely preserved.

Mr. Wilcox has done his share of wolf hunting, and has caught these cunning and treacherous animals in pens, with dogs and horses, and in every way that ingenuity could suggest. He once went with a party after some gray wolves, and killed the mother of the pack and twelve wolves two-thirds grown. This was an unusual litter; the greater number of them were killed as they came out of a hollow log, from which they were driven by fire. One of these wolves was caught by Mr. Wilcox on foot.

He chased wolves on horseback, and once caught one after a run of nine miles; but it was so stiff, when killed, that he placed it on its feet upright and left it. Mrs. Wilcox has had her experience with these animals and one fine morning saw two of them near the barn. They did not appear at all afraid, but seemed to know that women are not usually dangerous. The dogs attacked them, but they escaped. The wolves still trouble the settlers on the Mackinaw. Mr. Wilcox has often hunted deer and had many interesting adventures. His wrists at the present time show the scars made by the prongs of a wounded deer, with which he had a severe struggle. He once had a struggle with a deer on the smooth ice of the Mackinaw. The deer kicked his

knife out of his hand and sent it skipping over the ice; but he clung to the deer by one antler and one hind leg, and struggled up and down, on top and under, over and around, until another hunter came to his assistance. Mr. Wilcox went hunting deer shortly after the sudden change of December, 1836. The country was an absolute glare of ice, and he hunted on foot with his dog. He started a drove of deer, which increased to more than a hundred, and they went slipping over the ice, with his dog slipping and scratching after them. They went down hill very fast, as they would spring and slide, but while going up hill they would spring and slip and slide back. The dog would frequently get hold of a deer, but as the former could not keep its foothold it would be kicked loose. Sometimes, while going up a hill, the deer in front would fall and slide back, throwing down those behind, until the whole drove would become a mass of sliding, kicking and springing animals. Mr. Wilcox became very much excited and fired at the mass without taking aim at a single one. But this was not a very effective way, for after a long day's hunt he only killed one deer.

Mr. Wilcox has often hunted turkeys and killed as many as twelve in a day. He once chased a turkey to the bank of the Mackinaw and struck at it with his whip, as it was about to fly across, and the lash coiled around its neck and held it fast.

Mr. Wilcox has led the life of a farmer, and has been very successful in his calling. In common with many farmers, he is no great lover of railroads, particularly of high freights. In 1867, he made a visit to Iowa, and as he had no baggage he took a box with seven bushels of apples and enjoyed himself by listening to the railroad officials as they used improper expressions while lifting it. It was twice broken open by rough handling, but taken through at last. In Iowa, he saw snow as deep as that spoken of by the "deep snow" settlers of McLean County. He rode over snow drifts twenty feet in depth, and at one time went over an orchard without knowing it until afterwards, as not a tree was visible above the snow.

Mr. Wilcox was married, June 12, 1845, to Mary Young. He has had two children, one of whom is living. She is Mary Ellen, wife of Andrew Steward, and lives in Gridley township.

Mr. Wilcox is about five feet and eight inches in height and

is rather slim. His head is bald, but well shaped, and shows a good development of brain. His eyes are gray, his whiskers of a reddish cast, intermixed with gray. He is a remarkable man among the old settlers—remarkable for his humor and kindness of heart and his boundless hospitality. His friends are welcome under his roof, and if they visit him he will tell them the incidents of his early settlement, the fun and humor of other days, when all people were neighbors.

John Ogden.

John Ogden was born May 23, 1807, in Madison County, Ohio. He was, in his youth, an active young man, and accustomed to work, and had little taste for hunting. His brother Samuel, who now lives north of the Mackinaw, was the hunter of the family. John Ogden went to school in Ohio, but was not a very forward scholar, as it required six months for him to go far enough in the spelling book to come to the word "baker."

He was married in April, 1826, when not quite nineteen years of age, to Esther Stretch. In 1832, the year of the Black Hawk war, he moved to Illinois, and his journey was a hard one through the mud and rain. He was often deep in the mud and water, but says he always felt safe as long as he could see the oxen's horns! He was more than a month on the road, but arrived at last at Mackinaw timber, where he bought out a man named Carlin, and settled down as a farmer. He worked hard, broke up a few acres of prairie and planted it in corn. A variety was given to frontier life in 1832 by the panics, to which the settlers were liable during the Black Hawk war. When the soldiers returned, shooting squirrels on their way through the timber, the people were universally frightened.

Mr. Ogden made the usual trips to various parts of the country to mill, and went often to Chicago to market. At one time, on his return from Chicago, he attempted to ride one of his oxen across the Illinois River, while the ice was running; but the ice struck his ox and made it plunge, and Mr. Ogden was thrown into the water.

Mr. Ogden had six children by his first marriage. They are:

Benjamin, who died at the age of sixteen years, six months and twenty-six days.

Hiram, who died in California, when nearly twenty-one.

Elizabeth, wife of Frank Johnson, of Money Creek, died June 22, 1873.

Sarah Adeline, wife of Hugh Hineman, died about nine years ago.

Lafayette lives in Mackinaw timber, near his father's.

Helen, wife of William Orendorff, lives at Blooming Grove.

Mrs. Ogden died October 14, 1858, and on the fifth of March, 1861, Mr. Ogden married Mary Abbott. By this marriage he has two children, Arnettie and Hattie Eleanor, who both live at home.

Mr. Ogden is about five feet and a half in height. His hair is curly and black, and is becoming slightly gray. He weighs about one hundred and eighty-five pounds, and is healthy, with the exception of poor eyesight, which prevents him from working much.

James McAferty.

James McAferty was born November 24th, 1779, in Kentucky, but settled in Fayette County, Ohio, at a very early day. He was there during the war of 1812, and was then a soldier, but did not participate in any engagement.

He married, Elizabeth Richardson on the 26th of January, 1804. In December, 1832, he came to McLean County, Illinois, and settled on the east side of Money Creek timber. He lived during the first winter at the house of William Wilcox, but his sons, Ethan and Jonathan, lived in a small shanty about a mile distant in the woods, and there took care of the horses, cattle and sheep.

James McAferty died November 30th, 1853. He had six children, all of whom lived to be grown. They are:

John, James and William McAferty died many years ago, the first named in California.

Sarah McAferty, who was never married, lives at Normal.

Dr. Ethan McAferty lives between Money Creek and Mackinaw timber.

Jonathan McAferty died about eight years ago.

Mr. McAferty was about six feet in height, and somewhat portly. He was a very kind, accommodating gentleman, too

much so for his own good. He was always anxious to help his neighbors. He had a large orchard in Ohio, but never sold a bushel of apples. Whenever his neighbors came for apples, the old gentleman made his boys stop work and gather them. He was a man who meddled with nobody's business but his own, and not much with his own.

Dr. Ethan McAferty.

Dr. Ethan McAferty, son of James McAferty, was born December 11, 1816, in Fayette County, Ohio. There he had a pleasant life on a farm, but sometimes had his temper aroused, when his father made him gather apples to give away to other folks. In December, 1832, he came with the family to Money Creek timber. During the first winter Ethan and his brother Jonathan attended to the stock.

Ethan McAferty occasionally did some hunting, and one adventure is told of him which was considered quite interesting at the time. He was out hunting with two hound puppies, and shot a deer. But it was only slightly injured, and when he took hold of it, it made a most active struggle. It was an enormous buck, and when he took hold of its antlers it started to run, and made the most astonishing leaps, dragging and jerking Mr. McAferty, and making his legs fly like whip-crackers. But he held on to the antlers, and as he was on one side of the deer he compelled it to run in a circle, and his puppies in the meantime kept up their attack, and at last it was thrown from its feet and killed.

Ethan McAferty married, February 15, 1844, Maria Ogden, who is still living. They have never had any children.

Dr. McAferty began to study medicine in 1850 with Dr. Rogers in Bloomington. The former had read medicine before; but during this year he made it a special study. He studied until 1852, then went to Iroquois County, there practiced until 1854 and then came back to Lexington. Here he purchased a stock of dry goods, in company with Mr. Claggett, who managed the store while Dr. McAferty attended medical lectures at Rush College in Chicago. In 1865 Dr. McAferty began the practice of medicine, still continuing his attendance upon medical lectures.

Dr. McAferty is six feet in height, and has light hazel eyes. He is tall and slim, has a pleasant expression on his countenance

and a peculiar humor acquired by the attendance upon lectures and the practice of medicine. He seems to be a man who would cheer a patient by the kindness of his manner and the pleasantness of his speech. He laughs at a good joke on himself, and appreciates it better than if it were at the expense of some one else.

Samuel Ogden.

Samuel Ogden, son of Albert Ogden, was born August 1, 1809, in Madison County, Ohio. He was early taught to work, for when he was only four or five years old his father gave him and his brother John each a hoe, and set them at work hoeing corn. Samuel made clean work of it, and hoed up weeds and corn indiscriminately.

He was often taken to church by his mother, while he was small, and she tried to cultivate in him the love of orthodoxy. He never joined a church, as he could not decide which was the best. He very much preferred to attend horse-races, and went to see horses run before he was old enough to ride on a race-course himself. At the first race he ever saw, a number of horses ran for a corn purse, that is, every man, who ran his horse, put up some corn, and the winner took the pile. The race-course belonged to old John Funk, who had cut up the corn around his field and made a track. Two or three years afterwards little Samuel became old enough to ride races himself. He became a good judge of horses, and in after years bought a fine mare called "Clear the Kitchen," which could, indeed, clear the kitchen or race-track either. The first time he put her on the track she beat a fine mare belonging to Colonel Gridley. He traded Clear the Kitchen for his Juliet mare, with which he won every race.

Mr. Ogden began to hunt when he was big enough to ride a horse, and would chase turkeys and pheasants, and was sure to catch them the second time they flew up. He would chase deer across the level, open ground, near Deer Creek. He found a great difference in the speed of deer, as much as in the speed of horses. The long-legged bucks could run very fast, while the short-legged ones were easily caught. He hunted with dogs and kept them well in front, in order to give them a fair start, and they always brought down the game. Samuel Ogden hunted

wolves, and on his first wolf chase jumped from his horse and caught a wolf by the throat and killed it. He never considered it a sin to kill a wolf on Sunday or any other day. These wolf hunts were taken after Mr. Ogden came to Illinois.

In 1830 he married Nancy Vandolah, in Fayette County, Ohio. In the fall of 1833 he came to Money Creek timber, McLean County, Illinois. He had a muddy journey, but the oxen pulled the wagon through, and it was not very unpleasant. He bought a claim in Money Creek township, on the Mackinaw side, and commenced life as a farmer, but not under the best of circumstances. He had a mare and colt, and an Indian pony. His mare died, and he was obliged to work his farm by hitching up a couple of calves in front of his Indian pony. He succeeded well and moved to Buck Creek north of the Mackinaw, where he entered the most of his land. He also bought some land, and for a part he paid six dollars per acre. He bought the Daily place of two hundred and sixty-five acres for ten thousand dollars. In buying land he was always careful to see that it was well watered. In 1845 he began to deal in cattle, and before long had two hundred head. He is now in comfortable circumstances, and everything he owns is paid for. His health is very good, though he suffers occasionally from a fall from a horse, which he was riding on a race-course at Peoria, some years ago. The horse plunged, that is, jumped stiff-legged with its head down. Mr. Ogden takes his brandy occasionally, but does not believe in drinking much. He loves the good old times, when men would fight, not because they were angry, but in order to know who was the better man; and when the contest would close they would "be friends and take a drink." Those were the days when matters were conducted honorably, and whoever was detected in foul play was sure to be counted out, and was not tolerated. Mr. Ogden takes the best of care of his stock and feeds his horses well, for he says that the man, who neglects his horses, never becomes rich.

He has had eleven children, of whom eight grew up and five are living. They are:

Obadiah Ogden, who lives about half a mile east of his father's.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Coon, wife of James Coon, is now dead.

Albert Ogden lives about three-quarters of a mile southwest of his father's.

Mrs. Angela Pirtle, wife of James Pirtle, lives a mile and a half north of her father's.

Alexander Ogden lives at home.

George Ogden (named after George Washington, with the Washington left out!) lives about five miles west of his father's, in the Coon settlement.

Mr. Ogden is about five feet and four inches in height, is strongly set and muscular, has a broad face, black eyes, and short black whiskers. He is very active, and few are equal to him in a foot-race. He is fond of good jokes and tells a great many of them. He is exceedingly tough, and will live to be ninety or a hundred years of age.

Jonathan Ogden.

Jonathan Ogden was born February 6, 1801, in Pickaway County, Ohio, on the Pickaway Plains, on the southeastern bank of the Ohio River. When he was two years of age the family moved to Madison County. There Jonathan grew up as most other boys did, with a fair development of fun and humor. The Ogden family farmed and raised stock and raced horses, and the latter was very agreeable to Jonathan. He did not wish to make a business of horse-racing, but wished to see what good horses could be raised. He often tested the speed of his horse by chasing turkeys and deer. He once chased a deer into a man's door-yard, and the latter killed it for Ogden, by the time he came up. Everybody chased deer in those days. Once, while gathering hickory nuts with his brothers and sisters, they heard the baying of hounds, and hid until a deer came bounding along. Then they all rose with yells, and the frightened deer stopped until the hounds came up and took it.

In 1833, Mr. Ogden came to Money Creek timber, McLean County, Illinois, where he arrived September 22nd. After living here a year, he moved to the Little Vermilion, where he spent another year, and then returned to Money Creek timber, where he has remained ever since.

Mr. Ogden has had some little experience with the animals of the West, and speaks particularly of that vicious little creature,

the badger, which makes the hardest fight for its size of any wild animal in the West. The back of its neck is covered by a skin so thick and tough, that nothing can hurt it there. This is the very place where a dog is likely to take hold of it; but the badger scarcely minds it and fights harder than ever. It can never be whipped, until it is seized by the throat.

Jonathan Ogden married, between Christmas and New Years, in 1824, Andria Rutan. He has had eleven children, all of whom are grown up. They are:

Maria, wife of Isaac Coon, lives in Gridley township.

Margaret died in her seventeenth year.

Mary, wife of Adam Hinthorn, lives in Money Creek timber.

Delilah, wife of Jacob Coon, is dead.

Sarah, wife of Nelson Manning, lives at her father's house.

Deborah, wife of Hiram Stretch, lives on the east side of Money Creek.

Susan, wife of Joshua Busick, lives in Gridley township.

Creighton Ogden lives at the head of the Mackinaw.

Elizabeth, wife of Marion Busick, lives near Towanda.

James H. and Daniel R. Ogden live at home.

Mr. Ogden is less than the medium height, weighs not quite a hundred and forty pounds, has black eyes and hair. His beard, once black, is now becoming gray. He feels the effects of age, but his temper is as kind and pleasant as ever.

Madison Young.

Madison Young was born November 18, 1812, in Fayette County, Ohio. His father's name was William Young, and his mother's name before her marriage was Mary Smith. William Young was born in Virginia and came to Ohio at an early day, where Madison was born. In 1832 William Young came to Mackinaw timber, but Madison Young could not make up his mind to leave Ohio so soon. He had hunted there, and liked the country and the game; but in the year 1833 he followed up the family and came to Mackinaw timber. He traveled on horseback, and came through without remarkable difficulty. He immediately began trying the quality of western venison, and brought down the deer in great numbers, indeed he almost made hunting his business.

Mr. Young gave an eloquent description of the sudden freeze of December, 1836, and told how the chickens froze fast in the slush. But he laughed so hard and so good-naturedly while telling it, that it was impossible to remember what he said.

Mr. Young married in March, 1836, Sidney Ann Messer, who died in April, 1850. He married again in June, 1852, Catherine Caroline Young. Although she bore the same family name she was not related to him before her marriage.

Mr. Young has had six children, three by his first marriage, and three by the second. They are:

William Young, who lives in Gridley township.

Isaac Young, who lives in Lexington township.

Sarah Almira, married to George Kemp, lives in Chenoa township.

Mary Jane, married to George Glaze, lives in Money Creek township.

Andrew and Thomas Young live at home.

Mr. Young is about five feet and nine inches in height, has a sanguine complexion and white hair. He is very healthy and exceedingly jolly. He loves to talk, when he can stop laughing long enough to do so, and the man who speaks to him is made to feel at home immediately. He has many queer ideas, and when he hears or tells a good joke he is not afraid to laugh at it heartily and strongly. He has a queer philosophy, and takes the world easy. He was once asked by a neighbor why he did not put a new roof on his house, "Oh," said Mr. Young in reply, "when it don't rain I don't need it, and when it does rain I can't do it! haw, haw, haw!"

James Roysten Wiley.

James R. Wiley was born November 21, 1820, in Switzerland County, Indiana. His father's name was John R. Wiley, and his mother's maiden name was Hannah Sampson; both were Americans, and born in Maryland. John R. Wiley was taken to Kentucky when very young, and afterwards moved to Switzerland County, Indiana, where James was born.

In the fall of 1835 the Wiley family came to the West. They had a cold, wet journey, and did not arrive until November, after traveling twenty-two days. Young James exercised himself by

driving the cattle and sheep. The family was often stopped by high water, and the sheep gave great trouble, for they were obliged to swim rivers so often that they dreaded the water, and it was frequently necessary to take them by the horns and drag them across. When they arrived at the head of the Mackinaw, their troubles were, by no means, ended, as they could not go to mill and were obliged to pound hominy for six weeks. They afterwards made the usual trips to mill in all directions, sometimes to Ottawa, sometimes to Cheney's Grove, and elsewhere.

Mr. Wiley has done some hunting, as the old settlers would, but had no very remarkable adventure. He has had the usual experience with prairie fires, has had a great deal of fencing and many stacks burned up.

Mr. Wiley married, October 12, 1843, Sarah R. Lineback. He has sometimes taken his family back to visit their friends in Indiana, and occasionally had some lively adventures by the way. At one time, while crossing Sugar Creek with his wife and child, when it was high, the wagon sank so low that they went into the water to their waists, and the horses could scarcely get footing. The wagon was carried down stream by the current, and things appeared scarey for a moment, but at last the horses scrambled out. Mr. Wiley made up his mind never to swim his horses again, but he did; he crossed the Kankakee, and swam the Desplaines with a four-horse team. Eleven men out of thirteen had been drowned in the Desplaines the day before he crossed.

Mr. Wiley has had only two children, one of whom is living. They are:

Mrs. Hannah Ogden, wife of Obadiah Ogden, lives with her father at the homestead.

John R. Wiley was killed when sixteen years of age by the fall of a horse.

Mr. Wiley is about five feet and six inches in height; he is rather lightly built, is active and industrious, and does not like to see weeds in his corn. He has a kind expression on his countenance, but is very determined, has a great deal of courage, is very active and quick-sighted, and it would be an active deer or wolf that would escape him. He is a gentleman in manners and feeling. He is a model farmer, looks after everything, and does not put in any more corn than he can attend to. He plows eight

acres of corn a day, and attends to forty acres himself very conveniently. He has three hundred and sixteen acres of land in his farm, and it is all well taken care of. It is all under fence, and what is not under cultivation is in pasture. He keeps good graded stock, and has from fifty to seventy-five head of cattle. The cattle, which he sent to market last spring, averaged sixteen hundred and sixty pounds; they were the best "bunch" of cattle that had been to the Lexington yards for twelve months. The farm, where he lives, is in the edge of the Mackinaw timber, where he has his pasture shaded by trees, and his land under cultivation is the rich prairie.

Wesley Fletcher Bishop.

Wesley F. Bishop was born January 15, 1817, in Madison County, Alabama. His father's name was William G. Bishop, and his mother's maiden name was Rebecca Briggs; both were of English descent. William Bishop was a cabinet maker, and made cotton gins and household furniture, but during the latter part of his life was a farmer. When Wesley Bishop was five years of age, the family moved to Wayne County, Indiana, near Centerville. Here he went to school with a young man, named Fox, who afterwards became the great leader of a band of robbers in the northwest. He was the man who murdered Colonel Davenport at Rock Island. The father of the Foxes was considered an honest, upright citizen. In 1829 or 30, the family moved to the Wabash, near the present town of Delphi. It was laborious work for the Bishops to raise corn, for the wild animals were numerous and troublesome. When it was planted, the coons would come at night, move along the rows, smell out the corn and eat up every kernel, unless they were watched and driven off, until the corn started and the kernel was rotted. In the latter part of the summer, and in the fall, the black birds came in swarms and ate the corn, and the deer came in great numbers at night, so that it seemed almost impossible to protect the corn and gather it.

The great curiosity or object of interest in Indiana, was, for many years, the battle ground of Tippecanoe. In about the year 1834, (Mr. Bishop thinks,) the bones of the soldiers were collected and buried with great honor. The people came from

several counties and States around and collected them. A man, named Tipton, from Logansport, delivered an address, and the people had a great barbecue. They roasted an ox and made indeed a grand celebration.

In the spring of 1836, the Bishop family came to McLean County, Illinois, but Wesley Bishop stayed in Indiana for a while to attend to some unfinished business, and came out in the fall with a drove of cattle. The family settled on the Jacob Spawr farm, on the edge of Money Creek timber, on the main State road from Springfield to Chicago.

In the winter of 1836–7, Wesley Bishop taught school in Money Creek township. In December of that winter, occurred the sudden change in the weather, so often described. On that day a man, named Popejoy, was on the road to Bloomington for a petition for a new county, and passed Bishop's school house. Not long afterwards the sudden change came on and Bishop dismissed his school. Pretty soon Popejoy came riding back, but was frozen to his saddle and required assistance to dismount. Mr. Bishop received as his wages, while teacher, twenty dollars per month and boarded himself. He was the first school treasurer for Money Creek township, and the first money he drew for school purposes from the county was twenty-five dollars and eighteen cents. When the people wanted a school house they were obliged to build it out of their own pockets.

Mr. Bishop is a universal genius. He needed some brick, and straightway he started a brickyard and made them. The rats troubled him very much around his barn, and he immediately exercised his genius and made a barn which was rat-proof. These are only a few of the forms in which his genius continually sprouts. In the spring of 1864, Mr. Bishop enlisted in Company E, of the One Hundred and Thirty-third Illinois Volunteers, as a hundred day man. He was too old to be drafted, but he wanted to render some assistance to the government in the great struggle. He left his brick yard and his business in other hands and started. He sought for no office, but served as a private. The regiment was stationed at Rock Island and they had a very pleasant time indeed.

Mr. Bishop married, August 10, 1837, Prudence Barrackman, whose family lived on the Vermilion River. He has had

three children, who are living and settled around him. They are:

Francis Bishop, who lives about a mile northeast of his father's.

Mary Ann Bishop is married to Samuel Carey and lives at the homestead.

Daniel J. Bishop, lives just east of his father's. He enlisted in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers and served three years to a day. He saw some hard campaigning, was at Prairie Grove, Vicksburg and Fort Morgan.

Mr. Bishop is about five feet and eight inches in height, is muscular and tough, has rather a broad face and is good natured and honest. He lives up to his agreements, is very industrious and quick to see a chance to make a short turn. He is a man who thinks a great deal of principle. He believes in developing the resources of the country, and thinks that America has mines of every kind, which should be developed to their utmost capacity. He is an ardent protectionist and believes that if the policy of Henry Clay had been pursued, the country would have been far better developed, and in a much more flourishing condition. He is very decided in his opinions, and thinks the children of to-day should receive a practical education, which they do not receive in schools.

William Crose.

William Crose was born September 12, 1814, in Pickaway County, Ohio. His father's name was Philip Crose, and his mother's maiden name was Priscilla Beeks. Philip Crose was a soldier of the Revolutionary war, being old enough to go into the army during the last six months of the struggle. He drew a pension until his death, which occurred in about the year 1837. When William Crose was about three years old, the family came to Shawneetown, Illinois, but after a few years moved to Eel River, Indiana, then after a few years went to where Crawfordsville, Ind., now stands. When William Crose was thirteen years of age, he was bound out to Elijah Funk, a farmer, in Warren County, Indiana, but at the age of twenty, became his own man. He went to Pickaway County, where he was a farm laborer and drover. He drove one hundred and forty cattle five hundred and

thirty-three miles, to Philadelphia. He was forty-seven days on the road, and when he had disposed of his cattle he returned in eleven days and a half.

He married, November 13, 1833, Eliza Ann Busick. He lived there nearly a year, then in Indiana three years, and in 1837 came to Randolph Grove, McLean County, Illinois. After working hard for eight or nine years he accumulated some little property, began to think himself rich, and wished to take the world easy. He took a great interest in sporting, and kept the finest and fleetest hounds for running wolves and deer. Mr. Crose says that deer, when chased by dogs, will actually run themselves to death. He knows this by actual experiment; he once chased a buck until it laid down and died before being touched. He has had great sport with wolves, and once tried to tame one of these vicious animals, but could not even break it to be led. He tied a chain to its neck and fastened the other end of the chain to his wagon, but the wolf would allow itself to be dragged for miles without walking. He has hunted the otter, and found it an exceedingly cunning animal, which goes into its hole under water and works up under the bank above the water's mark. He once broke into an otter's hole when twenty feet from the pond, where it lived. The routine of the year then was—in the winter time hunting wolves and deer, in the spring ploughing and planting, and in the fall going to Chicago and selling oats for twelve and a half cents per bushel. After hunting for a few years, Mr. Crose saw that he must let his gun and dogs alone, and pay more attention to business.

Eighteen years ago he sold out and went to Iowa, but there his health failed him, and he returned to Illinois, and bought the land where he now lives, midway between Lexington and Towanda, and has since succeeded pretty well. He has had eleven children altogether, of whom ten are living. They are:

Harriet, wife of John Padgett, lives in the Upper Mackinaw timber.

Lowisa, wife of Peter Janes, lives in Money Creek township.

Elijah Crose lives in Towanda.

Termin Crose is a farmer, and lives in Money Creek.

Eliza Ann, wife of George Janes, lives in Lexington township.

William Crose lives at home with his father.

Emma, wife of David Turnipseed, lives in the Upper Mackinaw timber.

George Crose lives in Towanda.

Sarah Jane, wife of David Wisner, lives in Indiana.

Philip Crose lives at home with his father.

Mr. Crose is about five feet and nine inches in height, has reddish-brown hair and whiskers, a slightly Roman nose, and rather small eyes. He seems pretty muscular, and is a man of good temper. If he has difficulty with anyone, it is pretty certain that he has good cause for it, for his disposition is peaceable and he wishes to be on good terms with his neighbors. He is a very fair-minded man, is open to argument, and has none of that obstinacy of opinion, which induces men to shut their ears to new ideas.

MOUNT HOPE.

George Maley Stubblefield.

George M. Stubblefield, son of Robert Stubblefield, was named after a noted Methodist preacher in Ohio, named George Maley. George was born August 29, 1823, in Fayette County, Ohio. In December, 1824, the Stubblefield family came to Illinois, and George was carried in the arms of his mother, who rode on horseback. They settled in Funk's Grove, in what is now McLean County.

George Stubblefield remembers many things concerning the early settlement of the country, notwithstanding his extreme youth, when the family came to Illinois. He remembers the building of the first school-house in Funk's Grove, which was done by Robert Guthrie. Young George carried water for the men, while they were at work. The school-house was eighteen by twenty feet long, was made of logs hewed on one side, had a clapboard roof and a puncheon floor. On the north and west sides were windows which extended the whole length and width of the room. They were made by hewing off one-half of two logs, which joined each other. The lights were formed by placing sticks upright and putting over them paper greased with lard.

On the east side of the building was a fire-place, which was large enough to receive a log eight feet long. It was in this house, that George Stubblefield received what education he obtained. During the winter of the deep snow the teacher in this school-house, Andrew Biggs, was obliged to move up to it and live there. The Stubblefields lived about a mile from the school-house, and Mr. Stubblefield was obliged to go back and forth once a day until it stopped snowing, in order to keep the road broken. This old school-house has long since been torn down, and has gone with the old settlers, who built it. A fine church has been erected on the spot, and Funk's Grove Cemetery is near by.

When George Stubblefield became old enough to be "of some account," it was his business to go to mill. He was accustomed to go to Knapp's mill, near Waynesville. In 1836 he went with his father to Chicago with a load of sweet potatoes and a barrel of eggs. There he saw his uncle, Absalom Funk, who was so well known to the early settlers. Chicago then had no houses north of the river. The latter was simply a large muddy slough full of flags and bullrushes. The United States still kept a garrison at Fort Dearborn. The Indians were plenty, as during that fall a payment was to be made to them by the government. On the road to Chicago, George Stubblefield passed through Joliet, which then contained only two houses.

The sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, is often described. Mr. Stubblefield remembers another change, which seemed nearly as severe. In about the year 1848, as he and his brother Absalom and three others were going to Pekin with a drove of swine, the weather turned cold at about nine o'clock at night, after a rain or heavy mist. The next morning they crossed Mosquito Creek on the ice, which had frozen during the night. The prairie was a sheet of ice, and though they traveled with their swine from sunrise to sunset, their entire day's journey was only three miles.

Mr. Stubblefield has seen prairie fires, of course, but they were protected by Sugar Creek, which the fires never jumped but once.

At the early age of fifteen, George Stubblefield was quite a lady's man, and often went to see the girlish friend, who afterwards became Mrs. Stubblefield. The first deer he killed was

within a few rods of her father's door. It will be noticed, that the young men in those days won the favor of women by manly exercises. He chased this deer with hounds, which brought it down near the door of the house of Samuel Murphy, and George killed it with his pocket-knife. George Stubblefield was a gallant young man, and was always moved by beauty in distress. He was once delighted at the opportunity of rescuing a lady, who had fallen from a log into Sugar Creek, into eight feet of water. This, however, cannot be made the subject of a romance, for he never married her, and never will.

The western country was never too new for peddlers, and Mr. Stubblefield remembers when they came round with their tinware, teapots and pewter spoons, which they traded for deer skins, wolf skins, and ginseng. He has spent many a day in digging ginseng, in order to purchase some little trinket.

The settlers from Funk's Grove often did their trading in Springfield, and it was customary for them to do trading for their neighbors, and take their neighbors' produce to market. Mr. Stubblefield remembers a certain Mr. Alloway, who took some butter, which belonged to a neighbor, to Springfield to sell. The butter was rather old, and when the merchant, who was to buy it, tried it with his knife, the butter crumbled to pieces. Alloway looked on with astonishment, and exclaimed with his lisping tongue: "My God, Mither, that's not my butter!"

The old settlers were usually full of energy and nearly all things related of them show their industry and activity: but Mr. Stubblefield relates an incident of David Stout, which shows quite a contrary disposition. The latter was once returning home from Springfield with a blanket wrapped around him and tied to his neck with a string. By some accident it fell to the ground. He did not stop to pick it up, but went home and sent back his son for it, a distance of several miles.

Mr. Stubblefield remembers a great many interesting incidents concerning the old settlers, and particularly those which were humorous. He tells one of his uncle, Isaac Funk, which shows the disposition of that energetic man quite plainly. When Mr. Isaac Funk went to call on Miss Cassandra Sharp, of Peoria, who afterwards became his wife, he was obliged to cross the Illinois River in a boat. Several others were with him, and they

determined to upset the boat and make him call on his lady in wet clothes. They knew he could not swim, but supposed he would cling to the boat. Near the middle of the river the boat was capsized, but floated out of Isaac's reach. But he fortunately grasped a paddle, and whenever he went down, he struck the paddle on the bottom of the river and pressed himself near shore and at last came out in safety.

George Stubblefield tells an incident, which shows something of the disposition of his father, old Robert Stubblefield. Two young men once came to Robert Stubblefield's house and remained over night. They were not at all respectful, and in the morning Mrs. Stubblefield gave them some good advice, and a motherly lecture on the subject of good breeding. One of the young men, as he was leaving the house, disputed her word—told her she lied! Mr. Stubblefield, who was coming in, heard the remark. He stepped into a shed near by, picked up his horse-whip and caught the young men, as they mounted their horses in a lane, where they could not get out. He was left-handed, but he dusted their jackets fearfully, and almost split their coats from their backs. This whipping made up for what the young men failed to receive in their younger days. Several persons witnessed the performance, and a man, named Mulky, laughed so hard that he was obliged to hold himself up by the fence.

Among the funny stories told by Mr. Stubblefield is one relating to a widow, who lived at Funk's Grove. A doctor in Bloomington occasionally paid his respects to this charming widow, and called twice to see her on the important subject of matrimony. Shortly afterwards, one of her family was sick, and she sent for the doctor on professional services, and when he had given her child some medicine, she inquired his bill, and he said, "two dollars." "Well," said the widow, "Dr. Wheeler, you have called on me twice and stayed two evenings, and your bill is two dollars; I guess we will call it settled!" Dr. Wheeler went back to Bloomington with a number of large fleas hopping around his ears.

The young men in the early days were "sometimes up to their capers." Mr. Stubblefield tells of two young men from near Waynesville, who were in the habit of coming to Funk's Grove to steal apples from Robert Funk. These young men wished

James Biggs and John Vesey to assist them, and the assistance was promised. But the latter gentlemen made arrangements with other parties to be in the orchard and fire when the apple thieves should come. In the night the party came and filled a couple of sacks with apples, and Biggs proposed to whistle up "Old Bobby," as they called Mr. Funk. When he whistled a gun was fired, and Biggs fell, saying: "Run for your lives!" The parties ran, leaving sacks and apples, and as they mounted their horses a second shot was fired, and Vesey fell, saying: "Run, boys, run!" The apple thieves obeyed the injunction. They stopped at the widow Brock's, about four miles distant, and reported Biggs and Vesey killed, but the latter appeared in good spirits the next morning- The young men from Waynesville neglected to call at "Old Bobby's" to get their sacks.

Mr. Stubblefield tells a good story on his brother Absalom. Absalom, John and George once went to bathe in the east fork of Sugar Creek. Absalom went in and was carried down by the current, to where the water was deep: and as he could not swim he floundered and plashed, until he reached the opposite shore. He came out puffing, and soon the troublesome question arose, how to return. He dared not go into the creek again, and it was a mile or more to the nearest crossing. In the meantime the flies and mosquitoes swarmed around and almost covered him. He slapped them right and left, and in his anguish exclaimed: "I never will go into the water again until I learn to swim!" He was obliged to walk a mile or more up the creek to the crossing, and then back to the place of bathing.

George Stubblefield is about five feet and ten inches in height, and weighs about two hundred and forty pounds. He is a great lover of fun, as this sketch clearly shows. He is very muscular, and has the magnanimity which such men frequently possess. He dislikes to see any one imposed upon or oppressed by persons of superior muscle. He has been very successful in life, and so far as property is concerned is very comfortably situated. He married, March 15, 1850, Eliza Jane Murphy, the daughter of Samuel Murphy. She was born in July, 1832, the year of the Black Hawk war. She is a lady of quick perception and a good deal of tact, and appreciates wit and humor quite as well as Mr. Stubblefield. They have six children, five boys and one girl. They are:

Charles Wesley Stubblefield, who is a student at the Wesleyan University.

Mary Elizabeth, Samuel W., Joseph W., Isaac and Taddy, live at home. The latter is the pet, of course.

Jesse Stubblefield.

Jesse Stubblefield, fourth son of Robert Stubblefield, was born July 30, 1825, at Funk's Grove. He received such an education as could be obtained by the son of a pioneer. His youth was not at all extraordinary, but was spent in life on a farm. In 1851, he began farming and stock raising on his own account on the farm where he now resides in the township of Mount Hope. His land, one hundred and sixty acres, was entered by him in 1851. In 1852, he received one hundred and sixty acres of land from Thomas Cuppy, his father-in-law. The last named gentleman had entered the land and paid for it with a warrant, obtained originally from a soldier who had served in the Mexican war. Mr. Stubblefield has continually added to his land, and now has about one thousand acres.

Mr. Stubblefield has a lively recollection of the incidents of the early settlement of the country, and remembers particularly the sudden change of December, 1836, and how his father's pigs were frozen by the intense cold.

Mr. Stubblefield's first sight of Chicago was in 1845, when he and his father and Absalom and George, made a trip to the place. They camped out along the way in the primitive style, and their slumbers were soothed by the howling of wolves. They sold their wheat for thirty-seven and one-half cents per bushel and returned.

Mr. Stubblefield tells a few lively hunting stories, for he frequently indulged in the sport of catching wolves and deer. At one time, while hunting, a deer was brought to bay by the hounds, and Lamon Hougham, who came up with a party of others, attempted to kill the deer with a spear. But his horse became restive and threw him on the horns of the buck. He held fast to the antlers, and James Funk attempted to shoot it, but stopped for fear of killing men or dogs. At last, George Stubblefield ended the exciting contest by killing the deer with his pocket knife.

George and Adam Stubblefield once had an exciting wolf chase on the ice of the creek, and Adam succeeded in catching the wolf by the hind legs, but let it loose to see it fight the dogs. The result was another chase of half a mile, to get possession of the wolf.

Mr. Jesse Stubblefield did not begin to pay his addresses to the ladies as early as his brother George. Mr. Jesse Stubblefield married Miss Rebecca Cuppy, August 14, 1851. By this marriage he had five children, of whom four are living. They are:

Thomas, Robert, John C. and Sarah Rebecca, and all live at home. Mrs. Stubblefield died March 25, 1862. She was a most excellent wife and mother.

On the seventh of September, 1863, Mr. Stubblefield married Mary C. Showdy, daughter of George W. Showdy, deceased, of Logan County. She is a most amiable and accomplished lady, very kind in her manner and entertaining in her conversation. By this marriage Mr. Stubblefield has had six children, of whom five are living. They are:

Ida May, James W., Dorothy, George Showdy and William Martin. They all live at home.

Mr. Stubblefield is six feet and two and a-half inches in height and weighs two hundred and twenty pounds. His hair was formerly brown, but now is becoming gray. His eyes are gray and have a pleasant, humorous expression. He is a first class business man, which appears to be a characteristic of the Stubblefield family. He is a man of public spirit and was twice commissioner of highways of Mt. Hope township. He takes an interest in education, and for twelve years has been a school director. He has met with great success as a stock raiser.

William Hieronymus.

William Hieronymus was born February 13, 1788, at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia. His parents were of English and Dutch descent. He was raised on a farm and led a farmer's life. When he was a young man, he and his father went to Madison County, Kentucky, to look at the country, and were so well pleased with it, that William remained to raise a crop, while his father returned for the family, which came out in the fall. William Hieronymus married, August 14, 1811,

Alvira Darnell, probably in Madison County. During the war of 1812, he was drafted, but the situation of his family made it impossible for him to leave, so he hired a substitute. He followed boat-building for a while, as business of building flatboats was one which grew with the growth of commerce. He was a skillful workman with a broadaxe, and could handle it to perfection. In the year 1818, he went to Boone County, Missouri, and settled on the Missouri River. The place is now washed away and forms the channel of the stream. He lived three years in Missouri, then went back to Kentucky to his old home, then, after a few years, went to the Big Bone Lick. This lick is a deep lake of mud and water, the water being very shallow. The mud has apparently no bottom. The animals, which in former years went there to drink, sank down and died. Their bones are so numerous that the place is called the Big Bone Lick. The bones of many curious animals have been found there; and particularly curious were the bones of the large mammoth, which was placed in Barnum's museum. Enoch Hieronymus has seen a bone from this lake, large enough for nine men to sit on. The water of the lake was impregnated with sulphur, and people from the surrounding country came there to drink it for their health. In the fall of 1828, William Hieronymus started for Illinois. His family moved with several other families, numbering in all forty-two persons. The oldest man in the company was George Henline, whose sons John, George, Henry, William and David, all had families. They camped the last night of their journey in Blooming Grove, at what is now called the Nathan Low farm, then owned by a Mr. Latta, and the next day went to Hittle's Grove in Tazewell County, where they made arrangements for locations. Old George Henline and Henry and David remained at Hittle's Grove; but John, George, jr. and William, settled on the head waters of the Mackinaw, where they made a permanent location. William Hieronymus went from Hittle's Grove to Hieronymus Grove, in October, 1828, and there threw up a half faced camp. During the winter, he built a small cabin, in which he lived for some years. In the following spring he opened up a small farm, which was carried on by his sons, while he made looms, barrels, stocks of ploughs, etc. He was very skillful in the use of tools. He worked at

this business more or less until his death, which occurred March 12, 1848.

William Hieronymus was a tall man, standing six feet and two and one-half inches. His bones were large and his features prominent. Hieronymus Grove received its name from him. He had nine children, of whom only three are living. They are:

Enoch Hieronymus, who lives in Mt. Hope township, in McLean County, in the edge of Hieronymus Grove.

Benjamin Hieronymus, who lives at the head of Indian Grove, in Livingston County, and

William Hieronymous, jr., who lives on the homestead place.

Enoch Hieronymus.

Enoch Hieronymus was born March 7, 1816, in Madison County, Kentucky. He accompanied the family wherever it went, as stated in the preceding sketch of his father. In his younger days he worked a great deal in the tobacco patch, but acquired a distaste for tobacco and never used it. He thinks young men should all have an opportunity to work in a tobacco patch.

In the fall of 1828, the family came to Illinois. Here Enoch worked hard; nevertheless, he was fond of hunting. He hunted deer and turkeys, and trapped mink and otter. He once came close to a panther while hunting, but did not succeed in killing it. He was watching a deer lick, and heard a deer come plashing through the water, and while watching for it, a panther came up on its trail. The panther stopped within two or three rods of Enoch and sat down. He attempted to shoot it, but the flint-lock flashed in the pan, and as he had no more powder in the horn, he stood still, and man and beast watched each other intently. The panther was motionless, except a gentle waving of its tail. Enoch called for his dog, and the moment the bull-dog came in sight, the panther fled. Enoch went home for powder, and wished to hunt the panther, but his bull-dog, which never had flinched before, could not be induced to take the lead. Enoch was then only fourteen or fifteen years of age.

During the winter of the deep snow the Hieronymus family pounded corn, of course, as it was exceedingly difficult to go to mill, and when they did go, they were obliged to travel on horse-

back. He made snow-shoes that winter out of boards ten inches square, which were lashed to his feet, and with these he could chase the deer. He could travel over the snow with them very well, though sometimes they would go down with him.

The settlers went to Bloomington for doctors. Enoch Hieronymus once went to Bloomington during the night, for a doctor, and returned the same night.

Enoch was a great rail splitter, and made six thousand four hundred and twenty rails in one lot. He commenced between Christmas and New Years, and worked until the middle of March. During the winter and spring of 1838–9, he made and hauled rails enough to enclose fifty acres of land.

He married, August 22, 1839, Elizabeth A. Thompson, who was born April 14, 1819, in Dixon County, Tennessee. Her parents came to Illinois in 1829, and lived six months in Sangamon County; then they moved to the Forks of the Creek settlement, in what is now Logan County. There Elizabeth lived until her marriage. Mr. and Mrs. Hieronymus have never had any children of their own, but raised the orphan children of James Hieronymus, who died in 1848. The wife of James died a few months before her husband. Enoch and his wife took to their house one girl, two boys, and one infant child. Another infant child, twin to the first, was raised by the sister of Mrs. Hieronymus. The infant taken by Mrs. Hieronymus soon died. The two boys and the girl have grown up, and are happily married and settled in life. They are:

Mrs. Alvira McAtee, wife of Benjamin McAtee, lives in Wasco County, Oregon.

Benjamin R. Hieronymus now lives in Tazewell County, within a half a mile of the homestead.

Thomas H. Hieronymus lives within three-quarters of a mile of the homestead, in Tazewell County.

Both Benjamin and Thomas served about three years in the army. They enlisted under Captain Kinsey, and served in Company E, One Hundred and Seventeenth Illinois.

Benjamin was elected a lieutenant, and served for a while as captain.

Mr. and Mrs. Hieronymus thought as much of these children as their own parents could, and now are anxious for their welfare and proud of their success.

Mr. Hieronymus has done some hard work. He and his wife, after their marriage, determined "to buy first what they needed worst, and only what they could, and afterwards what they would." They lived seven years in a log cabin, which Enoch Hieronymus built. The material for their present substantial house was brought from many quarters. Mr. Hieronymus cut some of the timber and hauled it to be sawed. He hauled the rest of the lumber from Chicago.

Mr. Hieronymus has done very well in worldly matters. He has had about a thousand acres of land, and has now about four hundred and sixty acres. In 1869 he built a Christian Church at Hieronymus Grove, and it is called the Hieronymus Grove Church. He is about five feet and nine inches in height, and is rather slim. The lines on his face would indicate decision of character and kindness of heart. He is perfectly straightforward in his dealings, and is remarkable for his peculiar tenderness of feeling. In this respect his wife is very much like him.

John Hougham.

John Hougham was born November 19, 1810, in Highland County, Ohio. His father's name was Runyon Hougham, and his mother's name before her marriage was Sarah Lamon. His father was of English descent, and his mother of Dutch. John Hougham never cut up many capers in Ohio, but was always a moral young man. He came with the family to the State of Illinois, to Funk's Grove, McLean County, in the fall of 1831. They had a hard time coming through the sloughs, and were once two days in going ten miles. They were sometimes water-bound, and were obliged to make bridges. When they came to the Wabash prairie they found the sloughs without bottom. When he arrived here, he worked on his father's farm. He has never traveled much, and has had very few adventures. He intended to see a great deal of the world, before he settled down, but failed to carry out this resolution. He remembers the sudden change of weather in December, 1836, and says it was the "awfullest, quickest change he ever saw." He was then out hunting turkeys, but came home suddenly. He never hunted much, except after turkeys, and he "reckons he has killed right smart of them."

He used to wrestle a great deal, as all the early settlers did, and was thrown only once in his life, "best two out of three."

Mr. Hougham is not much of a traveler, though he once drove hogs to Galena. But he said it hurt his feet terribly, and that "if God would forgive him for going that time, he would never go again."

In the year 1840, Mr. Hougham found the woman of his choice. He married Miss Eliza Ann Brock, on the 4th of April of that year. She is yet living. He says he was only married once, that was enough for him; it was necessary to have some woman to take care of him.

In politics, Mr. Hougham is an old time Democrat. In answer to the question as to how he came to be a Democrat, he said that his father was a Democrat and all the family likewise, and that he came to be a Democrat as a matter of course. He voted first for General Jackson, and continued to vote for him three times, and has ever since voted for Jackson's friends. He says he never pulled wires in his life, or wrote a political document, or made a stump speech. He does not approve of stump speaking, and will not patronize it, as he thinks it does more injury than good. His opinion of Petroleum V. Nasby is, that the latter has done more harm than good to the Democratic party. He thinks the Chicago Times is the best paper printed, and the only objection to it is its fine type. He now takes the Bloomington Democrat, because it costs $1.50 per annum, and he wishes to patronize "home consumption." Mr. Hougham did not vote for Horace Greeley during the last campaign, though he considered Greeley a very smart man. But his objection was, that the latter brought on the war of the rebellion. He was the disturbing cause and responsible for it, though the South did not do altogether right. It was Mr. Hougham's opinion, after considering the matter carefully, that Greeley was nominated for the purpose of "running in Grant," so he determined to vote for "nary a one of 'em."

Mr. Hougham has taken very little interest in religious matters, though he once contributed ten cents to the Universalists.

In personal appearance Mr. Hougham is six feet and one inch in height, and weighs two hundred and fifty-six pounds. He very much resembles Horace Greeley, though the latter did not have the winning smile which Mr. Hougham's countenance wears, and

an acute observer might detect several points of difference in their intellectual development. Mr. Hougham is a kind man, and a pleasant neighbor. He is anxious that his name shall be spelled correctly, and is annoyed to think that a "heap of people spell it Huffam."

The author would have been glad to have written a sketch of Lamon Hougham also, but the latter refused to give any items of his life, as he "did not wish to encourage speculation in books."

Westley Hougham.

Westley Hougham, the brother of John Hougham, was born March 3, 1820, in Highland County, Ohio. He was always a moral boy, and never cut up capers or shines. He came to Funk's Grove in November, 1831. He had no particular adventure on the way, except difficulties with the mud, which delayed the family for some time, as they were obliged to make a great many bridges. On his arrival he immediately commenced farming and shaking with the fever and ague. Sometimes he farmed for his mother and sometimes for himself. When he became a "chunk of a boy" he ran wolves and deer and turkeys, and sometimes was successful in catching them and sometimes they won the race. When the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, came, he was chasing turkeys about four miles from home, but made good time back, as may be supposed. He was obliged to swim Sugar Creek.

He married, September 5, 1845, Miss Ellen Smith, and by this marriage has had four children, of whom three are living. His wife died in 1854. He married, February 18, 1857, Margaret Ross, and by this marriage has had four children, of whom three are living. Two of Mr. Hougham's children are married. They are:

James Thomas Hougham, who lives within half a mile of his father's house.

Mrs. America Ann Boler lives within a mile of her father's house.

Mr. Hougham lacks half an inch of being six feet in height, when measured in his stocking feet. That was his measurement

at Springfield, when he went to see if he would do for a soldier. He weighs three or four hundred pounds, he does not know precisely which. He is stout and pretty active.

John Longworth.

John Longworth was born September 2, 1809, in Marietta, Washington County, Ohio. His father's name was Robert Longworth, and his mother's name before her marriage was Nancy Reilly. Robert Longworth was of English descent and his wife Nancy was of English and Irish. Her father died a soldier in the Continental army, when she was only a child.

When John Longworth was three years of age, his parents moved to Muskingum County, Ohio. He was not old enough to remember anything of the war of 1812. He only recollects hearing of a young woman who was captured by Indians. When they were about to kill her, she called on the Great Spirit, by the name which the Indians knew it, and this so astonished them and so awakened their superstition that they released her. During the war of 1812, Robert Longworth was stationed on the river, and it was his duty to hail all boats that passed, especially all that came down. He stayed about seven years in Muskingum County, and there worked very hard, and made money enough to enter one hundred and sixty acres of land in Morgan County, to which place he moved.

John Longworth grew to manhood in Ohio, and received there the common school education, which the country afforded. When he was old enough to be of service, as a workman, he went to the Muskingum River and there engaged in the salt business, and sent the salt up and down the river in flatboats.

He married, February 24, 1831, Prudence P. Edwards.

In March, 1832, the Muskingum River was very high, and inundated everything along its banks. Houses and fences were floated off. At one time during this flood, two men found floating down the Ohio River, a cradle with a baby in it. They had considerable strife to decide who should have this little Moses from the bullrushes.

In the spring of 1836 he came to Johnson's Grove, McLean County, Illinois. He came by steamboat to Pekin and across by team to Johnson's Grove in the present township of Mt. Hope.

Robert Longworth, the father of John, had come out the year before, had bought a hundred and sixty acres of land, which Johnson had entered, and the latter's claim on eighty acres of timber. When John Longworth came, he made a claim on one hundred and sixty acres of land, and settled on eighty acres more.

In December, 1836, a company came on from the east, and entered eight thousand acres of land, very nearly in the shape of a square; and as the company had twenty-five shares, this left three hundred and twenty acres of land apiece. They also entered other land and gave the earliest settlers each a premium of forty acres. This land comprised the greater part of the township of Mt. Hope. This land was surveyed in the summer of 1837. Mr. Longworth assisted in the survey. They tried to find the corners, which had been laid out by the governmental survey. These were marked by stakes, holes and pits of charcoal. On the up-land, these corners could usually be found, but on the low-land they were sometimes wanting. This Mt. Hope company entered the land which Mr. Longworth claimed. It was the custom among the settlers never to enter a piece of land on which one of them had made a settlement, but the company entered all of its land together, and knew nothing of Mr. Longworth's settlement. But he succeeded in making terms with the company, by paying about what it cost to enter and survey the land.

In December, 1836, the sudden change in the weather occurred. Mr. Longworth was then at his father's house, about a quarter of a mile distant, and when the windstorm came, he went home, and was sheltered by timber on the way, but thought he did well to get to his house. His brother had been riding that afternoon and was wet by the rain. When the sudden change occurred his boots were frozen into his stirrups, and when he arrived at his father-in-law's house, the stirrups were knocked loose before he could dismount. All of Mr. Longworth's chickens were frozen to death, except one tough old rooster. Much of his stock was frozen. He saw one cow, which seemed to have been frozen as she stood in her tracks. This terrible change seemed to frighten all animals, and take away their original natures, for they all huddled together, their fear of each

other being overcome by their greater fear of the elements around them. A man named Houser had just come to the country with horses, cattle, sheep, and other stock, and they all huddled together in a log stable, and the next morning were covered with a white frost, which was the frozen moisture of their breath.

Mr. Longworth has experienced nearly all of the hardships to which the early settlers were subjected. He broke prairie and raised sod corn for the first crop. The corn was dropped just ahead of the plough as the sod was turned over. The dropper rode on the plough. The corn was planted in every third furrow.

Mr. Longworth has raised a family of intelligent, happy children, three sons and three daughters. They are full of humor and pleasant, practical jokes. They are:

Mrs. Sarah Ann Farnsworth, wife of E. H. Farnsworth, lives three quarters of a mile west of McLean.

Mrs. Belinda McCormick, wife of Marion McCormick, lives two miles and a quarter west of McLean.

Augustus Longworth lives a mile and a half east of McLean.

David Newton Longworth (called Newt!) and Albert Longworth, live at home, though both have farms. Newton is connected with the drug store in McLean, which is carried on by Longworth & Palmer.

Mattie J. Longworth lives at home. Her name is not changed *yet.*

Mr. Longworth lacks one inch of being six feet in height. He is a man of very good humor, appears to be very fair-minded, and has the perfect confidence of the community where he resides. He has been school treasurer, and has assessed the township more than all of the other assessors put together. He has been elected constable, and re-elected against his will, and at last refused to qualify.

OLD TOWN.

Lewis Case.

Lewis Case was born, February 27, 1809, in Ontario County, New York. His father's name was Abner Case, and his mother's name before her marriage was Olive Rolland. Both were full blooded Connecticut Yankees. Abner Case was a soldier in the war of 1812. He was a private and served under Generals Scott and Harrison. He saw the burning of Buffalo, the blowing up of Fort Erie, and was at the battle of Lundy's Lane. During the latter fight he was stationed in an orchard. During his service under General Harrison he was slightly wounded, having three fingers of his left hand shot off. Mr. Case drew a pension until his death, which occurred January 6, 1854. His wife died on the day following, and both were buried in the same grave in Wisconsin, near Madison.

Lewis Case lived in Ontario County until he was sixteen years of age. There he received his education, which was that of the common school. The scholars in that section of country complied with the custom of those days, which was to bar out the schoolmaster on Christmas day. At one time they barred out the master and the contest lasted three days. They fortified themselves in the schoolhouse and stood the siege. The people near by gave the scholars plenty to eat, lots of cake and cider and fuel to burn in the fireplace. The schoolmaster tried to smoke them out by covering the chimney, and for a while it seemed that he would succeed; but the scholars put out the fire by pouring on cider, and stopped the smoke. After three days the contest ended in breaking up the school.

In the year 1824, the family moved to Huron County, Ohio. They lived in the woods among the large timber wolves, which were very plenty. At one time a timber wolf was caught by the fore leg in a trap, and the dogs were collected from all over the country to fight it, but it whipped them all.

In July, 1833, Lewis Case came with his wife and child to McLean County, Illinois, and settled on Kickapoo Creek, on the north side of Old Town timber. When they first came, they went to Bloomington, and the first man to welcome them and

give them their dinner was General Gridley, who then boarded at James Allin's. During the following winter, the families of Lewis Case, Abner Case, Charles Lewis and Thaddeus Case, fifteen persons in all, wintered in a little house fourteen feet square. Their household goods were put up around the sides of the room on pins. They had two bedsteads and two trundle beds. A part of the folks were obliged to retire at night before the remainder could make their beds on the floor. During that winter Mr. Case cut, split and hauled logs for a house. In the spring the house was built, and in April they moved into it. It was a small cabin, but Mrs. Case had room in it for a spinning wheel and a loom. She spun and wove the clothing for the family, and when her girls were large enough they also were taught to spin and weave. She made linsey, jeans and linen, and the family lived happily in the rude cabin with their home-spun attire. For three years they remained in the little cabin and then moved to where they now live.

For thirteen years, the house of Mr. Case was used as a preaching place by the Methodists. This was the first denomination here. After a while the Cumberland Presbyterians came in and joined with the Methodists and built the Union Church. But the old church having served its time, the Methodists built a new one called the Hopewell Church. The old building was sold for eighty dollars in money, which was divided between the two denominations that built it. George Gar now uses the old church for a barn. The people seemed to enjoy themselves very well at the meetings held at private houses. The congregation often filled the house, and sometimes the bedding and furniture were carried out to make room.

The early settlers were always anxious to have their children educated, and were willing to make all sacrifices. School was kept during one summer in Mr. Case's barn. Mrs. Case was careful to see that her children attended punctually and regularly, and says that one of her children missed only two or three days in the year.

Mrs. Case was an industrious woman. She made clothes for people and took her pay in work. She made coats for the men, and they in return made hay or ploughed for Mr. Case. She made a coat for Senator John Cusey, and he made hay for a

week to pay for it, and worked well. Mr. Case was also industrious and made shoes and cobbled for the neighborhood.

On the 13th of October, 1831, Mr. Case married Sarah Hendryx, in Huron County, Ohio. He has had five children, of whom four are living. They are:

Mary Ann, wife of Peter B. Price, lives at Downs Station.

Olive, wife of J. W. Savage, lives near Downs.

Sarah Elizabeth, wife of Wesley Savage, lives in Downs township, near the eastern boundary.

Hannah Emeline, wife of Sylvanus Michael, lives in Old Town, near the western boundary.

Mr. Case is five feet and nine or ten inches in height. His head is partially bald, and his nose is Roman. He is a worthy man and thinks much of his family and friends. He is hospitable and kind to all. He has succeeded well and has accumulated enough property to make him comfortable; but his industrious habits cling to him, and he continues to carry on his farm as in the days of the early settlement.

Harvey Bishop.

Harvey Bishop, eldest son of William Bishop, was born August 2, 1821, in Virginia. In the year 1833 the Bishop family came to Illinois. William Bishop wished to obtain land for his children, and it cost too much in Ohio.

Mr. Bishop obtained his education in a log school house during the winters, as all the pioneer children did. The school teachers in those days were severe; and Mr. Bishop remembers an instance where the courts interfered, and a teacher was fined for the severity and brutality of his punishment. He went to school for one winter to John Magoun in Old Town and found him a most excellent teacher. He never punished his scholars, and they all liked him, and he had great success. It was then very evident that Mr. Magoun would remain an old bachelor, as he did not pay his addresses to the ladies of Old Town. He was a very conscientious teacher, and his scholars had confidence in him.

Mr. Bishop was never a hunter, and only killed one deer in his life. This was when he was sixteen or seventeen years of age. A light snow had fallen on the ground, and he asked his

father for his gun to go hunting. The old gentleman allowed Harvey Bishop to take the gun, and promised him a dollar for every deer he killed. Harvey Bishop succeeded in killing one, and received his money. He frequently hunted wolves, and ran them down or caught them in traps. Mr. Bishop entered a part of the land where he now lives in Old Town, and a part was given him by his father. He entered one hundred and seventy acres of prairie and forty acres of timber, and he has been very successful in its management.

On the 25th of February, 1850, he married Mrs. Mary Ann Depew, a widow, who died November 26, 1856. One child, born of this marriage, is now dead. On the first of January, 1861, Mr. Bishop married Miss Mary Ann Hart, of Old Town. Their only child, William Henry Bishop, lives at home.

Mr. Bishop is five feet and eight inches in height, is rather spare in build, has blue eyes, uses spectacles occasionally, has hair light colored and rather thin. He is good-natured and very kind in his manner. He has served in various positions in the township. He has always been very independent in his political affiliations and has usually voted for the best men, regardless of party. He does not belong to any church, but is a man of integrity and correct principle. Mrs. Bishop takes a great deal of pride in her husband, and she is in every respect worthy of him.

Frederick Rives Cowden.

Frederick R. Cowden was born November 30, 1811, in Allen County, Kentucky. His father's name was James Cowden, and his mother's name before her marriage was Lucy Rives. He is partly of Irish descent. He was raised on a farm and worked in a tobacco field, but had no particular adventure. When he became twenty years of age he went to Warren County, Kentucky. There he became acquainted with Mr. John Price, whose sketch appears in this volume. They often hunted together, and killed a great deal of game. They frequently shot at game, both at once, and tramped on each other's toes to know when to pull the trigger. If only one shot took effect it was supposed that Price had missed!

In the fall of 1833 Mr. Cowden came to Greene County, Illinois, where he lived until 1834, when he came to McLean County. He started with Elias Wall and James B. Price, but left them at Ranellville, Kentucky. After traveling two days, he met two of his cousins going to Illinois, and he went in company with them. When he arrived in McLean County, he went to work sawing lumber with a whip saw. This lumber, sawed by hand, was sold to John Rhodes for two dollars per hundred, and is now a part of his barn. Mr. Cowden sawed finishing lumber of white walnut for parties in Bloomington, and also for the first hotel at Mt. Pleasant (Farmer City). He hunted occasionally with John Price, and killed a great many deer and turkeys. Mr. Cowden tells some jokes on John Price, which caused great amusement. Price was a good hunter, but for some unexplained reason he, at times, could scarcely kill anything. Mr. Cowden says that Price once shot some thirty times in one day at deer without hitting a single one. The latter complained of a flaw in the gun, but Mr. Cowden killed three deer in one day with it, and said that the flaw was now gone. Mr. Price could kill game afterwards. Mr. Cowden says that Price was very cautious about approaching a wounded deer, and once killed a buck, which ran into a clump of brush and died; but as Mr. Price had some suspicion as to whether the buck was really dead, he rode around the thicket and fired at it seven or eight times! Mr. Cowden once wounded a deer, but would not shoot again, for fear of being laughed at, and grappled it. The struggle which followed was so severe that Cowden wished he had given the deer another shot.

He has had great difficulty with the fires on the prairie, which came so swiftly and were so hot that the danger from them was very great.

Mr. Cowden has a lively recollection of the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, and says that at the time when the ice suddenly formed on the Kickapoo, three travelers came along and attempted to cross, but one of them lost his horse under the ice, as the creek was very high and the water flowed rapidly. Mr. Cowden broke the ice during the following day and assisted the travelers over.

Mr. Cowden married, August 17, 1842, Miss Polly G. Price. He has seven children, all of whom have grown to years of discretion. They are:

John James Cowden lives half a mile south of his father's.

Mrs. Amanda Jane Dooley, wife of Obadiah G. Dooley, lives two miles northeast of her parents.

William Rives Cowden lives about four miles southeast of his father's, in Downs township.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Downs, wife of John D. Downs, live two miles and a half southwest of her father's.

Matilda Burrell Cowden, Frank Cowden and Elizabeth Gillem Cowden, live at home with their father.

Mr. Cowden is about six feet in height, is rather solidly built, has blue eyes, and hair and whiskers perfectly white. His head is becoming a little bald. In his younger days he was very strong, and a good hunter. He is a man of good business qualifications. He is rather humorous, and particularly enjoys a good joke on his respected father-in-law, John Price. Mr. Cowden was for two years supervisor. He has been in poor health for some time, and thinks this is due to the exposure and fatigue which he endured in his younger days. While hunting he seldom stopped for any obstacle, but waded or swam creeks and bore every form of hardship, and now he thinks he is paying the penalty.

PADUA.

William Evans, Jr.

William Evans, jr., son of William Evans, sen., whose sketch appears in this volume, was born June 3, 1815, in Huron County, Ohio. In the year 1825, the family started for Illinois, intending to make a settlement on the Illinois River. But when they arrived at Keg Grove (now Blooming Grove) they thought the country so fine that they settled there. They made their settlement about four miles south of Bloomington, where the Orendorffs had built their cabins. Nothing of unusual importance occurred until 1827, when a storm came through Blooming Grove, tearing down the timber and scattering the trunks and limbs in every direction. Just after this storm Cheney Thomas wished to sell a claim to Mr. Evans, sen., where Bloomington now stands, for a hundred bushels of corn. But it so happened that the corn which Mr. Evans, sen., had planted, was covered up by

broken limbs of trees, and was thought to be ruined. He therefore hesitated about making the bargain. But William Orendorff, who was standing near, said: "Take it, Evans, if you haven't enough corn, I have." Mr. Evans made the bargain, and in order to help him fulfill it, Mr. Orendorff gave Evans five acres of growing corn. The claim now forms a part of Bloomington, and is worth a large amount of money. Mr. Evans, jr., says: "William Orendorff was one of the best men that ever lived on the green earth." About nineteen days after the storm, William Evans, jr., James Orendorff, and others, found a hog which had been pinned to the ground by limbs of trees. They cut it loose and drew the exhausted animal home on a sledge. It recovered, and showed its gratitude to its deliverers by making a fine porker.

The Evans family were obliged to go for many years to mill to Attica, on the Wabash, one hundred and twenty miles distant. Afterwards they went to Fox River, eighty miles distant. They frequently went to mill at Peoria and Pekin. Orendorff's mill was put up some time afterwards, on Sugar Creek, about twenty-five miles distant. They could get a little corn cracked nearer home, but not well done. During the winter of the deep snow they ground corn in a coffee-mill, and sometimes pounded it. Before the snow became packed, they went four miles to Bailey Harbert's mill, breaking the road both going and returning, for the drifting snow soon filled up their tracks.

William Evans, jr., and his brother, took great pleasure in catching wolves. During one winter they trapped forty-five of these troublesome pests.

The education of William Evans, jr., was attended to as well as possible in the West. He went to school to old Billy Hodge, and says that this gentleman was a very good teacher, though a little severe with the scholars.

On the 8th of April, 1836, Mr. Evans married Mary Jane Murphy, daughter of Thomas Murphy. He has had ten children, of whom seven are living. They are:

Oliver Perry Evans lives on his father's place.

William Evans, jr., also lives on his father's place.

James Evans lives on the edge of his father's land.

Jane, wife of Ezra Dodson, lives about a quarter of a mile east of her father's.

David and John live at home.

Morris lives one and a half miles northeast of his father's.

William Evans stands six feet high in his stockings, has gray hair and whiskers, and clear gray eyes, with an honest expression in them. His voice is firm and clear, with an honest ring to it. He is very accommodating, and left his business, which was somewhat urgent, for the purpose of giving information for this work. He is one of the most reliable of men, and loves humor, of course, as the genuine old settlers do.

Daniel Jackson.

Daniel Jackson was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, January 16, 1808. His parents were not in good circumstances, and his opportunities for obtaining an education were limited. His time was required for work to assist in supporting the family. When he was twenty years of age he came to Champaign County, Ohio. There he worked for two years, for eight dollars per month. He came to McLean County, Illinois, in October, 1830. He made a claim of one hundred and sixty acres of land in the present township of Empire, in the present county of McLean. During the winter of the deep snow he lived with John W. Dawson. They pounded their corn as the settlers all did, and sometimes parched it, by way of a change, until the snow was gone and the roads were clear. Mr. Jackson built a cabin on his claim, and soon broke ground. With a little help he attended to fifty acres of corn. His grinding was done at Baker's horse-mill, at Blooming Grove, and at Cunningham's mill, at Cheney's Grove. He volunteered, during the Black Hawk war, but was sent back to his home, as he was not needed.

On the 12th of February, 1832, he married Margaret Walden, of Springfield. They worked carefully and well, and succeeded in their labor. Mr. Jackson hauled all his grain to Chicago, returning with groceries and lumber. He dealt a good deal in cattle, always keeping a drove on hand. Chicago was his market for cattle until the railroads were built, bringing the market to his door. He acquired, by his care and industry, five hundred acres of land. He did not take much interest in political mat-

ters, but was, for some years, supervisor of highways. He was a good citizen, and was one of those who worked hard for the development of the county of McLean. He died March 20, 1861.

The items given above, were furnished by his widow, Mrs. Jackson, who still lives on the homestead place in Empire township.

Jeremiah Greenman.

Jeremiah Greenman was born August 8, 1794, in Providence, Rhode Island. He was of Welch descent. His father, Jeremiah Greenman, sr., served in the Revolutionary war for eight years, and during that time kept a journal of his life, and his sufferings and adventures. The mother of Jeremiah Greenman was Mary Eddy, who was born and raised in Providence. When Jeremiah Greenman was twelve years of age, the family moved to Washington County, Ohio. This course was taken at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Greenman, who did not wish her children brought up to a seafaring life, as their father had been. The parents of Jeremiah Greenman were not members of any church, but were remarkable for their integrity and correct principle. His father drew a pension for his services in the Revolutionary war, until the day of his death. The son, Jeremiah, of whom this sketch is written, received a fair education. He married Letitia McCoy, November 26, 1818. She was born in Washington County, Ohio.

On the first of June, 1830, the Greenman family started for the West. They floated down the Ohio River in a family boat, until they came to its mouth. From there they came to Pekin, by steamboat. From there they came by ox-team to where Waynesville now is. There they spent the winter of the great deep snow, but were not subjected to as many privations as many others, for they lived near a mill where their corn could be easily ground. In the fall of 1831, they came to Old Town timber, to John W. Dawson's place, and in the following spring came to the place where they now live, in the present township of Padua. He entered two hundred and twenty acres of land, engaged in farming and stock-raising, and was quite successful. His health was

quite delicate. He died October 17, 1843, and was buried at Dawson's graveyard, in Old Town.

Mr. Greenman had nine children, of whom eight lived to be grown. Thomas McCoy Greenman and Sarah Ada, wife of William Moran, are dead; Emaline, wife of Alvah B. Dimon, lives at Thompsonville, Marion County, Iowa; Henry Clay Greenman served in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers, and was killed at the battle of Prairie Grove; George Washington Greenman lives in Dixon, Kansas; Sarah Jane, wife of Solomon Gregg, lives in the southern part of Old Town; Jeremiah Greenman, jr., lives at the homestead with his mother. He served in the army during the rebellion, being fourteen months in the Eighth Illinois and twelve months in the One Hundred and Fiftieth Illinois. He was at the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson and Shiloh. He was wounded at Fort Donelson. Mary L., wife of Mr. Van Gundy, is now dead. One child died in infancy.

Mr. Greenman was about five feet and ten inches in height. His son Jerry appears much as his father did, though the latter had rather darker hair. Mr. Greenman was a kind husband and a good father. He paid great attention to the education of his children. He was not a member of any church, but was a man of strict integrity, and his word was sufficient without any bond. His widow, Mrs. Greenman, still lives on the homestead. She is a very kind lady, and thinks much of the "good old times." She possesses much natural shrewdness.

John Bishop.

John Bishop was born February 9, 1799, in Fleming County, Kentucky. His father's name was James Bishop, and his mother's name, before her marriage, was Chloe Lake. Both were of English and Welch descent. In 1804 the Bishop family moved to Ohio, to what is now Clark County, but was then Green County, and had formerly been included in the county of Champaign. During the war of 1812, James Bishop entered the army, and had charge of some teams belonging to the wagon train of Hull's army. When the war opened, General Hull was governor of Michigan. He went to Urbana, Ohio, and took command of the army, which was passed over to him by Governor Meigs. John Bishop, then a lad of thirteen, was present at the time, and re-

members General Hull as a gray haired, heavy set man. James Bishop served under General Hull, and was at the surrender of Detroit. The captured soldiers were carried on shipboard to Cleveland, and there paroled and sent home. James Bishop afterwards served as quartermaster under General Tupper, in General Harrison's command.

John Bishop lived in Ohio until the fall of 1830, and then went to Fancy Creek, Sangamon County, Illinois, where he arrived October 22. The first winter after his arrival was the one of the deep snow. It fell there as deep as in McLean County. Mr. Bishop had then a wife, three children, three cows and four horses, which all needed care and attention; nevertheless, he looks back to those days as the happiest of his life. During the winter of the deep snow the wheat and corn was carried to mill from four to eight miles on horseback. Before the snow was packed, Mr. Bishop and three others went three miles to mill across a neck of prairie. They took two horses to carry the corn, and eight horses to break the way. The horses walked in single file, and when the foremost was tired, it was placed in the rear and another took the lead. It required all day to go three miles and return. After the snow became packed men could walk over it anywhere, and even horses were borne on the drifts.

In March, 1832, Mr. Bishop came to Old Town timber, McLean County. In May of the same year he entered his land at the office at Danville, and commenced an improvement on the northwest point of Old Town timber. But as he did not learn precisely the boundaries, he unfortunately built his house and barn on unentered government land, which was next adjoining. This land was afterwards entered by another party, and he lost the house and barn. He built another house on his own land, lived on it fifteen years, and then moved to the south side of the timber.

On the 31st of March, 1825, Mr. Bishop married Sally Viney, in Ohio. He has had twelve children, of whom seven are living. They are:

Aquilla Bishop is a farmer, and lives at Farmer City.

James Bishop is a carriage trimmer in Hay's carriage shop, in Bloomington. During the rebellion, he was in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers, under Colonel McNulta.

Martin Bishop was in the same regiment. He now lives in Washington County, Illinois.

John Bishop, jr., was in the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Illinois. He was discharged from the army because of sickness, and died eight days after arriving home.

Chloe Ann, wife of Henry Jacoby, lives in Farmer City.

Sarah, wife of George W. Thompson, lives in Washington County, Illinois.

Catherine Bishop lives at Farmer City.

Mr. Bishop is rather less than the medium height, is rather light in build, has a sanguine complexion, seems a very honest man, and perfectly straightforward in his business transactions. He now lives at Mrs. Ireland's place, near Stumptown, in Old Town timber, in the township of Padua. He seems to lead a very contented life after so many storms and changes of fortune. Mrs. Bishop died in the fall of 1865.

Adolphus Dimmick.

Adolphus Dimmick was born in Tolland County, Connecticut, January 13, 1791. In the year 1816, he came to Ripley County, Indiana. There he set out a nursery, the first in that part of the country, and raised a great many apple and peach trees. On the 9th of October, 1832, he married Esther Livingston. On the first of November following, he started for Illinois, traveling in a wagon drawn by a yoke of oxen and a horse. On the 25th of that month he arrived at Old Town timber, made a claim and commenced farming. He bought a cow and calf, and from this beginning raised a herd of forty or more cattle, besides selling a great many. The cabin was one of the little log huts of the early days, with a pounded clay fireplace, a stick chimney and a floor of linn puncheons. These puncheons were made of rails split thin and shaved with a drawing knife. The windows were of greased paper, and the table was made of a large puncheon. The land, where they lived, did not come into market until 1836. They had very little company. The wild animals came around them and kept them company. The raccoons came up under the window at night; the wolves ate the bones thrown from the house, and the wild turkeys picked up the crumbs near the door. The deer often came around them, and their society was principally that of the wild animals.

Mr. Dimmick died on Christmas day, 1845. He had three children, all of whom are now dead. His stature was somewhat less than medium. He was stoutly built, had a light complexion, was careful and attentive to business and succeeded well. He had a common school education, and taught school in Ohio and Illinois. He was always hospitable to strangers and willing and ready to entertain them. He had always good fortune in life and prospered well. His lady afterwards married Mr. Stephen Ireland, but has been a widow for the last sixteen years. She is a pleasant old lady, and her house is a stopping place for a number of elderly people and seems almost an old folks asylum.

Josiah Horr.

Josiah Horr was born October 9, 1807, in Lewis County, New York. His father's name was Jacob Horr, and his mother's name, before her marriage, was Hannah Pierce. Jacob Horr was descended from the Puritans who landed on Plymouth Rock. He was a farmer, and died in Ohio in about the year 1850 or 51. His wife Hannah was born in America, but was of English-Irish descent. She died in 1839, while on a visit to Cheney's Grove. Jacob Horr had eleven children, of whom ten lived to be grown, but only three are now alive. They are, William Horr, of Mechanicsburg, Champaign County, Ohio; Elijah Horr, of Carthage, Jefferson County, N. Y., and Josiah Horr, the subject of the present sketch. William Horr was the youngest son.

Josiah Horr received his education in Lewis County, N. Y., where he attended a common school during the winter months until the age of twenty. In the summer time he worked on his father's farm. While only a boy, he resolved to come to the West. At the age of twenty-one he moved to Champaign County, Ohio, where he remained nearly eight years. He worked on a farm and in a woolen factory. In 1836, he came to the West, arriving at John W. Dawson's place in Old Town timber on the first of October. He had made three previous trips to visit the country, enter land and make a few improvements. The family passed through Cheney's Grove, visiting a few days with Jonathan Cheney, an uncle of Mrs. Horr. They lived two months in a house belonging to John Dawson, by which time they made a cabin on the place where they now live, in the present town-

ship of Padua. The first experience which the Horrs had of an Illinois winter, was with the sudden change of December, 1836. This was indeed a frightful experience and they were much terrified, but it never came again.

Mr. Horr was chosen justice of the peace and held this office with some interval for about fifteen years. He married William Harrison and Nancy Jane Dawson, and many years afterwards he married their daughter to C. H. Hobart. Mr. Horr always tried to settle amicably the cases which were brought before him, and often guaranteed the constable's costs in order to do so. He has been township trustee and school director, and for ten or twelve years he was supervisor. He is a member of the Methodist Church. Mr. Horr employed Abraham Lincoln to manage the first and only case the former ever had in McLean County Circuit Court, and Lincoln carried it through successfully. Mr. Horr belonged first to the Whig party, and afterwards to the Republican. He voted against Jackson, and after the latter retired from political life voted against Jackson's friends.

On the 28th of October, 1830, Josiah Horr married Temperance Cheney, who was born in Virginia, but left that State while she was very young. They have had eight children, four of whom were born in Illinois. Six lived to be grown. They are:

William Horr, mail agent on the L., B. & M. Railroad.

Elizabeth, wife of David M. Bunn, lives at Williamsburg, Franklin County, Kansas.

Martin Horr, lives about half a mile west of his father.

Abner Horr, lives near Galesburg, Neosho County, Kansas.

Sarah Horr, lives at home.

Martha, wife of James E. Wood, lives in Upper Mackinaw, McLean County.

Mr. Horr is six feet in height in his stocking feet. His hair is thick on his head and perfectly white. He has a Roman nose and blue eyes. He is very straight and is still very active. His appearance is impressive, and he possesses great energy and power of endurance. He had a postoffice for some years in his house, but it was discontinued a year ago last April.

RANDOLPH'S GROVE.

Alfred Moore Stringfield.

Mr. Stringfield says that his life has three separate sides to it—the adventurous side, the religious side, and the political side, and he wishes the distinction preserved in writing this sketch. The adventurous part of his life he calls his "rough and ready," and this part is given first. This sketch then begins with

The Rough and Ready of A. M. Stringfield.

Alfred Moore Stringfield was born October 14, 1809, on a farm near Murfreesboro, Tennessee. This is the village which gave the name of the celebrated battle fought there during the rebellion. He is of English descent, his ancestors having come to America from England at an early day, When he was very young his parents moved to Huntsville, Alabama, and from there to the Tennessee River, after the war of 1812. There his father kept a farm and a ferryboat, and Alfred, being an active lad, helped to manage it. His father kept two boats, one was large for the purpose of carrying wagons, and one was small for carrying men and horses. The small ferryboat was once crowded with horses and passengers, and some of the latter were careless and would not pay attention to Alfred, and the boat upset in ten feet of water. All were fortunately saved after their involuntary baptism; and it is to be hoped that they were made wiser for the future.

In 1819 Mr. Stringfield, sr., moved his family to White County, Illinois. In the spring of 1820 he made a visit to Sangamon County, and moved his family there in the fall to a farm within a few miles of Springfield. There he died shortly after his settlement.

In the spring of 1823 Alfred Stringfield came with his brother, Severe Stringfield, and his brother-in-law, Gardner Randolph, to what is now called Blooming Grove. But they located at Randolph's Grove, and there the brothers Stringfield claimed land for their mother. They were the first to break sod at Randolph's Grove. They put up what is called a half-faced camp, that is, a camp made of poles slanting upwards and covered with clapboards, which had been split or rived out. They were often

visited by the Indians and wolves, but never suffered much damage from either. During the next year their mother, Mrs. Stringfield, came to the grove. From that time until 1827 they worked during summers and rested winters.

In the spring of 1827 Mr. Stringfield went to Galena with teams to draw mineral. In some places the roads were very bad. In crossing the Inlet Swamps, which extended for some miles, they were obliged to carry their goods and draw their wagons over with ropes. By the time they arrived at Rock River the company had increased to seventeen teams and fifty or sixty persons. There they saw many Indians, and Mr. Stringfield being very fleet of foot was induced to try some of the fleetest redskins in a race. He beat them without difficulty, and was the hero of an hour with the squaws. They clustered around him and talked in their strange dialect and pointed their fingers at him, called him captain, and considered him the most wonderful of the Long Knives (white men). He was so popular with them that he made the bargain for the transportation of the wagons across the river for seventy-five cents apiece. When it is considered that the wagons were taken across by placing the wheels in canoes, this will be seen to have been a very advantageous bargain.

They followed the Indian trail to Galena, and there Mr. Stringfield was engaged in teaming, wood-chopping, and whatever his hands could find to do. In April, 1828, he returned on horseback, and in May he moved five families to Galena, and worked there as before. During the following fall his mother died, and he came back to Randolph's Grove.

In 1829 Mr. Stringfield made two trips to Chicago with droves of hogs. During their second trip the weather was mild and the rivers were cleared of ice. They forded the Illinois River at the rapids, three miles above Ottawa, but on their return from Chicago with a load of salt, they found it frozen over by a cold snap, and crossed it on the ice just above the mouth of Fox River. They took across the unloaded wagon and unyoked oxen separately, and then rolled over the barrels of salt. The ice was so thin that it cracked under their weight, and in some places the water spurted up. Mr. Stringfield carried the next to the last barrel of salt across on his back, as he declared

he could do, but was very tired, and would have been very glad to have laid down his load; but the ice cracked under him, and he saw clearly that if he dropped the barrel the ice would break and Mr. Stringfield and his salt would both go under. So he plucked up his resolution and carried over the salt. He made another trip to Chicago in January, 1830, to move a family there. During his trip he camped out, even in the severest weather, and slept on his shoes to prevent them from freezing too stiff to wear in the morning.

During the fall before the deep snow, Mr. Stringfield went on a trip to Chicago, and lost two yoke of oxen in a prairie fire. He hunted for them on horseback, but did not find them during that fall. The only result of his exertions was the loss of his palmetto hat, which his horse tore to pieces during one night when Mr. Stringfield was asleep. He did not find his oxen until the March following the deep snow, when he came across them near the head of the Iroquois River, where they had been driven by the fire. They had lived during the winter on brushwood and the stems of trees where some woodmen had been cutting. During the winter of the deep snow, Mr. Stringfield did very little except attend to his stock. He hunted occasionally and caught a few wolves and a great many deer. He caught four deer in one day out of a single pack, within a circuit of five miles, and killed them without shooting. During this winter, Mr. Stringfield, Dr. Wheeler and Jesse Funk, started a deer about one and a-half miles southwest of Dr. Stewart's. It ran into a deep hollow, where Mr. Stringfield followed it and cut its throat with a pocket knife. But it was seen to be a difficult matter to get the deer out of the hollow on to the bank. Mr. Stringfield settled the matter by taking hold of the deer with one hand and twisting the other hand in the horse's tail. The horse then went up the side of the hollow, dragging out with its tail both the hunter and the game. He caught a few wolves, but the crust of snow soon became so hard that they could run around on it and, as Mr. Stringfield says, "make fun of you to your face."

The season following the deep snow was a short one, and the frost came so early in the fall that the corn crop was ruined. During that fall he went with Jesse Funk to Galena with a drove

of beef cattle, and returned during the latter part of October, when it was bitterly cold. The road had then been marked out by stakes or poles placed in the ground upright, and as far apart as they could be easily seen from one to the other. During the same fall he collected a drove of hogs, and went to Galena with Absalom and Robert Funk, and Robert Stubblefield and a hired hand. The cold was intense and the snow deep. It fell on them at Hennepin and increased until they arrived at Apple River. All of the party returned home except Mr. Stringfield, who remained until February. He was at that time a very muscular man, and could shoulder a sack of wheat holding five bushels and five pounds.

Mr. Stringfield does not claim to have been a great hunter, but he was sometimes pretty lively in chasing wolves. He caught four wolves by jumping from his horse and running after them on foot, for he could beat both the Indians and the wolves in foot races. The first wolf was caught in the year 1826. He chased the wolf a mile and a-half on horseback, then jumped off quickly, let his horse go and took after the wolf on foot. After chasing it a hundred yards he made a grab for it, but it turned short around and they ran the same hundred yards back, and just as the animal was going out of a snow drift Mr. Stringfield grabbed it. But it settled its teeth in his arm and he carries the scars to-day. He choked the wolf loose, and the brute grabbed his thumb. He loosened his thumb, tied the wolf, brought it home, and a week afterwards it was killed by dogs at his mother's quilting bee. He afterwards caught wolves with his hands, but always grabbed them by their hindquarters and quickly threshed them on the ground and avoided their teeth. The settlers usually killed them by striking them with a stirrup, or a pole. The wolves were pretty saucy and came prowling around the house at all hours of the night. Mr. Stringfield threw his shoe hammer through the window at one particularly impudent wolf that followed a sheep to the house during a moonlight evening. He never hunted deer much although they were very plenty. He has seen gangs of seventy or eighty deer going out from the timber to the prairie.

Mr. Stringfield was appointed Captain in the Thirty-ninth regiment of State militia by Governor Reynolds in 1832, and of

course bore his military honors as well as he has ever since borne the military title.

In December, 1834, Mr. Stringfield, Jesse and Absalom and Isaac Funk, collected a drove of pigs, and Mr. Stringfield and James Funk drove them to Chicago. The snow was six or eight inches deep, and in order to make a track in which the pigs could travel, they dragged a forked tree ahead of the drove for fifty or sixty miles, from Money Creek to the Mazon river beyond Pontiac, and there they came to a beaten track.

Mr. Stringfield was always on friendly terms with the Indians. They often came to his house, and if they wanted lodging he took them in and treated them well. He never considered them any more dangerous than white men, and thinks that so far as honesty is concerned there is very little choice between them. He frequently trusted them and always got his pay. He once lent an Indian a meal sack, which was returned after being kept two months. He had a high opinion of the honesty of the Kickapoos and Delawares, but thought the Pottawotomies not so trusty.

The early settlers went first to Sangamon County to do their milling and blacksmithing, and to Springfield for their trading. But after 1830, the course of trade turned to Pekin, Peoria and Chicago. Wheat was drawn to Chicago by oxen until the Illinois Central Railroad was built. The loads of wheat taken there were sometimes enormous. Mr. Stringfield has known one hundred and sixty bushels to be carried there in two loads, and one enormous load of a hundred bushels was taken through to Chicago by oxen.

RELIGIOUS LIFE.

Mr. Stringfield's father was an Episcopalian, and his mother was a Baptist; but the old gentleman once listened to a Methodist preacher, and was so pleased with the doctrine and spirit of the Methodist Church that he joined it. He became a strong and earnest member and brought up his family strictly. Mr. A. M. Stringfield followed the example of his father and in his eleventh year became associated with the church, and has remained an active, working member ever since. He has taken a great interest in the events connected with the church and re-

members them very correctly; so much is this the case that he has the reputation of never forgetting anything. The West seemed to be the ground most congenial to Methodism. It came with an irresistible force and gained a foothold which it has never since relinquished. The largest camp-meeting which Mr. Stringfield ever attended was held at Huntsville, Alabama. Bishop Paine, Elder Porter and many other great lights of the church were there. Thomas Stringfield, the brother of A. M. Stringfield, was there and preached to the negroes. The excitement among the people rose to a wonderful pitch, and the entire multitude became so moved by the spirit that it was thrown prostrate as if a hurricane had passed over it. The people jumped about and jerked as if they would throw themselves to pieces, and Mr. Stringfield thinks that this can only be explained by the fact that they were moved by the spirit of the Most High. When he came to White County, Illinois, he attended camp-meetings which were conducted by the Methodists and Cumberland Presbyterians, and there also he saw great manifestations of feeling, but in a less degree than in Alabama. He also saw some indications of this feeling in camp-meetings in this part of the country, but they were not to be compared to the tremendous manifestations which he witnessed in Alabama and in White County, Illinois.

POLITICAL LIFE.

Mr. Stringfield, sr., the father of Alfred, was a Revolutionary soldier, who participated in some contests which have become historic. He was at the battle of King's Mountain, and assisted in the capture of Ferguson. In politics the old gentleman called himself a Washingtonian Whig and a Jeffersonian Democrat, and Mr. Stringfield, jr., learned his politics from the school of Jefferson. He formed his opinions after careful thought and patient study, and tried to hold himself independent of all special influences. He believes in a tariff for revenue and not a tariff for protection. In the great contest between Adams and Jefferson, Mr. Stringfield believed in the doctrine of an ad valorem tariff, and that a duty should be paid on everything upon which a duty was laid according to the market value of the article. So far as the doctrine of protection is concerned, he thinks that the

great purchasing interest of the country demands its abolition. He has remained a Democrat ever since he could vote, but in forming his opinions, he has not been bound very closely by the ties of party. So far as any distinction between men is concerned, he is in favor of considering men according to their ability, intelligence and virtue, regardless of race or color. This is his doctrine, and always has been.

Mr. Stringfield, when he grew to manhood, became married, of course, as a good American citizen should. In 1832 he married Miss Emily Hand, and his later years has been blessed with a fine family of eight children. He has had ten children, but only eight are living. These are:

Rev. Thomas Clark Stringfield, who lives in Jackson, Pulaski County, Arkansas, twelve miles from Little Rock.

Jesse Funk Stringfield lives with his father.

Mrs. Sarah Lucinda Crose, wife of Alfred F. Crose, lives at Moberly, Missouri.

George Hand Stringfield lives in Hicksville, California.

John Heber Stringfield lives near his father.

Miss Barbara U. Stringfield lives at her father's house.

Mrs. Elizabeth Virginia Crews, wife of A. L. Crews, lives about a mile and a quarter from her father's house.

Miss Mary Ellen Stringfield lives at home.

Alfred M. Stringfield is a man of fine presence. Although advanced in years, he is the picture of health and strength, and seems still possessed of youthful activity and courage. His voice is clear and distinct, and impresses one with his decision and firmness. He usually takes the name of Squire, as he has several times been elected justice of the peace. His powers of conversation are remarkable, and command the attention and respect of the listener. He is of medium stature, and has fine, regular features. He has in him the spirit of the genuine old settlers, and thinks that none of the pleasures of cultivated society can be compared to the manly sports of the pioneers. He thinks that human ingenuity cannot devise a sport equal to that of the early settlers, when they put up a pole in some central locality, and hunted towards it from all sides, and cornered the wolves and deer. He thinks that people who live in a town or city know nothing about real life and enjoyment. "The way to obtain

healthy exercise is to get up in the morning and catch a deer or a wolf—not shoot it, but catch it. That is real natural life, and gives a healthy appetite for breakfast."

Thomas Officer Rutledge.

Thomas O. Rutledge was born September 17, 1806, near Charleston, a little town not far from Augusta, Georgia. His father was Robert Rutledge, and his mother's name before her marriage was Margaret Officer. In about the year 1811, the Rutledge family came to Henderson County, Kentucky, where they remained until the year 1820. His father and his uncle, William Rutledge, were both soldiers in the war of 1812. Robert Rutledge died in 1819, and during the following year his brother William moved the family to White County, Illinois. Mrs. Rutledge had then a great responsibility, for she was obliged to care for a family of eight children. In the fall of 1823, Thomas O. Rutledge made a wagon of wood, without a nail or any piece of iron in it, and obtained a yoke of two-year old steers. With this team he moved the household goods of the family to Sangamon County. There they planted and gathered one crop, and with the little steers and wooden wagon came to Randolph's Grove, in what is now McLean County. Here he cultivated two crops of corn with the steers, using them singly for ploughing it. Mr. Rutledge celebrated the first day of January, 1829, by his marriage to Cynthia Rutledge. He obtained his license from Mackinawtown. Everybody in the grove attended the wedding; even a lot of Indians came to see how the white men managed these interesting matters. Mrs. Rutledge has been his good wife ever since. She can make the best bread of any woman in McLean County.

Thomas O. Rutledge was a hard worker, and this was the reason of his success. In 1830 he went to Waynesville, and made rails for Timothy Hoblitt, and his wages for one week's work were three chairs, which he carried home on horseback. The next week he made rails for the same man, and his wages for that and a part of the week following were a spinning-wheel, which he also carried home on his horse. He worked occasionally for Jesse Funk for fifty cents per day, from 1827 to 1832, and

earned about five hundred dollars. The wooden wagon, which he made in White County, did him good service in his work, and lasted for fifteen years.

During the winter of the deep snow, Mr. Rutledge had great difficulty in getting wood, and trees were cut by persons who stood on a crust of snow four feet from the ground. When the snow melted away, the stumps appeared six feet high. During that winter the starving deer came up to the stacks of the settlers and were mixed with the cattle. They frequently came up to the house, driven almost crazy with hunger. At one time Mrs. Rutledge picked up a maul and knocked a deer in the head, and killed it right before her door, and she could easily have killed others, but she said they appeared so pitiful that she had not the heart to do it. The deer could be caught anywhere, and they were often found frozen to death while standing. The wild turkeys, too, suffered severely, and some of them came into Mr. Rutledge's yard, and ate with his chickens.

In 1832 the Black Hawk war broke out, and Mr. Rutledge enlisted in the company commanded first by Merritt Covel. They went first to Pekin, where they were organized, and then marched to Fort Clark, (Peoria,) where they drew two days rations, and marched to Dixon. There they were mustered into the regular service, and spent five or six days in training. Then they drew five days rations, and were sent out as a scouting party under the command of Major Stillman, (afterwards General,) who commanded a battalion of about two hundred and fifty men. They started up Rock River to find the Indians, and probably not one in the party thought of the possibility of a fight. They wished to find the Indians, and in this they certainly succeeded. During the second day in the afternoon they came to a halt, and knocked in the head of the barrel of whisky which they had brought with them, and all filled their canteens with the precious fluid. Then they moved forward, from three to five miles, and crossed Old Man's Creek. Since the fight which occurred that day, the creek has usually been called Stillman's Run. It was about thirty-five miles from Dixon, and at the point where the volunteers crossed it, was a bend, concave towards the north. In that bend they stacked their baggage and expected to go into camp. The guards had been posted, and the men had, most of them, unsaddled their

horses, when orders came to fall into line. The guards in front had caught sight of some Indians who were on the look out, and gave them chase. They killed one, captured two or three, and chased the remainder into Black Hawk's camp on the Kishwaukee River, (called by some Sycamore Creek,) about five miles from Stillman's Run. When the guards returned, the men fell into line, but even then they hardly expected a fight. They moved forward to the top of a hill on the prairie, where they halted and raised a white flag. Immediately an Indian appeared about three-quarters of a distant bearing an enormous red flag. Then the whites advanced a short distance and faced to the right, which made them four men deep, and dismounted to see that their guns were in good condition. Here a parley occurred between the Indians and whites, each party sending out a man to hold a consultation, and in the meanwhile the Indians took down their red flag. But the parley soon ceased and Mr. Rutledge never knew what took place or what was said between the two parties who talked the matter over. But when it ended the volunteers were told to be ready for fight. They then awaited the attack and before long the Indians began to fire and yell at them directly in front. It seems that while the whites had been halting and holding a parley and losing time the Indians had been preparing for an attack, and this was the cause of the willingness of the savages to talk and display their red flag and attract their attention. When the Indians began firing and whooping in front, the first line of volunteers fired and wheeled to reload. Then the Indians appeared on each side almost in the rear on their ponies and came down on the volunteers, whooping and firing their guns. Major Stillman ordered the volunteers to mount and retreat, and as soon as they were mounted he ordered them to break the line of the Indians on the left. "Then," said Mr. Rutledge, "right there was a confusion." The two Indian prisoners began to whoop in answer to those making the attack, and the guards shot them down. The volunteers paid no attention to the order to break the line of the Indians on the left, but went, as Mr. Rutledge says, "right square for home." Joe Draper, a private, was shot, and Mr. Rutledge saw him fall. It was there, too, Mr. Rutledge says, that William McCullough caught the gun of an Indian who was pointing it at him and dropped his own. The whites rushed on to Stillman's Run with

the Indians after them, but as the former were better mounted they distanced their pursuers. The creek was crossed in confusion; some jumped their horses while some were obliged to dismount and climb the bank. Mr. Rutledge was not obliged to dismount as his horse jumped the creek in fine style. A few of the Indians followed the volunteers across the creek, but the most of them stopped to plunder the baggage which had been piled up convenient for them. The whites ran every man for himself to Dixon's Ferry. They lost but few men in the affair. Joe Draper was shot in the retreat, but in the dusk of the evening he crawled away and lived some days afterward, and when his body was found he had marked his adventures and wanderings on his canteen. Andrew Dickey was shot at the creek through the thigh, but crawled under the bank and escaped. Mr. Hackelton, who was also wounded, crawled under the bank. Captain Adams had his horse shot from under him before the retreat commenced, but he ran back, crossed the creek, and went three-quarters of a mile from it towards Dixon's Ferry when he was overtaken by Indians and killed; but he sold his life for something, and killed one or two of the Indians who followed him. Major Perkins was overtaken and killed about a mile and a half from the creek; he was probably delayed in crossing it. Seven or eight of the Indians were killed and buried; this Mr. Rutledge knows positively. It was in the twilight of the evening when the fight at Stillman's Run took place. That night the volunteers made quick time for Dixon's Ferry, thirty-five miles distant, but became badly scattered. When Mr. Rutledge was within eight or ten miles of Dixon he found himself with a little squad of five men. They halted until daylight; then calculated their course and came into Dixon's Ferry at about ten o'clock. There they found something to eat and by eleven o'clock (Mr. Rutledge thinks,) started back to the battle-field with the remainder of the army and the reinforcements, which had been coming in while they were gone. They buried the dead. While on the field of Stillman's Run they received the news of the massacre of three families on Indian Creek; those of Davis, Hall and Pettigrew, he thinks, and the capture of the two young ladies, Sylvia and Rachel Hall. They went to Indian Creek and buried those who were massacred, and tried to follow the trail of the Indians in order to recapture the

young ladies. They found where the Indians had tied their horses in the woods and where they had retreated to the creek, but there the trail was lost. The Indians had walked down the creek for a long distance and their track was lost. The evening after they buried the families at Indian Creek they marched to Ottawa and built a block-house; then went to Chicago and built another which required a week; then went to Milwaukee where they stayed three days and then marched back to Ottawa and were discharged. Mr. Rutledge re-enlisted for sixty days, but remained at Ottawa until his time was nearly expired. When the Black Hawk war was nearly closed the company to which he belonged marched up to Prairie Du Chien on the Mississippi River. They arrived there shortly after the battle of Bad Axe, the closing fight. From there his company returned to Ottawa where they remained until their discharge. In his discharge Mr. Rutledge was directed to visit the Kickapoos at Old Town timber to see that they kept their arms stacked and manifested no hostile disposition. He found them as quiet and peaceable as if they had never heard of wars or rumors of wars.

Such was Mr. Rutledge's experience in the Black Hawk war. No very accurate account of the famous fight at Stillman's Run has ever been published, because unfortunately, the most of the gentlemen who were engaged in it had taken too much spirits from the barrel which was broken open in the afternoon of the last day of the expedition.

When Mr. Rutledge was discharged from the service he returned to his plow. He had all the adventures of a pioneer and all the sharp experiences which were common to the early settlers. His experience with the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, was the same which has been so often described Mrs. Rutledge says, her chickens and geese were frozen to the ground by the sudden cold.

Mr. Rutledge has never been much of a hunter. He has sometimes shot deer and turkey and often hunted wolves. He has oftentimes pulled off the harness from his horse while ploughing and ridden after wolves, when they troubled him too much. This was a common occurrence. The prairie fires sometimes came after them and then it seemed that the whole earth was on fire. He thinks the great conflagration at Chicago is nothing compared to

a prairie fire, which blackens everything in its track. It moves slowly at first, but gathers speed as it goes so that it soon moves faster than a horse can travel.

Mr. Rutledge is a very humorous gentleman and appreciates a rich joke as well as any of the old settlers. He tells many humorous things of the Buckles family, particularly. At one time while on the way to Pekin, with a load of wood, he saw Mr. William Buckles at Gaylord's tavern in Bloomington. The landlord was exceedingly polite and wished to do everything to please his guests. As Mr. Buckles was about to retire for the night the landlord offered him a pair of slippers to wear to his chamber: but he could not understand the meaning of such a favor. At last an idea seemed to strike him, and he told the landlord that "he'd be dog goned if he'd trade his boots for them slippers."

When William Buckles was young he followed the example of other young men, and occasionally "went sparking." At one time, while he was making a visit to a young lady, the family treated him with great politeness, and at dinner offered him some white sugar for his coffee. But he had never seen white sugar before, and replied very promptly, "No, sir, he didn't take salt in his coffee."

Mr. Peter Buckles, a brother to William, was a great hunter, and sometimes he could not resist the temptation to go after game on the Sabbath day. But after a while, when a revival was in progress, he made a profession of religion, and promised never again to hunt on Sunday, unless, he cautiously added, a wolf should take some of his pigs, or his sheep, or his chickens, or some of his other stock. With these exceptions, he promised the brethren and sisters faithfully never again to hunt on Sunday.

Mr. Abraham Buckles, another member of this celebrated family, now lives at Buckles' Grove. In early days he had never seen a railroad and never expected to; but in course of time a railroad came working its way through to Bloomington, and although Mr. Buckles lived out at the grove, which bears his family name, he at last came across it, and his experience was most interesting. Shortly afterwards he was taking a young lady some distance in his buggy; but when he came within two miles of the railroad he told her she would have to walk the remainder of the journey, as he would not, under any circum-

stances, go nearer than two miles of the track, for he said he had been, but a short time before, on the track with his horse and buggy, and the engine came after him like a threshing machine and whooping like an Indian, and his old mare went faster and faster, and when she left the track, she nearly upset the buggy.

Mr. Rutledge has paid very little attention to politics, and never held any office except school director and overseer of the poor. Since coming to Randolph's Grove, he has always lived where he first settled, on the land pre-empted, about two miles east of the present town of Heyworth. He has had twelve children, nine of whom are living. They are:

John T. Rutledge, who is now living in Kansas.

Owen C. Rutledge, who lives in Heyworth, where he is in business in a warehouse.

Mrs. Amanda Elder, wife of William Elder, lives in Heyworth.

Mrs. Mary Washburn, wife of John Washburn, lives in Heyworth.

Andrew S. Rutledge lives near his father.

James B. Rutledge lives on a farm about one mile east of his father.

Mrs. Pamelia Loer, wife of B. F. Loer, lives in Normal.

Charles L. Rutledge and Oliver Rutledge, both live at home with their father.

Mr. Rutledge is about five feet and ten inches in height; his hair is gray, what there is of it, and his head is bald. His eyes are bright and pleasant, and the lines on his face seem laid out for the purpose of making an honest, pleasant smile. The dimples still come in his cheeks, and he is full of the best of humor, and, like all of the old settlers, wishes to be a good friend to all of his neighbors, and indeed to the whole world. He is in very good health, and seems inclined to work more than he should in the later years of his life. He is always glad to see his children and his friends.

Robert H. Rutledge.

Robert H. Rutledge was born March 21, 1810, in Henderson County, Kentucky, near the Red Banks. His father, Thomas Rutledge, was born October 17, 1768, in South Carolina. He

lived for a while in Georgia, and there married Sallie Smith. He also lived near Nashville, Tennessee, and moved from there to Henderson County, Kentucky, where his son Robert was born. The Rutledge family came to Illinois in December, 1814. They came to Shawneetown, and afterwards moved out in the country about thirty-five miles. The county was then called Gallatin. Thomas Rutledge was there chosen justice of the peace in 1813, and held his office for ten years. In 1826 the family came to Randolph Grove. On the twentieth of August, 1830, old Thomas Rutledge died, in the sixty-second year of his age. His wife, Sallie Rutledge, was born August 20, 1778, and died December 12, 1843.

Robert Rutledge says that when he came to Randolph Grove in 1826, the country was an uninhabited wilderness from Pekin to the eastern state line, and from La Salle to Decatur. The county was then called Tazewell, with the seat of justice at Mackinawtown. William H. Hodge was then sheriff. Since that time Macon County has been taken off on the south, and Champaign, Vermilion, and our own county of McLean, have been taken from the east.

Mr. Rutledge, like many other settlers, has had a hard milling experience. The family first did without a mill, and Mr. Rutledge, sr., made a hominy mortar and a pestle attached to a spring pole, by means of which the hominy was beaten. But when the little "nigger head" horse-mills came in use, young Robert was obliged to take his sack of corn, go to mill on horseback one day and return with meal the next.

Mr. Rutledge was a lively hunter, and he had plenty of opportunities for exercising his skill, for deer were as "plenty as blackberries." In 1826 he saw from the door of his cabin more than a hundred deer walking one after the other. At one time, during the fall of this year, Mr. Rutledge, sr., killed three deer in the morning before breakfast.

The wolves were then very numerous. Mr. Rutledge, at one time during the fall of 1826, was traveling in an ox-cart a short distance west of where Heyworth now is, and there saw within forty yards of him twenty-eight large gray wolves and one prairie wolf. He often went on the "ring" hunts, as they were called, and was in the great hunt described by John Price, which appears

in the latter's sketch. Mr. Rutledge also says that the great wolf, which was for a long time the terror of the whole neighborhood for a great many miles around, once got into his traps and lost its toes in getting out. This was the wolf which was afterwards killed by John Price. Mr. Rutledge's last wolf hunt was in the month of June in about the year 1838. He started out one rainy morning with John Weedman. They went not more than a mile and a-half before starting three large black wolves. Weedman shot one through the shoulder, and Rutledge, while riding at full speed, shot another.

McLean County was organized in 1830. The first couple married in the county after its organization were Robert H. Rutledge and Charity Weedman. They were married June 9, 1831, by Father T. Brittain, who lived at the head of Old Town. The first license granted in McLean County after its formation was given to them by Isaac Baker, the first county clerk. Charity Weedman was born July 21, 1812, in Perry County, Ohio. Her father came to McLean County in 1830. He was an active man of considerable influence, and was for some time a county commissioner. He was a great hunter, was wide awake, arose early in the morning and at one time killed two deer before breakfast in order to have a good appetite. His daughter Charity was a lively young woman; she was up and doing and at one time walked four miles to weave in order to earn some chickens to get a start and raise a flock. Robert and Charity built their first cabin in the fall of 1831, on the ground where they now live. Their little cabin had neither floor nor door until the following spring. Their bedstead was made by boring holes in the side of the house and driving in poles for rails and using clapboards for bedchords. Robert Rutledge and his brother-in-law, Jacob Bishop, thought they must have the luxury of tables, so they cut a log and each of them split out a table from it. The first prairie which Mr. Rutledge broke was in the spring of 1832. He then worked under some difficulties. Mrs. Rutledge had one child, which she would lay on the bed and go out and drive the oxen, while Mr. Rutledge held the plow.

Mr. Rutledge made his first journey to Chicago with Garson Wright and Jacob Bishop, and it required four or five weeks to

make the round trip. While they were gone, their unprotected families were obliged to be on their guard against Indians and wild animals. The three men went with ox teams to where Pontiac now stands, thence to Sulphur Springs and the Kankakee River, where they forded, thence to Hickory Creek, north of Joliet, and from there to Chicago. They were loaded with corn and oats, and sold the corn for $1.50 per bushel and the oats for $1.00. They found in Chicago only one family of white folks, that of William Clybourne. They did their trading with two Frenchmen by the name of Beaubean. They loaded their teams with salt and started on their return to their anxious families. After going twelve miles they came to the river Desplaines and were there water bound three days. At last their fifteen teams were taken over by half-breed Indians for $1.50 a piece. They were water-bound two days at the Dupage River, and amused themselves during their enforced idleness by going to hear a Methodist preacher, who was exhorting to the Indians. They crossed the Dupage in canoes and the Desplaines in the same way. From there they went to Sugar Grove on Fox River, and thence to Ottawa, where they crossed the Illinois. From there they went to Panther Creek, thence to Crow Creek, then on to Havens' Grove across the Mackinaw, thence to where Bloomington now is, and on home to Randolph's Grove.

When Mr. Rutledge came to Randolph's Grove, there were Gardner Randolph, Captain Stringfield and his mother's family, James Burleson and family, Jesse Funk, Mr. Dickerson and W. Games. Isaac Funk, Robert Stubblefield and William Brock lived at Funk's Grove. John Hendrix, William and Thomas Orendorff, William Walker, Ebenezer Rhodes, John Rhodes and John Benson, lived at Blooming Grove.

The changes which have taken place are of every kind and description. The face of the country is changed by the fields and houses and roads, by the timber which has been cut down, and by the timber which has grown up. Mr. Rutledge has cut timber, grown since his settlement here, that squared eight inches.

Mr. Rutledge has had few misfortunes, but one has been something of a difficulty for him. Mr. Rutledge's house burned down on the sixteenth of October, 1872, but it is now replaced

by a new and substantial building which will be his homestead for the remainder of his life. But notwithstanding this misfortune, Mr. Rutledge has usually been very successful. He has acquired a competence of this world's goods; he has been blessed with good health, a splendid wife and a magnificent crop of children. He has had twelve children, seven of whom are living.

Mary J. Rutledge was born March 7, 1832, was married to John Halsey in 1849, and lives in Iowa.

Sarah L. Rutledge was born March 13, 1833, was married to Joseph T. Martin in 1852, and lives in Ford County, Illinois.

George T. Rutledge was born August 26, 1834, married in 1860, Miss A. M. Wagner, and lives in McLean County, Illinois.

Harriet Rutledge was born June 13, 1836, died April 18, 1862.

Nancy E. Rutledge was born September 11, 1839, was married to J. C. Daniel, and lives in Ford County, Illinois.

Benjamin F. Rutledge was born May 19, 1842, and died the seventeenth of the following October.

Leander Rutledge was born December 5, 1843, married in 1844, Mary A. Tilghman, and lives in McLean County, Illinois.

Charity A. Rutledge was born July 21, 1846, was married to John T. Ellsworth, and died November 30, 1870.

Robert M. Rutledge was born August 7, 1848, and died September 6, following.

America C. Rutledge was born March 17, 1850, and died November 9, 1870.

Martin A. Rutledge was born October 27, 1853, and died September 16, 1854.

Marcus D. Rutledge was born February 20, 1856, and lives at home with his parents.

Mr. Rutledge is of medium stature. He is as good and honest a man as ever lived. He appreciates a funny story, but would rather not have too many practical jokes played on himself.

Jesse Funk.

Jesse Funk was born December 15, 1803, in Clark County, Kentucky. His father was Adam Funk and his mother's maiden name was Nancy Moore. Nancy Moore was the daughter of Mr. Philip Moore, who came from Germany. Adam Funk, the father of Jesse, was the son of Adam Funk, who, while only six years

of age, was brought by his father Adam Funk, from Germany. The child Adam was left by his father in Philadelphia in charge of a friend, while the father went to seek a place of business, but never returned and was never again heard of. The child Adam grew to manhood and married Miss Sarah Long, and their children were Adam, Margaret and Jacob. Adam married Miss Nancy Moore, as above stated. Their children were Absalom, John, Jacob, Sarah, Isaac, Dorothy, Tabitha, Jesse and Robert.

In 1808 the Funk family moved to Fayette County, Ohio. Jesse Funk remembered the war of 1812, although but a very small lad. Two of his elder brothers were soldiers in that war and served under General Cass. At the close of the war General Cass came home with them and made a visit of several days.

Jesse Funk's business while a boy was the herding of pigs on the White Oak Plains, where they were taken to feed on mast. This occupation and hunting kept him busy. He hunted bees, bear, wolves and panther. In addition to his gun he carried, on his hunting excursions, a butcher knife and a three-pound axe for a tomahawk. His hunting companions were frequently the Indians, with whom he was on terms of friendship. He often had shooting matches with them. Mr. Wesley Funk tells of a bear fight, in which his father and Isaac Funk and a Mr. Pancake were engaged in Ohio, and which he has often heard his father relate. They started out one morning on horseback with the hounds and went to a little stream called Deer Creek. Before going a great way they started an enormous bear. Isaac and Mr. Pancake being somewhat excited, gave it a hard chase and drove it to its nest. This was made of grass piled on the ground five feet high, and underneath was the bear with her cubs. Isaac, who was then a reckless youth, rode his horse over the nest, bear, cubs and all. This brought out the beast and a general fight took place. It was tackled by nineteen hounds, but the bear came off first best and nearly killed three of the hounds, before they could be called off. The animal was then furious; the hunters tried to drive it towards their shanty before shooting it. But Isaac became impatient and wanted more sport and again he charged on the bear and and rode his horse over it. But the brute was a little too quick this time; it caught the horse in the edge of the hair on its left fore foot and tore the ancle and hoof on the front side.

The horse fell, and Isaac was thrown. The horse ran for home while the bear took after Isaac and would undoubtedly have killed him, had not Jesse rushed on with the dogs and drawn off the attention of the brute, until the reckless Isaac could escape. The bear climbed a low tree and Jesse tried to shoot it, but the flint in his gun would not make fire. The powder was lit with a splinter, and when the gun fired the bear came down, and Isaac picked up Jesse's tomahawk and went for the brute again and struck it. But the bear reared up for another fight and again Jesse rushed on with the dogs to save Isaac from the results of his recklessness. Jesse rushed his horse on the bear's heels and when it turned on him he rammed the gun barrel down its throat and stabbed it with his knife behind the left shoulder. Between Jesse and the dogs they succeeded in killing it.

But Jesse Funk was not always successful in securing his bear meat, when he had killed it. At one time he killed a bear's cub and started for home, but was delayed, and the wolves came howling after him. They came thicker and thicker and closer and closer, and at last he was obliged to drop his bear, and while the wolves were eating it he and his dog went home,

During the last year before he came to Illinois he worked for a Mr. Rankin and received as his pay one hundred and twenty dollars in American half dollars.

On the fifteenth of December, 1824, Jesse Funk came to Randolph's Grove in what was then Fayette, but is now McLean County Illinois. During the first year after his arrival in Illinois he lived with his brother Isaac at Funk's Grove. On the fifteenth of September, 1825, he married Miss Fannie U. Stringfield.

Rev. John S. Barger, while writing of Jesse Funk's marriage, says: "The writer remembers to have heard him say in regard to the marriage fee, that he asked the preacher his charge for his services, who replied: 'I am not in the habit of making charges on such occasions, but usually accept what the parties are disposed to give.' He said: 'I was much relieved by his answer, and ran my hand into my pocket and gave him $2.50. If he had made a charge and had charged me more than that small sum I could not then have paid the fee!'" On the 11th of March, 1826, the newly married couple moved into their log cabin, twelve by fourteen feet, with only one side of the roof covered, a blanket for a

shutter to the door, having no chimney and no floor but the earth. Into this humble dwelling they introduced an ox-cart load of household furniture, and a light load at that. He sold his wedding hat for some pigs and split rails for some of his neighbors for twenty-five cents per hundred. Mr Thomas O. Rutledge, in describing the shanty says, that Mr. Funk had a little salt meat in one corner and slept in the other, he had a little board table, a dirt floor, a hole in the logs for a window, a quilt for a door, no chimney, the roof only half on, no chair and only two puncheon stools. One would hardly think that this pioneer, who began life under such difficulties, would at his death leave an estate worth half a million dollars or more.

In 1827, Jesse Funk and his wife went to Galena. They moved to the Illinois River in an ox-wagon. There they took a keel-boat and went down to its mouth and up the Mississippi. They poled it up by having a plank walk on each side, where those who handled the poles, could walk backward and forward. Mrs. Funk steered the boat. When they came to the rapids, they unloaded the boat and carried the household goods around while the empty boat was poled and drawn up with ropes. When they arrived at Galena, Mr. Funk commenced digging for mineral the fore part of the season; then he bought a team and hauled mineral during the latter part of the season; then he went home and drove hogs to Galena, butchered them, and sold meat to the miners. These were the first hogs taken to Galena. In the spring of 1828 he returned to Galena, but in the fall he came home again, and took a second lot of hogs to Galena, butchered them, and returned in February, 1829. In the fall of 1829 he took some oxen to Galena, butchered them, sold them to the teamsters, and returned shortly afterwards. He always camped out in the woods. When he and his men ran out of meat, they killed a hog and scalded it by a curious process. They dug a hole in the ground, put in some stones, built a log fire in it, and after a while scraped away the ashes, poured in water, which was immediately heated by the stones, and instantly plunged in the hog, which never failed to become effectually scalded.

During the winter of the deep snow, Jesse Funk started to Galena with a drove of hogs. The men who accompanied him were James Burleson, Severe Stringfield, Robert Funk and Mar-

tin Ruth. The last named was severely frozen on the expedition and wished to be left to die; but Jesse Funk took his whip and threshed the man severely, and made him run, and by this means saved his life. On this trip the men were overtaken by the deep snow, and for a while their swine were buried beneath it. When they took out the pigs, the latter were found by the holes, which their breath melted up through the snow. Some of the pigs had been killed by the wolves. While driving the pigs, Jesse Funk followed behind and brought up those which were tired and disabled. The wolves followed close after him. The cold was most intense, and many of the pigs were frozen. They would put their snouts in the snow and squeal, and freeze, and die. The snow-drifts were very deep, particularly in the hollows. They were sometimes so deep that only the tops of trees could be seen. At last the party arrived at Galena with a remnant of starved and frozen swine. Provisions of all kinds were scarce at Galena, or Mr. Funk could not have disposed of his poor, sorry-looking pigs. He only made one hundred and thirty dollars by that trip.

In the meantime, Mrs. Funk was at home at Randolph's Grove pounding her corn into meal, and managing as best she could. The deer and wolves came into her yard very often. Mr. Thomas Rutledge assisted her in attending to the stock, cut and hauled her wood. During this winter the deer and wild turkeys ate with the cattle and chickens.

Mr. Funk was a tireless man and could endure everything. He used many novel expedients to succeed, and seldom failed to take advantage of any fortunate circumstance. At one time he killed a wild hog at Buckles' Grove, tied it to the tail of his horse and dragged it twelve miles home. On his various excursions to Galena, Chicago and elsewhere, with droves of stock, he camped out at night and made fire with flint and steel and tow. He often ran much risk from robbers and lawless men, who are always plenty in a new country, but he was a man of powerful frame, and was not exposed to so much danger as many others would be. At one time he was followed by a robber from Chicago to the Mazon River, but there the thief lost the camp of Mr. Funk, and was foiled in his design. Mr. Funk had then several thousand dollars on his person. He made a great deal of money at times in his business, and occasionally he had corresponding losses.

During the hard times of 1837, he was brought to the verge of bankruptcy; but he saved himself in a fortunate transaction. He sold a lot of pork at Pekin, and took his pay in depreciated bills of the State Bank of Illinois, and received more money according to its depreciation. With this he paid the debts, which Isaac Funk and others owed to the bank, and he afterwards received his own pay in good money, dollar for dollar.

Mr. Funk was a man of great humor, and had a habit of giving nicknames. Once, while driving swine to Ohio, he had a man named Troxell to help him. Troxell could not read or write; nevertheless, he was anxious to be called by some title to indicate that he was not a common hog drover. Jesse Funk, therefore, called him Squire. While on the route, Mr. Funk had occasion to buy some pigs, and had difficulty as to the amount of money they were all worth, after an agreement had been made as to the price of each pig. The amount in controversy was seven dollars. At last the party selling the pigs offered to leave it to Squire Troxell, and have him look over the figures to see if they were correct. Mr. Funk would not at first agree to this, as he did not wish to expose Troxell's ignorance, but at last he consented, being anxious to see how Troxell would get out of the scrape. The latter took the paper of figures and looked at it upside down for a long while. His eye meandered around every crook and turn of those characters, of which he was as ignorant as a new-born babe. At last he said he had discovered the mistake, and that the difference amounted to three dollars and a half, instead of seven dollars, and this settled it. "Didn't I get out of that pretty well?" said Troxell. "Yes," said Funk, "but you don't want to figure me out of three dollars and a half again!"

Jesse Funk was a pretty good-sized man, well formed, had dark eyes and black hair. He was a kind and generous man, and his humor was of the best quality. But he was a terrible man when enraged; his passion was like a thunder cloud. He was a member of the Methodist Church; but he always thought it religious to take his own part by physical force, if necessary. Senator Cusey says Mr. Funk would pray like a congressman, (do congressmen usually pray?) but, if neceesary, he would fight like a pugilist. At one time, while Mr. Funk was engaged in devotional exercises at a camp-meeting, some one pricked him

with a pin. He bore the torture patiently until the exercises were ended, and then he proceeded to "clean out" the parties, who were causing the trouble. Mr. Funk died February 6, 1865.

Mr. Funk had eight children, of whom seven lived to be grown. They are:

Mrs. Sarah Jane Brittenham, widow of John Brittenham, lives in Monticello.

Mrs. Nancy Ann Thompson, wife of John Thompson, lives in California.

John Wesley Funk lives at the old homestead near Heyworth.

Thomas Coke Funk lives in Normal.

Mrs. Delilah Brown, wife of James Brown, lives close to the old homestead, near Heyworth.

Mrs. Eliza Barger died in Iowa, in 1872.

Absalom Clark Funk lives at the north end of Randolph's Grove.

George Callahan Hand.

The following items concerning the life of Mr. Hand, were given by his daughter, Mrs. A. M. Stringfield, of Randolph's Grove: Mr. Hand was born in 1790. Mrs. Stringfield cannot tell the place of his birth or give any information concerning his early life. He was a soldier in the war of 1812, and for his services a land warrant was given to his family after his death. In the spring of 1819, he left Ohio where he was living, and came with his family to Shawneetown, Illinois. The journey was hard and adventurous. The family started on a flatboat, but it ran against a sawyer and sank, and the Hand family saved only their lives and the clothing which they happened to wear at the time of the accident. A small steamboat took them from the wreck and landed them on shore. They found shelter in a little cabin near a grog-shop, where they came in contact with the worst element of western society. The men in the grog-shop made the night terrible with their drunken revels. At one time they became so noisy that the proprietor turned them out, and shortly afterwards a storm came up and blew off the roof of the grogery. The party took refuge in Mr. Hand's cabin, and during the whole night kept up their drunken revelry. After waiting three or four days, Mr. Hand's family were taken in a boat to Shaw-

neetown. They went out into the country about eighteen miles, and there Mr. Hand supported his family all summer with his labor and his gun. He built a little round log cabin which, as Mrs. Stringfield says, had cracks in it large enough to sling a cat through. He stayed there four years and then went to Sangamon County. Here he raised two crops. Mr. Hand hauled his hay from the Sangamon bottom. He had ten girls in his family, and they sometimes helped him in his work. In 1825 he came to Randolph's Grove, and there built a cabin and broke prairie. No young man could be found for help, so Amelia drove the oxen to break the prairie. When the land came into market he entered his farm. The country was then very wild, as may be imagined, and the wolves came around the house and made so much noise, that, as Mrs. Stringfield says, "you could not hear it thunder." Mr. Hand opened his house for a preaching place until school-houses were built. Their cabin was also the preachers' stopping place. Mr. Hand died in 1845, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. He had a family of ten girls and four boys, and all, except one girl, grew to be men and women. Six of the girls and two of the boys are yet living. Mr. Hand was rather a tall man, fair-haired, fair-complexioned, with very expressive blue eyes, and with heavy shoulders. He was a bold, energetic looking man, and was strong and active. He was an exhorter in the Methodist Church, and brought up his children in the way they should go.

Nathan Low.

Nathan Low was born on a farm called Ringold's Manor, in Greenbrier County, Maryland, near Williamsport, January 6, 1791. His father's name was Nathan Low, and his mother's Nancy Wright, before her marriage. Nathan Low, jr., at the age of fourteen, came to Licking Town, Licking County, Ohio. Here he finished his education, which was very limited, as his chances for learning were not good. He followed the river for some time between the Kanawha Salt Works and Zanesville, Ohio. He married, February 12, 1814, Miss Sarah Brooks, a lady of fine sense and decision of character. She is still living, although Nathan Low has long since passed over the river.

From 1814 to 1829, Mr. Low was a farmer and drover. He

drove cattle over the mountains to Harrisburg, Pa., and worked hard to carry on the farm. In 1829, he came with his family to Blooming Grove, starting in June and arriving in July. He brought a carriage with him, but this was too novel for the West, and was sold and taken back to Tennessee. It was the first in McLean County. The Indians were then plenty, and called on the Low family very often, but never disturbed them in any way. Mrs. Low, who observes matters pretty sharply, says that some of the Indians in these parts ran away from their tribe and joined the forces of Black Hawk during the great war, which the latter carried on. One of them came all painted to Mr. Low's cabin and took dinner with the family and piously asked a blessing at the table; but notwithstanding all his apparent piety, Mrs. Low was convinced that he was bound for Black Hawk's band, and that his paint was put on for war, though Mr. Low thought it was only the Indian's mode of dressing. He had a horse and a gun, which went through the Black Hawk war. The horse was ridden by Isaac Murphy. Mr. Low followed farming and stock raising until 1844, the time of his death. He had some property in 1829, when he came to the grove, but most of it he afterwards acquired by hard and patient toil. At the age of thirty-five, he was much broken down in consequence of hard work. During the winter of the deep snow he had thirty hogs to feed, and was obliged to pack corn for them on horseback for a distance of three miles. He made the trip through the timber every other day. During this severe winter it was impossible for farmers to go to mill, and they pounded their corn and wheat in blocks and sometimes ground it in a coffee mill.

Nathan Low's home would not now be called luxurious. It was a shanty with a single room twelve by fourteen feet, and this was the home of a family of ten persons! When the children came home from school, they were obliged to put the chairs and tables out of doors in order to make beds on the floor. A second bed was made under the large one. But these little difficulties amounted to nothing, when compared to the vexations they sometimes endured. For instance, on one occasion during this same winter, there came a storm, which carried off the roof of the little shanty and lifted it over the horses, which were tied to a wagon near by. Then they tried to fix the roof and the snow

blew over them and melted like rain. We tell this incident without any further comment; it is as hard a condition as we have heard of for some time.

The early settlers visited each other oftener than people do at present, particularly from a distance. They had no neighborhood quarrels or neighborhood jealousies. People were always glad to see each other, and all stood on the same footing. But after a while the country became prosperous and thickly settled, and the old warmth of feeling gradually died out. The prosperity of later days has destroyed, in some measure, the good feeling of the early times. But the kind feeling of the early settlers has had a good effect, which still remains The hospitality of the pioneers who are now living is of the same generous kind as that for which they were first distinguished, and its effects are felt by the whole community. We are inclined to think that people are now naturally as well disposed towards each other as in early days; the difficulty is that if they exercise charity and hospitality and keep the "latch string always out," some disagreeable and shiftless folks will take advantage of good nature. During the early settlement of the country, this latter class of people was very small. Everybody was welcome everywhere, and all people who lived within twenty miles of each other were neighbors.

The early settlers made their own furniture. They had ovens of clay in which they baked their bread. Across the fire place was stretched a chain, and sometimes two or three, on which the pots and kettles were hung.

During the sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, so often described in this volume, Mr. Low was at Bloomington, in the office of the County Clerk. The cape of his coat was wet, and when he stepped out of doors the wind flared it out and immediately it was frozen in that shape.

Mr. Low brought the first sheep to Blooming Grove and sold them to farmers. His business as long as he lived was working with stock. He drove and sold cattle to the laborers on the Illinois and Michigan canal, and was shrewd enough always to see where he could find a market. He took rather a discouraging view of the western country and thought that, notwithstanding its fine land, it would never have the advantages of so good

market as in Ohio. If he had lived to hear the engine's whistle, he would have changed his mind.

Nathan Low was one of the best of the old settlers. He worked hard, and in the decline of life saw the fruits of his labor in the prosperity which surrounded him. At the time of his death, which occurred April 17, 1844, he was possessed of nine hundred acres of land. He had seven children, of whom five are now living. They are:

John Low, who lives in Washington Territory.

Mrs. Catherine Coffey, who lives in Davis County, Missouri.

Mrs. Elizabeth Karr, who lives at Blooming Grove.

Mrs. Eliza Scoggin, who is now dead.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Vanordstrand, who lives in Heyworth.

Nathan Low, jr., who lives in Heyworth.

Shrewd observers give usually a great deal of the credit of a man's success to his wife, and this seems to have been the case with Nathan Low. Mrs. Low now lives at Heyworth, and leads a very pleasant, independent life. She complains that her memory has failed, but the information she has given of the old settlers has been very accurate. She has raised a family of remarkably intelligent children, in whom she has a right to take a motherly pride.

Nathan Low was a heavily set and rather fleshy man, of medium height, with blue eyes and not very heavy, dark hair. He weighed perhaps one hundred and eighty pounds. His eyes were sharp and expressive, and in his later years were shaded by spectacles. He was rather stoop shouldered, on account of an injury received by the falling of a tree in 1832. He worked hard for his family, was always anxious for their comfort, and happy while in their presence. At his death, he was buried at Blooming Grove, in Scoggin's cemetery.

THE PASSWATERS FAMILY.

Purnel Passwaters, Sr.

Purnel Passwaters was born in 1782, in Sussex County, Delaware. His father, Richard Passwaters, was an Englishman, and his mother was of Dutch descent. He was a man of limited edu-

cation and a farmer. In about the year 1806, he married Comfort Short, a lady who was partly of Welch descent. In 1811 he moved to Monongehela County, Virginia. During the war of 1812 he enlisted as a soldier, but never was called into the field. In about the year 1814, Mr. Passwaters went back to the State of Delaware on business, traveling on horseback. While crossing the Allegheny Mountains, he was once traveling in the night, and was followed by a panther for seven miles. The animal often came close to him and seemed inclined to spring, but Mr. Passwaters would jump from his horse and throw stones at it. It followed him until he came near a tavern, and then it disappeared in the woods.

In 1816, Mr. Passwaters emigrated to Hamilton County, Ohio, where he followed farming. In the fall of 1829, he started with his family from Hamilton County, Ohio, for Illinois. When he reached Hamilton County, Indiana, the cold weather set in, and he was obliged to stop. In the following spring he came to what was then Tazewell, but is now McLean, County, Illinois. He came, during a part of his journey, in company with Lieutenant Governor Moore. When he arrived here he rented a small piece of land, and lived in a little cabin on the place now occupied by his son, Enoch Passwaters. He commenced farming, and steadily followed it until the day of his death, which occurred in February, 1852. He and his wife were both consistent members of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Passwaters died in 1844.

Mr. Passwaters had twelve children, of whom five are now living.

Mrs. Levina Burdsell, wife of Jefferson Burdsell, lives in Randolph's Grove.

Richard Passwaters lives in Randolph's Grove.

Purnel Passwaters, jr., lives with his brother Enoch at the old homestead.

Enoch J. Passwaters lives at the old homestead at Randolph's Grove.

Clement Passwaters lives in Randolph's Grove.

Richard Passwaters.

Richard Passwaters was born November 3, 1812, in Monongehela County, Virginia. In 1816 he came with his father's

family to Hamilton County, Ohio. They moved in a flatboat from Wheeling, Virginia, to the landing at North Bend, in sight of General Harrison's house. There young Richard was put to work as soon as he became possessed of muscle sufficient to make his work of any value. He worked during summers and went to school winters. He started for Illinois with his father's family in the fall of 1829, but did not arrive at his destination until the spring of 1830. He worked for his father on a farm until his marriage, which important event occurred February 4, 1836. His bride was Miss Sina Misner, a step-daughter of Governor Moore. They were married by Cheney Thomas, a justice of the peace. Mr. Passwaters then began farming on the place where he now lives, at Randolph's Grove. When the Black Hawk war broke out, Mr. Passwaters volunteered as a soldier, but on his march to the Rock River country was taken sick near where Lexington now is, and was unable to continue his march. He returned home, but afterwards volunteered as a ranger for sixty days to guard the frontier. During the fall after the war he made a visit to Ohio with his companions, Elias Gibbs and Garrett Misner, but had no particular adventure. Mr. Passwaters has been much of a hunter. He once had a run of fifteen miles after a gray wolf, which had been eating Jesse Funk's pigs, and he killed it with a stirrup. The wolf died game and showed fight to the last.

Mr. Passwaters had a severe experience during the sudden change of December, 1836. He was returning home on horseback from his father's house; he had come to the spring branch which empties into the Kickapoo, and there, as his horse refused to take the water, he was obliged to wade up to his waist; but in doing so his horse broke loose, and Mr. Passwaters was obliged to proceed home on foot, a distance of a mile. When he had gone a short distance from the creek the sudden change came on, the cold wind from the west struck him, and before he had proceeded a hundred yards farther, his clothes were frozen on him stiff. He succeded in reaching home, but was sick for a long time afterwards.

Mr. Passwaters has followed farming all of his life. He has often hauled wheat to Chicago, and has had all of the adventures

of the pioneers. He has raised a family and supported it well by his labor and foresight. He has had twelve children, of which five have lived to be grown.

William Passwaters was in the Ninety-fourth Regiment of Illinois Volunteers, and died at Vicksburg.

Mrs. Amanda Ryburn, wife of Edward Ryburn, lives near her father's house at Randolph's Grove.

Lee Passwaters now lives with Edward Ryburn.

Albert Passwaters lives at home with his father.

Mr. Passwaters is about five feet and eight inches in height, is not heavily built, is a very pleasant gentleman, is very kind-hearted, and must have many friends. He has lately been afflicted with a stroke of paralysis in the left leg, but remains as cheerful as ever. His wife is a lady of fine sense, and their pioneer life has doubtless been a happy one.

Purnel Passwaters, Jr.

Purnel Passwaters, jr., was born September 12, 1815, in Monongehela County, Virginia. When he was only one year old his father moved to Hamilton County, Ohio. In the fall of 1829 the Passwaters family started for Illinois, but on account of cold weather they wintered over in Indiana. There young Purnel killed his first deer. The Passwaters family reached Randolph's Grove on the sixteenth of May, 1830. In 1833, Purnel began to hunt "right smart." His first excursion was to the Mazon River and to the sandridges between that and the Kankakee. Three hunters went with him, but they found little game, as other hunters had recently preceded them. Mr. Passwaters shot at a badger and broke its fore leg. The animal ran into its hole and was caught, but two men could not pull it out, although they pulled until it seemed that the animal must be torn asunder. They were obliged to kill it or it never could have been taken out.

In 1856, Mr. Passwaters went to Kansas, but had no particular adventure. He saw a great many Indians, and did some trading with them. One Indian was pointed out to him as the son of the celebrated Black Hawk; but if this was the case, old Black Hawk neglected to train up his son in the way he should go, for the young man was drunk.

Mr. Passwaters is about five feet and eight or nine inches high, has a careful, considerate, honest expression on his countenance, has nearly always been successful in hunting, has killed great numbers of deer and turkeys, is a very kind-hearted man and much respected.

Enoch Jones Passwaters.

Enoch Jones Passwaters was born September 15, 1822, in Hamilton County, Ohio. He came with his father's family to Illinois in 1830, as stated in his father's sketch. He has not led a very adventurous life, has hunted deer and wolves as nearly all of the old settlers did. He used to keep greyhounds and fast horses to chase the game. He has often caught two deer out of a gang during a single chase. Only once did he know a deer to show fight, but he killed it with a stirrup while the dogs held it. He remembers an exciting wolf chase when he rode an unshod horse on slippery ground, and came up with the wolf after chasing it for seven miles. After his horse had made many turns, and the wolf had made many dodges, Mr. Passwaters crippled it by running over it, and the dogs came up and finished it.

Mr. Passwaters married, May 19, 1842, Almeda Savage, who died February 12, 1865. He married, September 7, 1871, Mrs. Ann Eliza Atchison. He has been very happy in his domestic life. He is about five feet and six or seven inches in height, has a bright expressive eye, is a pleasant, companionable man, and is industrious and hard working.

Enoch J. Passwaters has had nine children, and Mrs. Passwaters had two children by her first marriage. The children are:

Martha Jane, wife of Tubal Iseminger, lives in Sedgwick County, Kansas.

Ann Maria, wife of Hiram Miller, lives in Randolph's Grove.

Rhoda Comfort, wife of Aaron S. Vanvaley, lives in Sedgwick County, Kansas.

Irvin Purnel, Lucy Alice, Sarah Elizabeth, Mary Lovina, Enoch Halleck and George William Passwaters, live at home. Sarah Gertrude Atchison and Charles Newton Atchison, the children of Mrs. Passwaters by her first marriage, also live in the same household.

Clement Passwaters.

Clement Passwaters is the youngest living son of the Passwaters, sr. He was born in Hamilton County, Ohio, March 17, 1825. He is of medium height, and has rather a dark complexion, and is one of the most honored members of the Passwaters family. He was married, June 1, 1848, to Miss Rebecca Yocum, daughter of Jacob Yocum, of Sangamon County, Illinois. He has had a family of seven children, of whom six are living. They are:

Emily Jane, wife of Samuel Miller, lives in Downs township.

Stephen H. Passwaters lives just east of his father's.

William F., Enoch D., James C., and John L. Passwaters, live at home.

Jacob Bishop.

Jacob Bishop was born June 25, 1797, in Maryland. His father, John Bishop, was of English descent, and his mother, whose maiden name was Hannah Cooper, was of German. When Jacob was only four years of age, he came with his parents to Fayette County, Pennsylvania. In about the year 1812 or 13, the Bishop family came to Perry County, Ohio, near the line between that and Licking County. Their journey was not remarkably adventurous. While crossing the Ohio, the waves rolled so high that their boat came near capsizing. The family was passed on its way by armies going westward to fight the British and Indians. Every regiment was accompanied by women, who were resolved to follow their husbands even to the battlefield. Mr. Bishop's elder brother was drafted into the army. When the Bishop family arrived in Ohio, they took a seven years lease of land in the woods. Jacob Bishop worked hard until he was twenty-one years of age aad then hired out to John Strawn, for whom he worked one year for one hundred dollars. Then he farmed Mr. Strawn's place for one year. Jacob Bishop married Mary Ann Weedman, and commenced keeping house in 1820. He started for Illinois, August 15, 1830, and came to Blooming Grove, where he arrived on the 15th of September. He had then very little property, and his father-in-law, George Weedman, had only a few hundred dollars with

which to bring the settlers here. Deer, turkey and bee trees were then plenty; he found the richest bee trees and largest quantities of honey in Old Town. He worked hard and had good weather until the great fall of snow between Christmas and New Years. During the latter part of the winter, people could go through the woods anywhere and find the carcasses of deer which had died because of the severe weather. The first heavy fall of snow came waist deep, and shortly afterwards a crust formed on it, which prevented cattle from traveling, for it was not hard enough to bear them up. The settlers broke roads from one house to another, but the wind filled up the tracks with snow; the roads were broken again and again until they gradually became packed and rose higher than the snow on either side. Mr. Bishop's family had enough breadstuffs to last until the tenth of February. On that day, Mr. Bishop started with four others to Scott's mill on Kickapoo creek, about fourteen miles distant. They traveled from one house to another, where tracks had been broken and packed. At one place they walked over bars six feet high. They traveled with horses and took with them an additional packhorse. If they stepped from the track, they went down into the deep snow. They succeeded in getting their meal ground, and returned the following day. Just before the snow fell, Mr. Bishop and his father went to the edge of Old Town to get some pork and a cow. They brought home the pork, but the cow remained until late in February. When they went for it, they counted the carcasses of nine deer that had perished in the snow. Some were lying untouched and some had been partly eaten by wolves. The pigs had a hard time of it; they were accustomed to run wild and live on mast, but the snow prevented them from finding acorns. Jesse Funk's pigs ate the bark from the elm trees, as high as they could reach. The wolves were the only animated creatures which really seemed to enjoy themselves. They could run around on the crust of snow and could kill all the deer they wished, and were not afraid of anything, for they seemed to know that nothing could catch them.

Mr. Bishop had at first nothing with which to support his wife and six children. He borrowed $100, and entered eighty acres of timber land and went to work. But notwithstanding

these difficulties, he lived a happy life. In the evening he sat and made shoes, while his wife worked her spinning wheel, and all the money they could earn by their united efforts was used to enter land. It was then very easy to raise stock. Cattle were fattened by turning them loose and allowing them to eat grass.

Mr. Bishop has been something of a hunter. He often chased wolves. At one time he dug out a den and found five little wolf puppies. The old ones were looking on in the distance, but did not dare to come up. He has hunted deer, but had no dangerous adventure; he never had a buck turn on him for fight. Mr. Bishop was always cautious about hunting deer, after an adventure which happened to Asa Weedman. Mr. Weedman was a great hunter, and on one of his expeditions he creased a buck, that is, shot it on the top of its neck and stunned it. He quickly ran up to cut its throat, but his knife was dull, and soon the deer arose and the hunter dropped his knife to hold it. The struggle was a very long one. Mr. Weedman held to the horns of the buck and could do nothing else. At last his strength failed him, and he concluded to quit if the deer was willing; so he let go of the buck and lay down and "played 'possum." The deer pawed him and looked at him suspiciously, then ran off a short distance and looked back, then went a little farther and looked back again, and finally went away entirely. Mr. Weedman lacerated his hands badly in trying to hold the buck, and his clothes were almost torn off of him.

Just before the Black Hawk war, Mr. Bishop, Robert Rutledge and William G. Wright, went to Chicago, and were interrupted by the extraordinarily high water. They crossed the Calumet swamps by putting eight yoke of oxen on each wagon and drawing it through. On their return they crossed the Desplaines River by unloading and taking their wagons across in pieces in canoes, which they had lashed together. They took across their salt, a small part at a time. They crossed the Dupage River with the assistance of only one canoe. At the Illinois River, they were fortunate enough to find a boat large enough to bring their wagons over, but they swam their oxen.

Mr. Bishop has been very happy in his domestic life, and has raised a large family of remarkably intelligent children. They are:

Mrs. Sarah Ann Hand, of Farmer City, a widow, who was the wife of Philip Hand. She lives with her family.

George Bishop, lives in Randolph's Grove, about two miles from his father's.

Mrs. Hannah Cusey, lives in Downs township with her husband, Senator John Cusey.

Mrs. Charity Adams, wife of Wyatt Adams, lives in Downs township, about four miles north of Mr. Bishop's.

Jacob C. Bishop, lives about four miles east of his father's, in Downs township.

Mrs. Charlotte Stringfield, lives with her father at the homestead. Her husband, A. J. Stringfield, died of sickness contracted while in the army.

Mrs. Elizabeth Fry, wife of Abram Fry, lives about six miles from her father's in Randolph township.

William F. Bishop, lives about two and a-half miles from his father's in Downs township.

Mrs. Emma Fulton, wife of James Fulton, lives a mile and a-half east in Downs township.

Mrs. Harriet Louisa Wilson, wife of George Wilson, lives about three miles east in Downs township.

John S. Bishop, lives in Randolph township, about six miles from his father's.

Asbury Mills Bishop, lives at home. He lost his arm in a threshing machine.

Joseph Allen Bishop, lives near his father's.

Mr. Jacob Bishop was, before he became bent with age, five feet and six inches in height. He is one of the most tender hearted of men, is exceedingly kind to his family, has worked hard for them and is anxious to see them prosper. He has the most fine and delicate feelings, is exceedingly hospitable, and feels grieved to think people are not as hearty and kind as the old settlers were. He has worked hard himself and always taught his children to be busy. He would like very much to see the old camp-meetings revived, and thinks they are much pleasanter than churches. All except two of his children are members of churches. His wife, Mrs. Mary Ann Bishop, died in January, 1873. She was a most excellent lady, and in all of the hardships of pioneer life she bore her part bravely.

Matthew Covardale.

Matthew Covardale was born August 13, 1807, in Maryland. His father's name was Matthew Covardale, and his mother's name before her marriage was Nancy Fisher. Matthew Covardale, sr., was of Irish descent. The mother of young Matthew died when he was quite small. His father, Matthew Covardale, sr., was a seafaring man and had very little time to look after his son. The latter had no regular place of abode, but was shifted around from one person to another. When he was nine years of age an event happened which changed the whole course of his life. While Matthew Covardale, sr., was bringing the vessel, of which he was captain, into Delaware Bay, it was foundered, and he became ruined in fortune. He was utterly broken up by this shipwreck. He took little Matthew by the hand, and they started on foot for the West. They traveled over the mountains to Wheeling, thence to Columbus, Ohio, then out towards Lake Erie, then to Licking River, then down to Zanesville, then across the Muskingum, and then to Chillicothe. There they went on a keelboat down the Scioto River; but while they were in a sparse settlement the keelboat sunk. This was at night. They remained on the shore until morning, then picked up their knapsacks and went to Maysville on foot, there crossed the Ohio River and went to Lexington, Kentucky, on foot, and from there to the north bend in the Ohio River, below Cincinnati. From there they went to Jackson County, Indiana, and then back to Hamilton County, Ohio. Here they made a stopping place. Matthew Covardale, sr., died here, when his son was only sixteen years of age. The latter worked by the day, by the week, by the month and by the year. He worked every way possible in order to make an honest livelihood. In the fall of 1830 he came to Randolph's Grove, McLean County, Illinois. Here he worked for Jesse Funk until no more work could be done during that season.

During that winter Jesse Funk took a drove of hogs to Galena, and had many adventures, for it was the winter of the famous deep snow. The cold was intense, and Mr. Funk was obliged to wear a false face to protect his nose and cheeks and prevent them from freezing. The snow and frost gathered on

this false face as he breathed through the aperture, and it appeared most frightful. When he had occasion to stop at a cabin on the way, the moment the door was opened the children would scream, and sometimes the women also would be frightened.

But Mr. Covardale did not accompany Mr. Funk on this trip. The latter stayed during the winter with a man named Richard Gross, and usually kept pretty close to the house. At one time he saw some prairie-chickens some distance, across a slough, and he picked up a gun and started to shoot them. While crossing the slough, where the snow was very deep, he broke through the crust and went down. He threw his gun on the crust and tried to work himself loose. But the more he worked the deeper he went down, down, deeper and deeper, and the snow closed over his head, and in spite of all exertion he continued going down. But he continued struggling until he packed the snow underneath him and obtained a firm foothold. Then, by packing the snow below him, he rose high enough to crawl out on the crust. He returned to the house, and the people there asked whether he was going to shoot those chickens. Mr. Covardale remarked that his ambition for hunting was satisfied for one day. The cold during that winter was severe, and at one time Mr. Covardale had his eyelashes frozen fast, and the tears were frozen on his cheek. During that winter Mr. Gross hunted deer and Mr. Covardale pounded corn. The corn was sifted through a sieve made of finely dressed deerskin stretched over a hoop of white oak, and fastened with a whang. The holes through the buckskin were made with a burning iron. In order to keep warm during that winter Mr. Covardale and Mr. Gross cut wood and kept the fire burning. Their chimney, built of sticks and clay, sometimes caught fire, and they kept water ready to throw up the chimney.

During the next season Mr. Covardale worked for Jesse Funk and for other parties. He worked hard and succeeded well. After working for a few seasons as a renter, Mr. Covardale obtained some land of his own, broke prairie, split rails and made fences. He succeeded in all of his undertakings. He raised stock, which he sold for prices which would now be considered next to nothing. He made

the customary trips to Chicago, Pekin, Peoria, and other places, camping out at night and sleeping under the wagon, which he made his dwelling.

Mr. Covardale married Mrs. Anstis Thompson, a widow, who was born in Virginia. Mr. Covardale has never had any children of his own. His stepson, William Thompson, carries on the farm. Franklin Thompson, his eldest stepson, is in Montgomery County, Kansas. Mrs. Mary Bishop and Mrs. Elizabeth Cresswell are his stepdaughters.

Mr. Covardale is about five feet and nine inches in height, weighs one hundred and forty or fifty pounds, and has a sanguine complexion and white hair. He is a hard worker, and a most honest and worthy man. He thinks a great deal of the old settlers, and has himself seen some of the severest hardships of the early days. But he had the courage to do and the will to overcome. He is very frank and kind, and likes fair dealing, and possesses the fullest confidence of all with whom he is acquainted.

Samuel Stewart.

Samuel Stewart was born May 5, 1790, in Monongehela County, Virginia. His parents were Americans. His father died when Samuel was quite young. When he was twenty-one or two years of age he went to Hamilton County, Ohio, and began farming with his brother, who had preceded him there. He returned to Virginia for a short time, but went back to Ohio. All of his travel was done on horseback.

He was married in May, 1816, to Jane Hanley. This lady was born in 1791, and is yet living, and bids fair to enjoy life much longer.

Mr. Stewart made a visit to Illinois in 1830, and bought a claim of A. M. Stringfield at Randolph's Grove. During the following year he moved to Randolph's Grove with his family in wagons. He immediately went to farming, as that was the occupation of nearly all the old settlers. He also made brick and put up a brick house. The lumber used was sawed with a whip saw, indeed, this was almost the only way to make it. The cabins in early days were built without nails, and were simply pinned together. The door was made of split boards or shakes,

and was called a clapboard door; the floor of the cabin below was puncheon, while the floor of the loft was usually of linn bark.

The Stewart family were for a long time after their arrival, very much annoyed by wolves, which made such a howling and barking around the house at night that it was impossible for any one to sleep. Mr. Stewart was often obliged to go out and fire his gun to frighten them away, in order that the family might obtain a little rest.

During the celebrated sudden change in the weather in December, 1836, Mr. Stewart had great difficulty in getting the children home from school. The Little Kickapoo was overflowed, but he succeeded in getting the children across by bringing them over on horseback, two at a time.

Mr. Stewart was accustomed to hunt occasionally, and kept for this purpose a horse, which had quite a history. It was born in Pennsylvania, and emigrated to the West across the mountains. It was taken by a soldier through the Black Hawk war, and on its return was traded to Mr. Stewart. Having seen many adventures, it may be supposed that the horse was possessed of a good degree of smartness. It could go anywhere, and open any gate or door, indeed if its smartness had continued to increase it might have learned to pick a lock or go through a dwelling. Mr. Stewart hunted with the horse, but after a while the animal became too refined for this, and pretended to be frightened by the report of a gun, and refused to allow Mr. Stewart to shoot from its back. When this horse was twenty-one years of age (its legal majority) it was supposed to have been stolen from its master, but the probability is that it considered itself too smart to acknowledge a master and ran away.

The early settlers of course "went visiting," but their visits were made at times to suit their circumstances and the necessities of their life. They came before breakfast, and when they went to quiltings and house-raisings, they were on hand particularly early in order to do a good day's work, and return home early to feed their stock.

Mr. Stewart had nine children in his family, and of these eight grew to be men and women.

John Hanley Stewart lives in Bloomington.

James Newton Stewart died in Kentucky in 1845.

Mrs. Isabel Jane Noble died in 1855.

Sarah Ann Stewart died in 1845.

Robert Stewart died in 1869.

William Curtis Stewart lives two miles north of the homestead. He was a bachelor until thirty-nine years of age, when he did his duty and married Mrs. Amanda Vandevort, who died March 19th, 1874.

Hon. Archibald Evans Stewart is a physician. He lives at Randolph's Grove, at the old homestead, and is a member of the legislature. He served as surgeon in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers from 1862 until 1865. The homestead house, where he lives, was the first house built of brick in McLean County. It was erected in 1834. The brick was made on the farm.

Mr. Samuel Stewart was six feet in height, rather spare, had brown eyes, rather light hair, was not very muscular, had a mild, pleasant expression on his countenance, and was indeed a worthy citizen. He was a strong friend of Governor Moore, and was one of the men who persuaded that gentleman to take an active part in politics. Mr. Stewart died January 8, 1841.

John Hanley Stewart.

John H. Stewart, eldest son of Samuel Stewart, was born October 28, 1817, in Hamilton County, Ohio. In October, 1831, the Stewart family, consisting of nine persons in all, together with the family of George Thompson, came to McLean County, Illinois. The reason why the Stewart family came West, was a desire on the part of the father of John H. Stewart to secure land for every member of his numerous family.

Mr. Stewart, the subject of this sketch, went to school only six months in Ohio, and if his mother, who is a well informed lady, had not taken the matter in hand, his education would have been finished. Mr. Stewart speaks very highly of his old schoolmaster in Ohio, William Bebb, who afterwards emigrated to Illinois, where he died. Mr. Stewart was raised a farmer, like his father, but all the Stewarts are mechanics by nature. They possess great skill in the handling of carpenters' tools. They themselves did all the wood-work of the house of which we have spoken in his father's sketch. Their journey from Ohio

to McLean County was without any adventure worthy to relate. They came with one horse team and one ox team, arriving at Randolph's Grove in the fall of 1831, the father having previously (in 1830) bought a claim from A. M. Stringfield. During their first winter here, Mr. Stewart, and his brother, James Newton, slept in a wagon, and the wolves often came when they were in their beds, snuffing and snorting around this primitive couch. Mr. Stewart's father, Samuel Stewart, gave A. M. Stringfield one hundred dollars for his claim, and as he had brought four hundred dollars with him from Ohio, he entered this claim and two hundred and forty acres besides. Mr. Stewart, sr., also entered eighty acres for A. M. Stringfield.

Times were hard when the Stewart family came, and they had, of course, to endure all the hardships of a frontier life. When they came to the country they brought as many groceries with them as would last during the first year, which they had purchased at Cincinnati. After that they made their own maple sugar for many years. The family, on the whole, enjoyed good health, and soon found themselves in easy circumstances. All the children of Mr. Stewart, sr., the father of John H., were born in a log house in Hamilton County, Ohio, except Dr. Stewart, the present member of the legislature, who was born at Randolph's Grove, when the house of which we have spoken in the foregoing sketch was about half finished. The Stewart family was a happy, hard working family. The mother of the present stock is still living on the homestead farm, where they first settled. She is a remarkable lady, who now, at the age of eighty-three years, can walk a distance of half a mile as rapidly as a young girl of twenty. Her life is entirely wrapt up in her children, grandchildren, and one great-grandchild, (Della, little daughter of Mr. H. C. Horine.)

Mr. Stewart never was much of a hunter, but he occasionally chased wolves, killing them with a stirrup when the chase was on horseback, which was the custom in those days. He also killed now and then a deer, but these animals were already scarce when he came to the country, the winter of the deep snow having made havoc among them.

Mr. Stewart speaks with the greatest admiration of Squire A. M. Stringfield and Mrs. Stringfield. He says, that whatever

Squire Stringfield says is a fact to be relied on, and whatever he promises he will perform.

In 1839, Mr. Stewart commenced farming on his own account—and married, of course. The lady of his choice, who is still living, was Miss Jane Evans, daughter of Owen Evans, of Randolph's Grove. His father made him a present of eighty acres of land, to which he gradually added more. He continued farming up to 1857, when he sold out his timber-farm on account of failing health, and because he wished to give his children an education; but he still carries on farming about six miles south of Bloomington, on the Main street road, on a tract of three hundred and twenty acres.

He moved to Normal about the time the Normal University began its labors. There Mrs. Stewart kept a boarding-house, which was the first house of the kind established in Normal. During most of this time Mr. Stewart was in partnership with A. C. Washburne in a meat-market, from which they supplied the whole of Normal with meat for about eight years.

In 1872, Mr. Stewart went into the agricultural implement and machinery business, which is now carried on by him and his son-in-law, Mr. H. C. Horine. This house was started in 1870, by Frank Stewart, a nephew of Mr. Stewart. Mr. Horine became partner of the business in 1871, and when Frank went out of the firm, Mr. Stewart stepped in. The business, under the name of Stewart & Horine, is carried on at the corner of Main and Grove streets, Bloomington.

Mr. Stewart has three children living. They are:

Sarah, wife of William Houser, who lives in Randolph township.

Emily, wife of H. C. Horine, lives in Bloomington.

Mary I., wife of W. S. Vinyard, resides with her parents in Bloomington.

Mr. Stewart is about six feet two inches in height, is well proportioned, appears to be quite muscular, and has a very erect walk. His hair and beard are almost gray; he has gray eyes, and uses glasses when he reads and writes. He is a very conscientious man, and thinks well before he decides on anything; but when he sets his mind on doing anything he will do it with-

out hesitation. He is a kind and indulgent father to his children. He has been, (by reason of care and industry,) successful in life, which is in a great measure due to his kind and hospitable wife.

David Noble.

David Noble was born in September, 1795, in Cincinnati, Ohio. He was of English and Dutch descent. His father was an old English sea captain, who came to the United States and married a Pennsylvania Dutch lady, and became thoroughly Americanized. David Noble was born in Cincinnati, when that place was no larger than Heyworth, that is, a village of two or three hundred people. He had a limited education, and as his parents were poor, was obliged to work his way through the world without learning or wealth. In 1817 he was married to Rebecca Karr. In 1828 he went to New Orleans in company with his brother, with a load of chickens and various other kinds of poultry, and by good management and good fortune they did very well with their stock. In the fall of 1830 he came to Illinois to see the country, and visited various points in Sangamon and Tazewell counties. He returned to Ohio during the same fall, and prepared to come West. During the following year, October 3, 1831, the Noble family started for McLean County, Illinois, and arrived there on the 20th. They traveled with a four-horse team. They came in near Squire A. M. Stringfield's place, and saw him chase a wolf on foot and catch it with his hands. Mr. Noble set his dog on the wolf before Stringfield caught it, but the dog was quickly whipped. Mr. Stringfield took the wolf home alive. Their journey was a hard one, as it rained nearly all the time they traveled. During one day they only went ten miles. They traveled long distances over corduroy roads. At one time they were mired down, a little this side of Urbana, and Mr. Joseph Noble (David's brother) was obliged to carry out his wife. Joseph Noble rode an old gray mare, which had a bad habit of lying down in the mud, when it was deep, and refusing to get up. The only way of compelling her to rise was to hold her head under the mud and water for a while.

David Noble lived, during nearly all of the first winter, in a cabin on old Mr. Passwaters' place, about one mile south of where William Noble now lives. After that the family went to the

cabin near where John Wakefield now lives. There they did some pretty hard grubbing, as the place joined the timber. David Noble stayed there until 1844 or '45, and then came five miles north, bought some new prairie and made a farm.

The wife of David Noble died in 1837. In 1841 he was married to Mrs. Jane Arnold, a widow lady.

Mr. Noble suffered with a stroke of paralysis a few years before his death, which occurred in September, 1863. His domestic life was pleasant. He had ten children to raise and care for, six by his first marriage and four by his second. They are:

William C. Noble, who lives at Randolph's Grove.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Munson, wife of Ira Munson, who lives in Randolph's Grove.

Stephen K. Noble, who lives in Bloomington.

James K. Noble, who lives in Bloomington.

Mrs. Mercy Ann Rust, widow of George W. Rust, deceased, lives in Randolph's Grove.

Thomas Jacob Noble lives a mile north of Randolph's Grove.

The four children by his second marriage live with their mother in Champaign County, near Homer. They are:

Mrs. Maria Louisa Custer.

Mrs. Eliza Ann Hollis.

Mrs. Martha E. Custer.

Harrison David Noble.

David Noble was five feet and eleven inches in height, had a large, strong frame, and, before he was afflicted with paralysis, weighed two hundred pounds. He was very muscular, worked hard, and had usually good health. His hair was naturally black, and his eyes pleasing and expressive.

William Crivlin Noble.

William Crivlin Noble was born February 25, 1818, in Hamilton County, Ohio. His education was not very liberal, but was all that could be expected at that time. The scholars were then more remarkable for their muscle than their intellect, and had a habit of turning out the teacher on Christmas day. At one time, when they threatened to turn out the master, he compromised the matter by giving them a gallon of whisky and some eggs, and one of them was carried home insensible. Mr. Noble

went to school to William Bebb, who was afterwards Governor of Ohio. The schoolmasters in those days made desperate attempts to teach the children politeness; the girls were taught to courtesy to whoever they met, while going to or returning from school, and the boys were taught to bow, or as it was called, "make their manners." Mr. Noble came to Randolph's Grove with his father, David Noble, in the fall of 1831, and continued his schooling for two winters in Illinois. The falling of the meteors in 1833 impressed him very much. They fell it seemed by millions, to the north, south, east and west, and some of them made a large blaze. He felt no fear on account of this wonderful phenomenon, but the next morning, when he went to mill, he met so many persons who were frightened by the meteors that he began to be frightened himself. Some people were made crazy with fear.

When he was sixteen years of age, he went to St. Louis and brought a load of goods for William H. Allin. He was gone on that trip about sixteen days, and received a dollar and a-quarter per hundred weight for hauling.

Mr. Noble married, October 31, 1839, Isabel Jane Stewart, and by this happy marriage had three children. She died, May 10, 1855. On the tenth of January, 1856, he married Eunice Burley, by Bailey H. Coffey, and has had three children living and one dead. Very few men are blessed with a more hapyy domestic life.

In the fore part of February, 1856, Mr. Noble went on business to Kentucky. He crossed the Ohio River on horseback on the ice at Portsmouth. This was rather a dangerous matter, as he was obliged to wade his horse three feet deep in water to reach the ice, and it cracked under him while crossing. He rode around among the Kentucky hills, and it seemed sometimes that he must fall into eternity. The hills were exceedingly steep, and nothing but a Kentucky horse could travel among them. A horse from Illinois could never have found a foothold.

Mr. Noble is about six feet in height, is broad shouldered and strongly built, is a hard worker, is very clever and good natured, appreciates fun, is a good neighbor and a good American citizen.

Joseph Karr Noble.

Joseph K. Noble was born October 9, 1823, in Whitewater township, Hamilton County, Ohio. His father's name was Joseph Noble, and his mother's name before her marriage was Nancy Karr. Joseph Noble was born in Ohio, and Nancy Karr in New Jersey. Both were of American descent. The Noble family, consisting of six members in all, came to Randolph's Grove, McLean County, Illinois, in the fall of 1831. There Joseph Noble bought a farm partly improved for one hundred and fifty dollars and two horses and a wagon. During the first winter they lived in a large log cabin with an entry between. But their conveniences were not great, as two other families as large as their own lived with them. During that winter, nearly all the streams were frozen up, so that the mills could not run. Every family was therefore obliged to have its hominy mortar with which to crack frostbitten corn. They had no fruit nor vegetables, except turnips, but had plenty of venison and wild turkeys. Joseph Noble was then a lad eight years of age, but the scenes of those early days are clearly impressed on his mind. He remembers going with a party out to a wolf pen, put up by Gardner Randolph, and there finding a wolf, which was so incautious as to trust himself within it. The following is Mr. Noble's description of the pen: "It was made of logs notched close at the corners, growing gradually smaller at the top, so that when the wolf was on the outside it was easy to climb up, but too high to climb out while on the inside." The settlers usually killed the wolves by chasing them on horseback and killing them with clubs. During the Black Hawk war, the settlers were often frightened, and Mr. Noble tells a queer story of a scare he experienced while out in the woods at play. Said he: "I heard a strange noise and started to the house taking my youngest brother on my back. Looking across the field I saw my father coming on his horse from the plow as fast as possible. We arrived at the house out of breath and found that the bees were swarming, and mother was calling for father and was pounding a frying pan with a large iron spoon to make the bees settle. You may be sure that we were glad the trouble was occasioned by bees instead of Indians."

Mr. Noble did not receive an extended education. He went to school when quite young, and one of his teachers was John Moore, afterwards Lieutenant Governor of Illinois. Mr. Noble learned at an early age what it was to work. At the age of fifteen he drove a team of ten steers, called a prairie breaking team. With them he broke ground for various parties, among others for James Allin, of Bloomington. He broke the ground where the Chicago and Alton Machine Shops now stand. The remainder of Mr. Noble's sketch may be given in his own words: "I cannot remember precisely all of the settlers who were in Randolph's Grove when I first came. They were usually young folks with small families. But notwithstanding their few children, they were obliged to work very hard for their own and their children's support, for nearly all their wearing apparel was made by themselves, was spun, woven, cut, fitted and sewed. The people here were from many States, but they all appeared members of one family. They endured the privations and discomforts of life together. When any one needed assistance it was always forthcoming. The women had quiltings and sewing bees, and the men had house raisings and corn huskings. In after years the different settlements joined together in wolf hunts, raised a pole on a high piece of ground, hoisted a flag and on a certain day all turned out and drove the game to the center. When they came near the pole, it was fun to see some on foot with long rifles ready to shoot the first deer or wolf, and others on horses chasing the tired game. Some would be thrown from their horses, and others would fall when their horses stumbled in the active chase. Those good old times will never come again!"

When Mr. Noble was twenty-four years of age, he married Miss Lemira Hampton, who was born within the boundaries of the present county of McLean. Her father came to the country from Tennessee, the year before the deep snow. Mr. Noble has had six children, of whom five are living. They are:

John S., Charles M., Nannie M., Robert K. and Joseph P. Noble; all of whom live at home. Mr. Noble is about five feet and ten inches in height, is rather spare and straight, and has dark hair and gray eyes. He appears to be a very good neighbor, and his remarks concerning the old settlers and the condi-

tion of things during the early days, show him to be a man of good feeling.

Dr. Harrison Noble.

Dr. Harrison Noble was born March 6, 1812, in Hamilton County, Ohio. His father's name was John Noble, and his mother's maiden name was Sarah Price. John Noble was of English descent, but he was a soldier in the Revolutionary war and thereby became cut off from the English branch of the family, and nothing is known of it. Harrison Noble had a fair education, and while still in his youth taught school for a livelihood. He also worked at the carpenter's trade, and a part of the time was a farmer. In after years he was a physician, and also a surveyor. He had a mind evenly developed and well balanced, and could succeed in many professions.

Mr. Noble was married, March 21, 1833, to Miss Abby Cook, in Hamilton County, Ohio. In 1833 he came to the West. His trip was a hard one, through swamps and creeks during a wet season, but by good fortune and good management he came safely through. He settled at Randolph's Grove with Joseph Noble, sr., who had moved out some time before. Harrison Noble sold two horses and obtained money to enter eighty acres of land. Then he built a cabin and moved into it, and worked his land with a horse belonging to his mother. He hired a man to break six or eight acres of land and paid for it by carpenter work. He had knowledge of many trades, and his handiness now stood him in good stead, for if he could not find work to do at one employment, he followed another, and succeeded well at everything. He did some surveying, taught school, worked as a carpenter, and did anything at which his hands could be usefully employed.

Mr. Noble was an Old-Line Whig. That party was in the minority in McLean County in the early days. But people then cared less for party ties than for popular men. In about the year 1840 Mr. Noble came out as an independent candidate for surveyor, and of course his merits and demerits were sharply criticized, but it was pretty well understood that if he could show himself qualified for this position he would be elected. About this time a curious circumstance occurred. General Gridley and General Covel had a warm discussion concerning his ability. The

latter was a Democrat. General Covel said: "I'll bet you he can't tell the number of acres in a piece of land with —— many rods on one side," &c., and he gave the number of rods on each of four sides. General Gridley took the bet, and as soon as he saw Mr. Noble, the problem was stated. "Now," said General Gridley, "how many acres are in that piece of land?" "There may be more and there may be less," said Mr. Noble. "Now," thought Gridley, "I've lost my bet." But Mr. Noble continued and explained that the angles must be given; for if they were not given the sides might be so arranged as to enclose a great many acres, or scarcely any at all. Then he picked up a limber switch and bent it into a four-sided figure, and by making the angles sometimes right angles and sometimes acute, he explained the matter clearly. "Well," said Gridley, "Covel and I are both fools." This incident was told many times, and it made friends for Mr. Noble, for it made him acquainted. The incident was related by Hon. John Cusey. Mr. Noble held the office of surveyor for three terms. When he was about thirty-five years of age he commenced the study of medicine by himself. He afterwards attended one course of lectures at Cincinnati, and received his diploma. He practiced medicine and was quite successful.

Mr. Noble had five children by his first marriage, but only two are living. They are:

Jacob Noble lives on the line between the townships of Randolph and Funk's Grove.

Sarah Maria, wife of John Perry, lives in Danvers township.

Mrs. Noble died in about the year 1844. On the 15th of April, 1848, Mr. Noble married Mrs. Jane E. Marmon. By this marriage one child was born, John Locke Noble, who lives on the homestead place.

Dr. Noble died August 12, 1870. He was about six feet in height, had black hair and gray eyes, was very muscular, and in his younger days a great wrestler. His feet were deformed, and toed in, but this was an advantage in wrestling. While he was attending lectures, a person inquired of him whether on account of his deformity he was not obliged to bear with insults. Dr. Noble gave the gentleman a proof of his skill, which decided the matter. Dr. Noble was a very honest man and very popular in McLean County.

Walter Karr.

Walter Karr was born July 8, 1797, in Sussex County, New Jersey. His father's name was Thomas Karr, and his mother's maiden name was Celia Lewis, both Americans. Mr. Karr was not old enough to be a soldier in the war of 1812, though many of his relatives were in it. He had a half-brother who was captured by the British when Hull surrendered at Detroit. The Americans were very unfortunate at the outset, for, in addition to the calamity of Hull's disgraceful surrender, there came what was known as the cold plague, which carried off nine hundred men in one winter from the command of General Cass, who had only twenty-five hundred men in his command. It was a strange disease, which the physicians did not understand. This, Mr. Karr says, was told to him by his brother.

Walter Karr had come to Cincinnati, Hamilton County, Ohio, in 1807. The village of Cincinnati then contained sixteen or seventeen hundred people. On their journey from New Jersey the Karr family went first to Elizabethtown, between the Allegheny and Monongehela Rivers, and there built a flatboat or "Yankee sled." Mr. Karr's father and brother took the horses there and came through, but the rest of the family went down on the flatboat. Some other parties on board had attached a keelboat for the convenience of cooking, and all on board went joyfully along to the new country. No incident of importance occurred before their arrival in Hamilton County. It was about that time that General Harrison was governor of Indiana territory. The general was a very kind-hearted man, and always willing to do a favor, but wanted it appreciated. Mr. Karr tells a story of General Harrison, which shows the eccentricity of the man. In 1834, when Mr. Karr was traveling, he went with his heavily loaded wagon past General Harrison's premises. The latter had previously changed the road across his premises, but as the fence was down Mr. Karr took the old road. General Harrison rushed out and said: "Stop! turn about, go back." But a man, named Johnson, reasoned with the general, and asked the privilege of going ahead, when the general replied: "Yes, go ahead, but for God's sake keep off my meadow!" "Now," said Mr. Karr, "if we had first asked the privilege of crossing his

premises on the old road and given him a chance to do a favor, which would be appreciated, he would have said: 'Yes, gentlemen, for God's sake, go ahead!' "

Mr. Karr clearly remembers the earthquake of 1811, which shook down New Madrid, and sank the lands of the river St. Francis in Arkansas. The shocks were clearly felt in Ohio, but no damage was done.

While coming down the Ohio, in June, 1815, Mr. Karr saw the first steamboat which came up from New Orleans to Pittsburg. It was called the Enterprise.

In February, 1834, Mr. Karr started for the West. He went by steamboat to Pekin, and from there came across by team to McLean County with Seth Baker, and arrived at the latter place March 11, 1834. On the day of his arrival the weather was so warm that he killed a snake, one of the jointed kind, which flew to pieces when struck. On the fourteenth of March, two men, Hopping and Torrence, gathered spring flowers, and the weather was indeed beautiful. But on the fourteenth of May a severe frost came and cut the buds on the trees, turned the leaves completely brown and froze a crust on the ground.

Mr. Karr tells some strange facts concerning the sudden change in December, 1836, When this change in the weather occurred, Mr. John Wesley Karr was milking cows, as an industrious farmer's boy should. He immediately started for home, a quarter of a mile distant, but on reaching it he became so cold that he could not speak.

Mr. Karr went to farming upon his arrival in the West, and succeeded fairly well, but suffered severely with the hard times from 1837 to 1842. The winter of 1842–3 was the longest of which he has any recollection. The snow came early, and, with the exception of a January thaw, remained until late in March. Mr. Karr did not learn of any plowing done that spring before the month of May. He sowed a patch of spring wheat that year on the fifth of May, and raised fifteen bushels to the acre. The winter wheat was all frozen out and had to be re-sown. But notwithstanding these discouraging circumstances, people in many instances raised during that year more than thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, and the crops were generally most excellent. During the spring previous, in 1842, he sowed wheat about the

eighteenth or twentieth of March, and on the last of March it was green. He did not harvest it until August, and obtained from it two hundred bushels from six bushels of seed, or thirty-three and one-third bushels per acre. He hauled one load of it to Chicago in September, and sold it for sixty-three cents per bushel, and thought he made a very good trip. Mr. Karr has been a careful farmer.

Perhaps it may be a matter of interest to the reader to know something of the taxes which have been paid within the last thirty-five years. Mr. Karr gives his taxes as shown by his receipts, and in the list below the taxes after 1843 are all upon nearly the same land. Since 1856–7 he has paid taxes on four acres less ground than in 1845.

Year 1839, $2 53½	Year 1840, $4 66	Year 1841, $8 02
" 1842, 3 07	" 1843, 5 88	" 1844, 7 53
" 1845, 7 44	" 1846, 7 74	" 1847, 8 74
" 1848, 7 97	" 1849, 10 41	" 1850, 12 05
" 1851, 19 69	" 1852, 15 67	" 1853, 29 24
" 1854, 27 56	" 1855, 40 88	" 1856, 49 57
" 1857, 57 17	" 1858, 44 17	" 1859, 51 85
" 1860, 41 99	" 1861, 31 56	" 1862, 36 89
" 1863, 90 49	" 1864, 84 45	" 1865, 91 81
" 1866, 131 59	" 1867, 141 05	" 1868, 137 88
" 1869, 166 48	" 1870, 121 41	" 1871, 122 63
" 1872, 112 65.		

This does not include Mr. Karr's taxes on town lots and other property. It will be seen that the average for the first seventeen years, beginning with 1839, was $12.89, and the average for the last seventeen years is $89.06. The reader will note the sudden rise of taxes from 1862 to '63, when they nearly trebled on account of the war.

Mr. Karr married in 1823, Eliza Ann Karr, a daughter of his cousin. He has had eight children, of whom four are living. They are:

Edwin Karr lives one mile and a quarter south of his father's.

Mrs. Harriet Kinzel lives in Bloomington.

Henry A. Karr lives with his father.

Mrs. Celia Rockwell lives at Clinton, in DeWitt County.

Mr. Karr is a man of medium height; his hair is only partly

gray, though he is seventy-six years of age. His long, full beard is nearly white, and his eyes are very bright. This gives to him a venerable appearance. He complains that his memory is failing with age, but many persons would be glad to have one as good as his at present. He is a modest man and unassuming, but possessed of good judgment. Perhaps the most marked trait in his character is his love of truth and honest dealing. In giving some items of the days that are gone, he was very particular to tell the truth and nothing but the truth. Let us all do likewise.

THE RUST FAMILY.

William Rust.

William Rust was born in Granville County, North Carolina, February 23, 1792. His father was of English descent.

Mr. Rust was raised in North Carolina. On the 8th of January, 1811, he married Nancy McGee, and soon after moved to Middle Tennessee. During the latter part of the war of 1812, Mr. Rust became a soldier. He was sick during much of his time in the army, but was at the battle of New Orleans at the close of the war. He often described the fight, and said that the British came very close to the works before the Americans were allowed to fire. After the British General Packenham fell, the command devolved upon General Lambert, who was repulsed with frightful loss. At the close of the battle he asked permission to bury the dead, but General Jackson sent the British dead to them.

Sometime after the close of the war, Mr. Rust emigrated to West Tennessee, where he lived a number of years. In 1829 he moved to Hamilton County, Illinois. Here he first made a half-faced camp in the timber, in which the family lived until they could build a log cabin. This was made of round logs, afterwards smoothed down on the inside. Mr. Rust improved a farm of thirty-five or forty acres, and built a large tobacco house. This was a log house sixty feet long and twenty feet wide, with an open space twenty feet wide through the middle, but covered with a roof. Wagon loads of tobacco were driven into this opening and unloaded on each side. The house held five tiers of tobacco.

In the fall of 1834, Mr. Rust came to McLean County. He stopped first with Jesse Funk, then went for a few days into an old school-house, until he could rent a farm of Samuel Stewart. At the end of two years he bought a piece of land for himself and improved a farm. It is now owned by William C. Noble. He broke prairie, raised stock, and succeeded well. In the spring of 1847 he went to Lytleville, and there engaged in the milling business. He first had a mill driven by water, but by the failure of water he was compelled to use steam. He then had two partners, Wooster and Hougham. In about the year 1867, he sold out, and retired to a quiet life. He was constable and justice of the peace during the active years of his life.

Mr. Rust had nine children, five boys and four girls. James W., John F., and George W. Rust, live in Randolph township; Martha Ann, wife of Wilson Lindley, lives in Cowley County, Kansas; William M., Harvey J., and Mary, wife of David Hougham, live in Randolph township; Arnetta and Nancy Caroline Rust are both dead.

Mr. Rust was about five feet and ten inches in height in his prime. He was a good-looking man, was healthy and square-shouldered, and weighed one hundred and seventy-five pounds. His eyes were blue, and his hair was almost black. He was a very honest man, faithful in fulfilling his obligations, and had this reputation among all with whom he had occasion to deal. He died at Randolph's Grove, August 26, 1873, aged eighty-one years six months and three days.

John F. Rust.

John Rust was born August 11, 1816, in Murray County, Middle Tennessee. In 1824, the family went to Monroe County, Mississippi, but after two years they went to Hardeman County, West Tennessee, and afterwards to Hickman County. In 1829, they came to Hamilton County, Illinois. During the winter of the deep snow, John Rust amused himself by hunting coons. In the winter season he often hunted muskrats and tore open their houses and killed them with hoes. He first knocked on the houses, and if any muskrats were within they would jump into the water and their plash could be heard.

In the spring of 1834, Isaac and Jesse Funk came down to

Hamilton County to buy cattle. John Rust then hired out to Jesse Funk for six months, and was to receive fifty dollars as his wages. He started on his journey with the cattle to McLean County. He carried his extra clothes on his back. As they troubled him a good deal, he pulled off his trousers, stuffed his clothes into the legs, tied the bottoms, threw them over his shoulders and went on. The wages, which John Rust earned, were paid to his father, until the former was twenty-one years of age. For seven years, John Rust worked driving cattle, exposed to all kinds of weather. In January, 1836, he drove hogs to Chicago for Isaac Funk. A heavy snow came shortly after they started. At Wolf Grove they commenced dragging an elm log fastened to the rear axle of a wagon to break the way. The weather was desperately cold, and during one night about six inches of snow fell on them as they lay on the ground. At Sulphur Springs they found the road somewhat broken, and they abandoned their elm log. They found the rapids at the Kankakee partly frozen and partly open, and they were obliged to break the ice clear across. The hogs refused to go into the water until the drovers built parallel rail fences, and compelled the swine to follow down between them and go into the water. When the drivers came out of the water, their clothes were frozen on them in a few moments. They arrived at last at Chicago. It was Mr. Rust's first sight of the place, and he was much interested in Fort Dearborn, which was then standing. Mr. Rust received fifty cents per day for his work. On his return, he went with Gardner Randolph with a drove of swine to Galena. His greatest trouble on this trip was the crossing of Rock River at Dixon, which was attended with difficulty on account of the drifting ice. But the cold was very severe when he returned, and he was sick for some time with rheumatism brought on by exposure.

During the sudden change in December, 1836, Mr. Rush was hauling a load of cord wood from Sulphur Springs, where Mr. Hinshaw now lives, to Mr. Thompson's mill in Pone Hollow at Bloomington. When he arrived at the mill he had difficulty in unyoking the oxen, as the keys were frozen fast in the yoke. When he drove the oxen into the barn lot he found the chickens frozen into the slush. During this winter he worked for sixteen dollars per month, and his father drew his wages. But he worked

after time and made extra wages, and with this money be bought his first good suit of clothes. These were the clothes which he afterwards wore at his wedding.

In January, 1838, Mr. Rush went with William and John Lindley with a drove of swine to Aurora. The cold was severe and a heavy snow was on the ground. One of the drovers, named Hiram Reilley, was about to freeze to death on his horse. The men pulled him off, rolled him in the snow, whipped and pounded him into life and took him to the house. During that night he burnt his boots to a crisp while trying to keep warm. He was discharged and sent home the next day. Many of the hogs had become injured or disabled and were placed in a wagon and drawn by oxen. But when they attempted to cross Long Point Creek, the oxen could not pull the wagon with its heavy load up the steep bank. Mr. Rust jumped into the water on that bitterly cold day, pulled out the end board, and the load of disabled swine was dumped into the creek. The wagon was pulled out, reloaded, and the party proceeded. While on their way to Chicago, they were subjected to severe changes of weather. It was first very cold, then warm and then cold again. The drove of swine swam across the Vermilion River, but crossed the Illinois and Fox Rivers, and Buck Creek above Ottawa on the ice. On Mr. Rust's return from Aurora, a winter thunderstorm set in, and he and his brother were obliged to swim Buck Creek. When they came out of the water, they wrung their socks, poured a pint of whisky into their boots and went on. Shortly afterwards it became so intensely cold that their clothes were frozen on them stiff. They stopped at the house of a man, named Clark, at Ottawa. When Mr. Rust pulled off his overcoat it stood up straight against the wall. From Ottawa they came home without further adventure.

Mr. Rust obtained a hundred and twenty acres of land in DeWitt County, as the result of much labor. On the 22d of October, 1840, he married Margaret Elizabeth Lindley, youngest child of John Lindley, sr. When Mr. Rust spoke of his marriage, in giving these items, Mrs. Rust said; "What kind of a place do you think he took me to? It was away off, where I did n't see a woman for three weeks, and we lived in a little cabin without any window, and the light came down the chim-

ney, and the wolves howled around us!" But Mrs. Rust enjoyed those early days, notwithstanding the rude surroundings. The family now live in Randolph's Grove, near where Mr. Rust, sr., first made a permanent settlement when he came to McLean County.

Mr. Rust has had eleven children, of whom eight are living. They are:

George W. Rust lives three miles east of his father's.

Thomas J. Rust lives about a mile and a quarter east of Randolph Station, in Randolph township.

John L., Jennie, Alice, William Douglas, Minnie and Ben Rust, all live at home.

Mr. Rust is five feet and ten inches in height, weighs about two hundred and ten pounds, has a sanguine complexion, a bald head, and thin, sandy hair. He is muscular, has a great deal of courage, and the best of business qualifications. Perhaps his most marked characteristic is his fidelity, his faithfulness to his trust. Everything entrusted to his care has been well attended to, and everybody by whom he was employed had great confidence in him. He owns about nine hundred acres of land, has a great deal of stock, drives his business carefully and succeeds well.

William Marion Rust.

William Marion Rust was born January 31, 1821, in Murray County, Middle Tennessee. He came with the family to Hamilton County, Illinois, and in the fall of 1834 to Randolph's Grove, McLean County. He was an active, industrious worker and gained a fair start in the early settlement of the county. He enjoyed the sports of the early days, particularly the great ring hunts. A great hunt was once organized, and a month or more was required for preparation. The pole was erected between Randolph's and Funk's Grove, and on it was a banner, which bore the words, "Wolves and Deer," in large letters. The affair came off to the satisfaction of all parties, and the sport was rare indeed. Sometimes these chases were a little dangerous. Mr. William Stewart was severely injured while with a large party after a wolf. His horse stumbled into a hole and fell, and he was so severely injured that his life was despaired of.

On the 24th of January, 1842, Mr. Rust married Catherine Myers. He has had nine children, of whom five are living. They are:

Amanda, wife of Eber Stringfield, lives at Randolph's Grove.

Franklin Rust lives at home.

Amy, wife of Joseph H. Lacey, lives in Jackson County, Missouri.

Carrie and George B. Rust live at home.

Mr. Rust is five feet nine inches and a half in height, and is in good health and spirits. He is a very fair, reliable man and understands well how to manage his business. He has an interesting family, and appears to lead a contented life. He looks back with pleasure to the sports of the early days, and says that nothing at the present time equals the chases on the prairie after the wolves and deer.

Harvey Jackson Rust.

Harvey J. Rust was born January 6, 1823, in Murray County, Tennessee. He moved to various places with the family, and in 1829 came to Hamilton County, Illinois. Hamilton County was then a great place for game, deer, wolves, wildcats and elk. The elk were not numerous, but the deer and wolves were abundant. Many people there made their living by hunting. They put up blinds in the trees and built fires there for the purpose of attracting the deer. Such positions were safe, and the hunters were protected from the wolves. The fires were built on platforms of boards, covered with earth, and were about fifteen feet from the ground. In the night time the deer stared at the fires and were shot down. These fires were made near the salt licks. In the fall of the year the deer came into the fields or enclosures and ate the corn and turnips. They were particularly fond of the latter. Sometimes the deer would knock off the rail of a fence while jumping over, and they would always afterwards jump over at that place. The farmers' boys would take advantage of this and kill the deer by placing sharp stakes in the ground near the fence, so that the deer would jump over on them. Mr. Rust sometimes killed deer in this manner, though it seems to have been a very cruel way.

In the fall of 1834 the Rust family came to Randolph's Grove, Illinois, and here commenced farming. They first rented land and afterwards bought ground near where John F. Rust now lives. Harvey Rust worked at home until he was twenty-one years of age. Then he went with Isaac Funk and others to take a drove of hogs to Chicago. They went to Wolf Grove, thence to the Mazon, then on the Kankakee and from there to Chicago. The weather was very cold and many hogs froze to death. Mr. Rust earned his money during the early days by hard work. He broke prairie for various parties, for John Moore, Dr. Karr, Isaac Funk, the Stubblefields, Jesse W. Fell, and many others. He received from $2.50 to $3.50 per acre. But when he broke prairie for Mr. Fell the times were so hard that he could get only $1.50 per acre, and took his pay in Illinois money, worth only forty cents on the dollar.

In 1850 Mr. Rust traded a horse for a land warrant, and entered eighty acres of land about two miles southwest of where Randolph Station now is. He then had only his land and a wife. He was none too quick in entering his land, for the charter for the Illinois Central Railroad was passed during the next year, and the land office was closed for a season. He worked very hard to get a start, and succeeded. In 1852 he built a house and moved into it, and on this land he has ever since made his home.

Mr. Rust was no hunter. He once was passing through the timber when his two dogs caught a lynx, and Mr. Rust pounded it to death with a club. It measured six feet from head to tail.

On the 24th of February, 1848, Mr. Rust married Miss Ruth E. Burroughs. She died in 1862. In 1863 Mr. Rust married Miss Elizabeth Hoover, a very pleasant lady.

Mr. Rust is of medium height, and not very heavy. His face is rather long in shape, and his head is somewhat bald. He is very entertaining in conversation, and it is a pleasure to listen to him. He is a very kind and hospitable man, and seems ready to accommodate his friends and neighbors. He has succeeded well in life, and is in easy circumstances.

Campbell Wakefield.

Campbell Wakefield was born February 11, 1804, in Crosby township, Hamilton County, Ohio. His father, whose name was Andrew Wakefield, was born May 5, 1765, in County Antrim, Ireland. His mother, whose maiden name was Margaret Campbell, was born December 16, 1772, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. Her parents came from Ireland, though the name is Scotch. The Wakefields came originally from England; they went to Ireland during the rebellion. When Mr. Andrew Wakefield was eighteen years of age he came to the United States. He married, 1794, in Franklin County, and immediately went to Nelson County, Kentucky, where he had previously prepared a farm. The journey was made on pack horses. Mr. Wakefield's relatives were well acquainted with the Lincoln family in Kentucky, which produced one of the greatest of American presidents. Mr. Campbell Wakefield says he always admired Mr. Lincoln's social qualities, though he could not act with him politically. In 1803, Mr. Andrew Wakefield went to Crosby township, Hamilton County, Ohio, and lived there until his death, which occurred June 23, 1828. The new country was then infested with horse-thieves, and Mr. Wakefield, sr., was one of the leaders of a band of men who "weeded out,' the pests of society, and wounded and captured the leader, John Long. Campbell Wakefield received his common school education in Ohio. He remembers very little of the war of 1812, and simply calls to mind that many soldiers went from Hamilton County, and that Hull's surrender at Detroit, caused a very profound sensation. He was never a great sportsman, but sometimes amused himself by hunting coons and opossums with dogs at night. The people there were accustomed to harvest all of their grain with a sickle. Whisky was a commonplace thing in the harvestfield. The people raised all their own flax, and the women dressed and spun it. Campbell Wakefield married, May 24, 1827, Margaret Elder, who was born December 19, 1803, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. They were married by the Rev. Thomas Thomas, in Whitewater township, Hamilton County, Ohio. They have one son, John Elder Wakefield, who was born May 10, 1828, in Crosby township, Ohio. He is their only child.

In June, 1835, Mr. Wakefield came to McLean County, Illinois, and bought land, where he now lives, near Heyworth. He returned to Ohio and brought out his family in October of the same year. He came with one large ox-team and two horse-teams. He immediately went to farming. He lived at first in a double cabin made of round logs with the bark still on. It was a rough dwelling, but it served his purpose for six years. He hauled his wheat to Chicago, took his own provisions with him, and received forty or fifty cents per bushel. There they bought their boots and shoes and leather and other necessaries. He remembers the celebrated sudden change in the weather of December, 1836, and says that the first blast which came from the west froze everything up solid and covered the earth with a coating of ice. He hunted deer on the ice, and as it was everywhere slippery he succeeded in catching them with dogs. Mr. Wakefield has had rare sport in killing deer and wolves, and has frequently participated in the general hunts towards a pole put up in some central locality. He has continued farming up to the present time, has entered some land and bought some, and continued adding to his original tract until he has obtained about fifteen hundred acres nearly all together. A part of it is now occupied by John Elder Wakefield, who lives a short distance west of his father's homestead.

Mr. Wakefield is of medium height and rather solidly built. His average weight is about one hundred and eighty-four pounds. His head is large and English in appearance. He has a large brain, and seems to be a man of most excellent judgment. The lines on his face indicate success and prosperity. He seems to be a very firm and decided man, and appears to be conscious of the fact, that in whatever he does or undertakes, he is backed up by the most correct judgment. He was commissioned justice of the peace, August 25, 1840, by Governor Thomas Carlin. He was re-elected, and commissioned by Thomas Ford, who succeeded Mr. Carlin as governor of Illinois. Mr. Wakefield had very little to do, as the people tried to deal fairly with each other and settle their differences without resorting to law. They had no use for locks on their doors. Mr. Wakefield served as commissioner appointed to divide several large landed estates, and this service he performed carefully and scrupulously. In politics he

has been a Democrat. His first vote was cast in Ohio for Old Hickory, (the favorite title for General Jackson.) He has now a circular which was issued by the enemies of Jackson, with a view of influencing voters. It was called the "coffin circular." General Jackson was not a man to stand on trifles, and on one occasion hung two men, by the exercise of military power, when he thought a desperate occasion required it. This coffin circular was sent around for the purpose of striking horror into the minds of the people; but it had quite a contrary effect. Mr. Wakefield is a man of liberality and public spirit. He owned the land on which the town of Heyworth stands. He made many appropriations for public purposes. He gave the land where the Presbyterian Church now stands, for the purpose of erecting a church thereon. He gave land for the district school of the town, also land to encourage the building of the steam-mill first put up by Caussin and Wilson, and afterwards by Mr. Dice F. Hall. He donated the undivided half of forty acres of land to induce the Illinois Central Railroad to locate the depot in Heyworth, where it now stands. He made other donations to encourage trade and induce business men to locate at Heyworth. This generous policy has had its effect in the growth of the town and the enterprise and thrift of the place. Mr. Wakefield pays a tribute of respect to his wife, and says that his success in life has been due in a great measure to her influence. He has been enabled to acquire some considerable property, and it is due to the prudence and wise counsels of his wife that he has saved it.

Dr. Thomas Karr.

Dr. Thomas Karr was born on the twenty-third of April, 1793, in Bucks County, Pennsylvania. His father, Captain John Karr, was a soldier in the Revolutionary war. His mother's maiden name was Mercy Lee, and both father and mother came from old English stock. His great-grandfather knew Philadelphia when it was but a whortleberry patch. Like nearly all of our old settlers, Thomas Karr sprang from a numerous family; he had five brothers and four sisters. While Thomas was yet an infant his father moved to the township of Mansfield, Sussex County, New Jersey, east of the Delaware River. Here he received his early education in a district school kept in a little log school-house

with only one window. Thomas was a precocious boy in some respects: for whether or not he was very forward with his lessons, he certainly was well advanced in the favor of those troublesome creatures who plague the lives of school-boys—the girls! When he was sixteen or seventeen years of age, he took quite a fancy to a young girl, and while dancing with her at noon around a bucket of water, they accidently upset it. The teacher took them to task for it, and Thomas insisted that he was to blame, and claimed that he should receive all the punishment; but the teacher punished them both. Thomas bore his own without any trouble, but he cried most bitterly when the pretty girl he fancied so much was punished too. Forty-five years after this little circumstance, he met an elderly lady, who recognized him, and reminded him of the incident—she was the pretty girl of his youth.

When he was about eighteen years of age, his father moved to Cincinnati Ohio, where he arrived on the last day of October, 1810. Cincinnati was then a very small place, and Thomas has frequently shot ducks in ponds, which were standing where Third street now is. In this new country Thomas was set at work. He hauled wood to market in the town, and made himself generally useful. After hauling wood two miles he could sell it for fifty cents per cord! This occupation he followed during the winter of 1810–11. In the spring of 1811 the family moved up the Ohio River, ten miles from Cincinnati, where he remained nearly three years. It was in the fall of 1811 that Thomas Karr first saw a steamboat. It slowly moved up the Ohio River, about as fast as a boy could walk, and Mr. Karr could only express his astonishment by following it for three or four miles and throwing stones at it! During the following year (1812) war was declared with England. During this war all men were enrolled, and those of the military age, were put on a muster-roll and were liable to draft. They were afterwards divided into classes and graded, and one class was exhausted before another was taken. Men did not volunteer, but were drafted. Dr. Karr was drafted twice, and once he volunteered for a special expedition. But he was not at any time in actual service, as the occasions for which the drafts were made passed without requiring troops.

While living in Hamilton County, the only place to ship produce was at General Harrison's Landing on the Ohio River, from

whence it was taken away on flatboats. General Harrison, who lived there at the time, was a man about six feet in height, and rather slim built. His eye was very bright and expressive, and whoever once saw him never forgot him. He was the son-in-law of Judge Simms, the early proprietor of Hamilton County. The land in this county was granted to Judge Simms by patent from the government in the year 1800 or thereabouts. The patent covered all the land from the mouth of the Big Miami River to the mouth of the Little Miami, and extended twelve miles into the interior, and was given on the condition that Judge Simms should cause a large number of settlers to make their homes there.

In the year 1814, or about that time, the Karr family moved to North Bend in Whitewater township, where General Harrison lived. Here it was that Thomas was married; but his lovely bride was not the pretty girl of his youth, in whose company he had been punished for upsetting the bucket of water. These little school boy romances are short lived. He married a charming young widow lady, named Elizabeth Kitchell. He has had a family of five children, but they are now all dead except one.

In 1833 Dr. Thomas Karr bought land at Randolph's Grove, McLean County, Illinois, at $1.25 per acre, and in 1835 he came on with his family to occupy it. He arrived on the last day of October, and had at the time neither rail nor clapboard. He lived for two weeks after his arrival with two other families, containing in all eighteen persons, in a room sixteen feet square. But at the end of two weeks he had built a log hut in the woods and occupied it immediately, and felt rich! The family lived in this little cabin for about two years and a half, when Dr. Karr was enabled to build a frame house of more respectable appearance.

In 1843 Dr. Karr was the assessor of McLean County, and did his work in fifty-five days, for which he received two hundred dollars.

Dr. Karr was in the early days a Democrat, but when his old acquaintance, General Harrison, was a candidate for the presidency, Dr. Karr was obliged to split his ticket and give the general a vote. The political parties prepared for this campaign

very early. Dr. Karr says that in January, 1840, the winter preceding the campaign, he saw a party of men in the timber viewing the trees. They were looking and pointing first at one large tree and then at another, and finally they selected one, out of which they made a canoe, which was an emblem of the Whig party. This canoe, as our old settlers will nearly all remember, was taken to the various Whig gatherings during the following summer, and created quite a sensation.

Dr. Karr is about five feet and eight inches in height, is rather heavy set, and his face is red and full. He is now nearly eighty years of age, but no one would think him over sixty. He is pleasant, talkative, and, above all things, jolly. He enjoys the world very much, and although he has now obtained a great age, he will live yet many years.

Dr. Karr was twice married. He first married, December 31, 1814, Elizabeth Kitchell, a widow, and had five children, of whom only one is living. They are:

Mrs. Eleanor Hopping, wife of Edward Hopping, born October 7, 1815. She and her husband both died in McLean County at Randolph's Grove.

Martha Ann, wife of James Hodson, born November 2, 1817. She and her husband both died at Randolph's Grove.

Thomas Jefferson Karr, born February 10, 1821, died at Blooming Grove.

William Karr, born January 5, 1823, lives with his father at Randolph's Grove.

Elizabeth, wife of Captain Scoggin, of Blooming Grove, was born August 4, 1825. She died shortly after her marriage.

Aaron Kitchell, of Bloomington, is a son of Mrs. Karr by her first marriage.

Dr. Karr married Mrs. Martha Evans, of Ebensburg, Pennsylvania. Her maiden name was Martha Edwards. She was a sister of Dr. Karr's first wife. Mrs. Karr was born December 18, 1802, in Llambrynmire, Wales. She is a very kind lady, and loves to entertain her friends in English style.

William Karr.

William Karr was born January 5, 1823, in Whitewater township, Hamilton County, Ohio. He was educated partly in

Ohio and partly in Illinois. He was rather a precocious scholar and learned his lessons easily. In Ohio he went to a schoolmaster named Dow, who occasionally took his dram. Mr. Dow sometimes felt the effect of spirits in the schoolroom, and once in a while fell asleep. At one time when he went to sleep all of his scholars left the schoolroom and went home without shutting the school-house door. A flock of sheep, which was grazing near by, went into the school-house, and when the master awoke from his slumber he was astonished at the character and appearance of his pupils. This incident made the schoolmaster wiser, and he never again fell asleep in school. When William Karr was eight or nine years of age, he suffered extremely from rheumatism, but being anxious to continue his studies he was taken to school on a gentle horse, by his brother Jefferson. He studied while lying down on two chairs. In October, 1835, the Karr family came to Illinois, as stated in the preceding sketch of his father. At Randolph's Grove William Karr, when only twelve years of age, went to school to Mr. Evans, a good old man, for a few days; but the schoolmaster said that William was too far advanced for him, and that ended his schooling with Mr. Evans. William Karr continued his education under other teachers, and made good progress. One of his old schoolmasters, Mr. Burrows, is still living at Young's place in Randolph's Grove.

William Karr married, December 24, 1844, Miss Mary Jane Elder, a daughter of David and Hannah Elder. She came from Whitewater township, Hamilton County, Ohio, where Mr. Karr was born. She came with her father's family to Randolph's Grove, October 13, 1842. On the day after their marriage, Elizabeth Karr, William's sister, was married to Captain Scoggin, of Blooming Grove. This was December 25th. On the 26th of the same month they were given a grand dinner by Squire Campbell Wakefield, who had married William Karr and Mary Jane Elder. Squire Wakefield is Mrs. William Karr's uncle.

Mr. and Mrs. Karr have had eight children, six of whom are living, four sons and two daughters. The first child in infancy.

Anstis Karr was born January 30, 1850, is married to Richard M. Jones, and lives in Bloomington.

Iris Karr, born March 6, 1852.

John Karr, born May 8, 1856.

Joseph Wakefield Karr, born July 1, 1859, and William Elder Karr, born January 31, 1869, all live at home.

Thomas D. Karr, born January 16, 1862, died September 12, 1864.

William Karr is about five feet and nine and one-half inches in height, is a very active man, and has not been sick during the last twenty-five years. His hair is thick on his head, but turning slightly gray. His eyes are light gray, like his father's. His family and his father's live in the same house, and it would be hard to find in McLean County a family whose familiar intercourse is marked by such consideration and delicacy of feeling. It is the lady who makes the household. It is said that a member of the Japanese government once called on the United States Minister, Mr. Delong, and, observing the fine taste displayed at the home of the American, inquired the reason. Mr. Delong said: "It is because a lady presides over the household." This, perhaps, goes far to explain the happy life and pleasant feeling in Mr. Karr's family.

George Martin.

George Martin was born January 13, 1802, in Franklin County, Pennsylvania. His father, Joseph Martin, and his mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Thompson, were both born in County Down, Ireland, and emigrated to the United States at an early day. In 1802, when George was an infant, his parents moved from Pennsylvania to Mason County, Kentucky, and remained there until 1813, when they moved to Whitewater township, Hamilton County, Ohio. He does not remember much of the war of 1812. His brother went into the army as a volunteer. His father lived for a long time in a little log cabin in the woods, and George had a fine opportunity to study nature at his leisure. In 1830, he married Susannah Harvey. In the latter part of October, 1835, he came to McLean County, Illinois, with Campbell Wakefield. He has lived here ever since. He has usually followed farming, and rented land of Mr. Wakefield. He has lived a happy and contented life, has engaged in all the sports of the early settlers, and has been to every wolf and deer hunt in the neighborhood.

George Martin is a little more than six feet in height; his

hair is gray with age. He is an honest, faithful, hard working man. He has a very pleasant, honest expression on his countenance, and no doubt observes the golden rule to do as he would be done by.

George Martin has had six children in his family, one of whom is dead.

They are:

Zebulon Alonzo, a stepson, Joseph T., James N., Margaret M. J. and Andrew C. W. Martin.

TOWANDA.

Jesse Walden.

Jesse Walden was born February 12, 1808, in Woodford County, Kentucky. His father, Elijah Walden, was American born, but of English descent, and his mother, whose maiden name was Sally Walker, was born in Hanover County, Virginia, but was of Welch descent.

When Jesse Walden was five or six years of age, the family moved to Clark County, Indiana, near Charlestown, and there remained until they came to Illinois. Mr. Walden, sr., was a very religious man and a member of the Methodist Church, and his brother was a Methodist preacher. Jesse was therefore very carefully and very religiously reared. This, however, did not prevent the growth of boyish vanity. When he became old enough to own a handkerchief and some store clothes he thought himself of great consequence in the universe of God. He and a friend, while looking very pretty in their new garments, crossed a creek near by in a perogue (large canoe,) and on their return jumped into the water to prevent themselves from going over the dam. The store clothes had to suffer.

On the 28th of July, 1828, Jesse Walden married Elizabeth Pike, in Casey County, on the Green Brier Ridges, and in the fall of 1828, he started to Illinois. When he arrived in Sangamon County, about eight miles east of Springfield, he had but seven dollars in his pocket. He spent half of this for cooking utensils, and half to put his gun in order for the purpose of killing prairie chickens, turkeys and wild hogs. It is interest-

ing to know how a man under such circumstances could manage. He first helped a neighbor build a house, for which service he received a wagon; then he built a log house for himself, except the roof; then he traded his wagon and a bureau, which he had brought with him, for a claim on which was a cabin and twelve acres of improved land. This he rented to a new comer for twelve bushels of corn per acre. He sold the logs for the house on his own improvement, and rented a place and a team to work it, paying one-half of the crop as rent, and thus became fairly started. Such was the ingenuity of a man who began with almost nothing. He raised a crop and sold his half in the field for three head of cattle, sold his improved claim for a horse and a milch cow, and moved to Blooming Grove. This was in 1829.

Here he lived, near his uncle William Walker's, until after the deep snow.

In the spring of 1831, Mr. Walden moved to the southern edge of Money Creek timber to a farm rented of Jacob Spawr, and there remained for three years. Mr. Walden speaks particularly of the frights occasioned during the Black Hawk war, and especially the scare at the close, when the rangers returned and fired off their guns in the timber.

Mr. Walden moved from Jacob Spawr's place to the northeast side of Money Creek, where Jesse Trimmer lives. In 1834, while hunting with a party in the Mackinaw barrens, and while in camp there at night, they saw the falling of the meteors and almost concluded that the day of judgment had come.

He lived on his claim, near the present Trimmer place, for three years, then three years in Mackinaw timber, then three years at Randolph's Grove, and then moved to Smith's Grove, about three miles from the present village of Towanda, and there he has lived ever since. The great sudden change in the weather took place in December, 1836, while Mr. Walden lived at Mackinaw timber. He was about a mile and a-half from home, but jumped on his horse and started on the full run, the intense cold freezing the slush as he traveled. As he passed a slough near his house he saw a lot of pigs belonging to his neighbor Bartholomew, frozen fast in it. When he arrived home, he could scarcely pull off his overcoat as it was frozen fast. Mr. Bartholomew was obliged to chop his pigs loose from

the ice to get them out. During this sudden change, William Walden, the brother of Jesse, came across the prairie on foot, and the water plashed on his trousers and froze on them so rapidly that he was obliged to cut off his pantaloons below the knee in order to travel. He was driving an ox-team and had a friend with him who wished to resign himself to fate and die, but William pitched the man into the wagon and brought him home.

Jesse Walden succeeded well and accumulated some property; but about four years ago he lost his health, and his financial matters also suffered, but he still in good circumstances.

Mrs. Walden died August 10, 1867. She was a good woman, and to her Mr. Walden no doubt owes in a great measure the success he has met with in life. Ten children were born of this marriage. They are:

John Walden, born August 9, 1828, in Indiana, and brought to Illinois when only seven weeks old. He is a mechanic, and lives one mile south of Bloomington.

William Louis Walden, born March 24, 1830, was a soldier in the army during the rebellion. He died in March, 1869, at Pleasant Hill.

James Walden died in early youth.

George Wesley Walden, born September 16, 1834, lives at Chenoa.

Jesse Wallace Walden, born September 10, 1836, is a farmer, and lives five or six miles northeast of Lexington.

Martha Elizabeth died in infancy.

Archy Walden was a soldier in the army. He enlisted at the outbreak of the war in the First Illinois Cavalry, in the company commanded by Captain (afterwards General) McNulta. He lives near his father's on the homestead place.

Henry Walden, born June 5, 1842, lives in Blue Mound township.

Sarah Jane, wife of John Kerr, lives near her father's on the homestead place.

Albert Walden, born July 13, 1851, is a farmer and lives on the Mackinaw in Gridley township.

Jesse Walden married January 14, 1869, Mrs. Sarah McCorkle. She is a woman of tact and fine sense and enjoys her-

self in polite society. Mr. Walden is about five feet and a-half in height, but appears somewhat taller. He has been somewhat heavy, weighing one hundred and ninety pounds. He is rather slow of speech, his eyes are small but expressive, and his nose is somewhat prominent. He is very humorous and likes to plague people, particularly young ladies, in a good natured way. He is a very companionable man, and one of the best known among the early settlers.

WHITE OAK.

John Benson, Sr.

John Benson was born in York County, Pennsylvania, March 1, 1778. He was the eldest of ten children, two only of whom are now living. His father was born in Derry County, Ireland, and his mother, whose maiden name was Mollie Taylor, was born in York County, Pennsylvania. Her parents had emigrated from Ireland at an early day. His father, James Benson, was a private soldier in the Continental army, and fought gallantly for American independence. He was taken prisoner at Fort Washington, Col. Magraw commanding, and was confined for a long time on board of a prison-ship, at Philadelphia. James Benson was a farmer, but being anxious to better his condition, he removed to Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, when young John was only three years of age. In 1785, he moved to McClellan's Station, Bourbon County, Kentucky. At this place John received all of his schooling, which was none too much. He was taught to spell by an old bachelor Englishman, out of Dillworth's spelling-book. At the age of twelve his education was finished, and although it was not very much, it was not by any means to be despised in those days. Those were pioneer days in Kentucky. James Benson hauled the logs to build the first house in Paris, Bourbon County. In 1795, James Benson removed his family to John Mills Station, (now Millersburg,) Nicholas County, Kentucky, where he died. On the sixth of October, 1803, John Benson married Sallie Music, at the residence of Colonel Robert Berry. He at once removed to near Stirling, Montgomery County, where he was engaged in the tanning business. Three years after this he removed to Gibson County, Indiana.

John Benson was a soldier in the war of 1812, and fought at Tippecanoe under General Harrison. He says that the Indians had been committing some depredations when Harrison was sent to Tippecanoe with orders not to fight unless it was necessary. The Indians were found drawn up in line of battle, but they signified their willingness to make peace. The whites asked for a place to camp, and the Indians showed them a position which seemed very poor for defence in case of an attack, and a better locality was chosen. Some of the Indians followed the whites, and asked if they had any cannon, and when told "yes," said they knew better. The whites confined a man whom they thought to be a spy, until the battle was over. They lay on their arms that night, and were furiously attacked by Indians in the morning at about two hours before daybreak. The Indians made four separate attacks, and drove the whites back to their horses, but could drive them no farther. The Indians retreated just at daybreak, but the whites considered themselves about half whipped. The battle lasted two hours and five minutes by the watch.

Mr. Benson remained in Gibson County, Indiana, until 1820, when he removed to that part of the county of Sangamon, which now forms Logan County, Illinois. He arrived November 6th, with his brother-in-law, Asa Music. Here he rented a cabin and went to work. He cultivated a garden with ox'es shoes! We have heard of a great many kinds of agricultural implements, but this is the first time we ever heard of ox'es shoes being put to such novel service. The crops were fine, and everything would have been satisfactory had it not been for the fever and ague. The little settlement there consisted of three families only, and the loss of Mr. Benson's daughter Polly, a young lady between seventeen and eighteen years of age, cast a shadow over them all. But the settlers seemed contented with their lot; the game furnished meat, and the groves furnished honey. Mr. Benson had some experience as a peddler. He peddled all over Illinois, flax-wheels, which he took on a debt from his brother William.

Mr. Benson states a curious circumstance about the domestication of the hog. The year before he removed to Illinois, he came out to the State with his brother-in-law and brought a load of hogs. They lost some on the way, and those that were taken through to Illinois became in one year so wild that they had to

be shot to be saved. If he had not shot them, probably he would have had no more claim on them than on the wild deer. In 1823 he removed to Blooming Grove and entered the farm now owned by Andrew Scoggin. He was preceded a year or more by John Dawson and John Hendrix. Thomas Orendorff came during the spring of that year. They assisted Mr. Benson in raising his cabin.

Mr. Benson has a lively recollection of the Indians. Old Machina, the chief of the Kickapoos, often sang lullabys to his children. With the Indians the culinary art is still in its infancy. On one occasion old Machina came to Mr. Benson's house with a deer which he had killed, and borrowed a kettle to cook a part of it. He cut off the head and boiled it for a short time, and then made a broth by mixing in some meal. It was a mixture which no one but an Indian could eat, and Mr. Benson, jr., says he could not eat broth for twenty years afterwards, because of the recollection of that Indian mixture.

Mr. Benson was a live farmer. Agricultural implements were not easy to obtain in those primitive days, and he had some difficulty in getting a plow. But he finally had one made by Mr. McKnight, of Elkhart Grove; the iron work was done by Mr. White. The mouldboard and shear of the plow were all in one piece. It would be quite a curiosity now. The team which drew the plow would also be a curiosity. It consisted of two small horses and two small steers. The horses took the lead, while the steers were attached directly to the plow. With this queer arrangement he broke thirteen acres of prairie during the first year.

John Benson, sr., taught school two winters in Blooming Grove. He taught one session of three months and one of six months, on the south side of the grove, about a mile east of Captain Scoggin's place. He thinks he was the first teacher at the grove. Another man, Dr. Trabue, taught at the same time on the east side of the grove.

In September, 1828, was held the first protracted meeting at the house of Ebenezer Rhodes. The services were conducted by Mr. Pankas, from Loudon County, Virginia, assisted by Mr. John Green, of Morgan County, Illinois; both were New Light preachers. The meeting was attended by the settlers from far

and near. Mrs. Benson, young James Benson, and four others, joined the church, and an organization was formed which met alternately at Mr. Benson's and at Mr. Josiah Brown's, of Dry Grove. Ebenezer Rhodes was their pastor for many years, assisted by Mr. James Scott, of Kickapoo.

The early settlers paid very little attention to literature. All of their exertions were required in getting a start in the world. Mr. Benson's library consisted of a bible, a testament, a life of Washington, and McCarty's history of the late war.

In the spring of 1825 there occurred an event in McLean County in which ladies will be particularly interested. It was a wedding, the first which had ever been celebrated in the county where white people were the parties. We have no doubt that often before this the Indian lover had won his dusky maiden and celebrated the happy event in his own peculiar manner; but never before had there been here a genuine white man's wedding. The parties were Thomas Orendorff and Melinda Walker. We have no particulars with regard to the affair. Jenkins was not there to describe the dresses worn and comment on the appearance of the bride. We have no doubt she appeared charming enough. Ladies always do; they seem to understand such matters.

In the early days the incidents which now would impress us so little seemed to the pioneers to be great events. Mr. Benson remembers what an import element of commerce beeswax was, as it was gathered from the bee-trees in the groves.

Mr. Benson and his son assisted James Allin in raising his double log cabin, the first house built on the original site of Bloomington. Mr. Allin first intended to use Mr. Benson's house as a store, but was dissuaded from this because some of the neighbors did not like it, as Mr. Benson was a Whig. Mr. Benson has a lively recollection of the winter of the deep snow, in 1830–1, and thinks that on account of the deep snow the farmers of McLean County have never been able to make fall wheat yield a fair return.

On the fourteenth of November, 1841, the wife of Mr. Benson died at Blooming Grove, and as his sons had moved to White Oak, he also removed thither. On the twenty-third of May, 1842, he married Elizabeth Waldron, of Bowling Green, Illinois, who died in August, 1871.

Mr. Benson was treasurer of Tazewell County in 1827. He was very quick with his pen, and a correct speller, and these were considered great accomplishments in early days. He was treasurer for only one year, and assessor as well.

Mr. Benson now lives with his son John at White Oak, surrounded by his children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, numbering one hundred and fifteen persons. His three sons now living, John, James and William, are old, gray-headed men, surrounded by their children and grandchildren. They might form a community by themselves, as they live on adjoining farms. The old gentleman was ninety-six years of age in March, 1874, the oldest man in the county. In manner he is pleasing and affable, though somewhat dignified. He is about five feet and four inches in height, and his form is somewhat bowed with age. In other days he was five feet and six and one-half inches in height. His form is not heavy, on the contrary, a little thin. His hair is now very white, as might be expected; his features are clearly defined and regular. In dress Mr. Benson was always plain; he never wore boots until he was sixty years of age. He formerly wore the garb so common with the pioneers, a wolf skin cap, a hunting shirt and buckskin breeches. In fall and winter he wore moccasins, but in summer he went barefooted, and frequently used his bare feet to stamp out the prairie fire. He lost his eyesight when forty-one years of age, and regained it when sixty-five. He was always remarkable for his intrepidity and his adventurous spirit. He is still in good health, and often walks two or three miles in a day.

John Benson, Jr.

John Benson, jr., was born October 12, 1807, in Gibson County, Indiana. He lived there until he was twelve years old, and then went with the Benson family to Illinois, to that part of Sangamon County which now forms the county of Logan. In 1823 the family moved to Blooming Grove, to the place now occupied by Andrew W. Scoggin. Old Mr. Benson and his sons James, Jesse and John, had made an improvement at Blooming Grove, and John Benson, jr., returned with his father and brought up the family. They had a hard time at first, as they were obliged to pay a dollar a bushel for corn, and earn the money by splitting rails for fifty cents per hundred.

John Benson, jr., was a great bee hunter. The first bee tree he found was on Salt Creek, and out of it he obtained three gallons of honey. On the day following he found a tree, out of which he took six gallons of honey and eight pounds of beeswax, and after that he found many trees and much honey. In a single limb of a tree he at one time found two swarms of bees. He frequently went to the Vermilion River towards Pontiac and brought home a barrel of honey for his pains.

Mr. Benson often had wolf chases, which furnished great amusement. At one time when he and Thomas Orendorff were near Major's Grove, a wolf appeared near by, sitting on the ground and looking at them impudently. Mr. Benson ran after it and struck it down with an ear of corn, and Orendorff followed and killed it.

When Mr. Benson was twenty-one years of age, he started with the Funks to drive pigs to Galena. He stopped in Peoria about two weeks, and while there witnessed a little misunderstanding, which sprang up between a Dutchman and a negro, and was settled in the way in which too many such matters were attended to in those days. They fought it out. The Dutchman threw the negro down, but unfortunately allowed his thumb to be inserted in the negro's mouth. Some of the bystanders called out, "Let's part them." "No," said another, "let them fight it out; one's a Dutchman and the other's a nigger!" But the parties to the misunderstanding thought they had done enough for the amusement of the crowd, and stopped.

The Funks had a hard time in moving their pigs, which broke through the ice in the Illinois River. Jacob and Jesse Funk went after them waist deep in water; but notwithstanding all their exertions, two of the pigs were drowned. A heavy fall of snow made it difficult to travel, and a wagon going before made a track for the pigs to walk. When the party came to the head of Crow Creek the weather was intensely cold, and all but one of the party was frost-bitten. Here old John Dixon lived. He was the pioneer who afterwards moved to Rock River. By this time Mr. Benson found that he had enough of it, and returned to Blooming Grove, while the remainder of the party went on to Galena.

Mr. Benson sent eleven hogs with the "bunch," that was taken to Chicago, when all of the farmers clubbed together.

They stopped at Big Sulphur Springs for several weeks, on account of a sleet storm, which made it impossible to travel. The cold was intense, and the men in charge of the swine were obliged to stand guard to prevent the pigs from piling one on top of another, and crushing those beneath them to death.

Mr. Benson remembers some queer incidents of old days. One strange genius, called Jake, liked to exaggerate very much, in order to make his entertaining stories better appreciated. Once, while a number of hands were working in a field, Jake was sent for water, and during his absence one of them killed a prairie rattlesnake, and they resolved to tell some big snake stories when Jake came back, in order to draw him out. On his return, one of the party told of the mountain rattlesnakes of Tennessee. Jake roused up and said that when he lived in Ohio, the people were troubled by an enormous snake which they could not kill or catch. At last they drove an ox to the hole of the serpent, which immediately swallowed up the "critter" alive. This made the snake so sluggish that people came up with their rifles and shot it again and again until they killed it. This story was not disputed. Jake once told of a large turkey which came into his field, while he was harvesting, and troubled him by eating his grain. He killed it, and it was so large that when its neck was stragihtened over his shoulders its feet dragged in the *snow*. This story also remained undisputed, though the idea of snow in harvest seemed rather queer.

Mr. Benson was in the Black Hawk war, in 1832, having enlisted in Captain McClure's company. They elected their officers at Pekin, and proceeded from there to Peoria and thence on to Dixon's Ferry. On the morning after Stillman's Run, Mr. Benson went up with the army to the scene of the disaster, and helped to bury the dead. The evening of that day in spring time he stood picket without fire or blanket, and was wakeful enough, as may be supposed. Among the funny stories told of Stillman's Run, is one relating to a man named Vesey. A short time before the fight occurred, a lot of whisky was distributed among the soldiers, and they seemed to think as much of this enticing beverage as of their lives. Mr. Vesey carried his whisky in a coffee-pot, which he handled most tenderly. At one time when he found a chance to give the Indians a shot he dismounted,

put down his coffee-pot carefully, fired at the Indians, picked up his coffee-pot tenderly, remounted his horse and rode away. The army returned to Dixon's Ferry, and three companies went from there to Ottawa. The day after their arrival at the latter place Captain McClure's company and a few other volunteers went up to Indian Creek and buried the murdered families of Davis, Hall and Pettigrew, which had been previously buried in a shallow grave by the house. After building a fort at Ottawa, the soldiers were mustered out of service.

Mr. Benson has since lived happily at White Oak Grove, where he still resides, without any other remarkable adventure. His domestic life has been very pleasant. In 1830 he married Penina Hinshaw, with whom he has lived most happily ever since. He has had twelve children, of whom nine are living. They are:

Mrs. Mary M. Arnold, wife of J. W. Arnold, lives at Eureka in Woodford County.

Robert Music Benson was a soldier in the Thirty-third Illinois Volunteers. He was wounded in the face at Vicksburg. He now lives in Bloomington.

Phillip Young Benson was also in the Thirty-third Illinois. He lives now about four miles east of his father's.

Mrs. Penina Ann Conger, wife of John D. Conger, lives at Eldora, Hardin County, Iowa.

Mrs. Sarah Brown, wife of Wiley Brown, lives in Bloomington.

Mrs. Lydia Ellen Smith, wife of Frank Smith, lived at Eldora, Hardin County, Iowa. She died July 9, 1873.

Miss Addie Benson lives at her father's house.

Mrs. Lucy F. Smales, wife of Charles H. Smales, lives in Hancock County, Illinois.

Emmett Lee Benson lives at home.

Mr. Benson is five feet and five inches in height, is quite bald, is very healthy, has small, humorous eyes, is strong, active and industrious, loves fun, and indeed no one appreciates a joke better than he. He remembere clearly and distinctly the events of the past, and his intellect is not impaired by age. He sings to his grandchildren the song he learned of the Indian chief of the Kickapoos, Machina. It was not much of a song, and was

hummed in a monotonous way by Machina to the little white pappooses, who sat on his knee. It ran; "He-o, he-o, me-yok-o-nee, me-yok-o-nee," continually repeated. Mr. Benson has a peculiarly pleasing and cheerful expression of countenance, and has hardly an enemy in the world.

James Benson.

James Benson was born October 26, 1805, in Montgomery County, Kentucky. When he was only fifteen months old, the Benson family moved to Indiana, to that part of Knox County, which is now Gibson County, where they remained until 1820. In that year they moved to Illinois, to that part of Sangamon County which now forms the County of Logan, and there went to farming.

In January, 1821, James Benson went on a bee hunt to Salt Creek, and found what would be considered by bee hunters a great curiosity. It was a tree absolutely deserted by bees, but containing more than three gallons of candied honey. During the following March, he went to Kickapoo Creek on a bee hunt with a man named Campbell and another. Campbell found the first three trees and seemed to be in luck, but Benson followed up the matter well, and found a linn tree with a hollow containing a gallon of honey, and then a white oak containing ten gallons. Large flakes of honey, two feet broad, were taken out. He found next a black walnut tree which had been stripped of its bark by Indians who wished to make wigwams. When the tree died, it shrank, and various weather checks appeared, and through them the bees went to the hollow within and filled it with honey. The hunters took out of it seven or eight gallons of honey. The next tree was a burr oak with a hollow about thirty feet from the ground, and out of this they took eight or nine gallons.

Sangamon County was then a very unhealthy section of country and in the spring of 1823, the Benson family moved to Blooming Grove. James and Jesse cut and hauled house logs for ten days before the family came. They were visited by Severe Stringfield and Gardner Randolph from Randolph's Grove. On the last of May, the Benson family came on. They first moved into a linn bark camp, which had three sides closed up and the

fourth side open. The floor and roof were linn bark. That summer the family raised very little grain, and during the following winter many of their cattle died. They were subjected to many inconveniences. James was obliged to go thirty-five miles on horseback to the lower end of Lake Fork to get his plow sharpened. He crossed the Kickapoo by hanging to his horse as it swam over, and then going back with a canoe for his plow. Mr. Benson married, November 6, 1828, Polly Ann Hinshaw, who was born in Overton County, Tennessee, and had lately come to Blooming Grove. Then he went to Harley's Grove and improved a place, sold his improvement, and in 1831 moved to White Oak Grove. Here he and his brother John built a cabin and broke ground. During the following spring, they volunteered in Captain McClure's company, and went to the Black Hawk war. They went up to Dixon's Ferry and were mustered into the regular service. The famous defeat of Major Stillman's battalion occurred on the evening of the day after their arrival. In the middle of the night, Mr. Benson was awakened from his sleep by a voice calling "halloo!" On answering, he was told that Stillman's men were all killed, that the Indians had crawled on them and said "woo, woo," and butchered them all in their camp! During the following morning, Captain Eades, of Peoria, who had been in the "Run" and lost his hat, came around the camp with a handkerchief tied to his head and his sword at his side. He tried to collect his men, but they were badly scattered, and he could find but few. The greater part of the troops went up on the battle ground. Nearly all were mounted, but a few out of each company were dismounted, and these formed a company by themselves. After marching to the scene of the fight, about thirty-five miles above Dixon, and burying the dead, the men returned. Shortly afterwards, three companies, one of which was Captain McClure's, were sent to Ottawa, and on their arrival were ordered to Indian Creek, to bury the families of Davis, Hall and Pettigrew, which had been murdered by the Indians immediately after the fight of Stillman's Run. They found these families buried on the outside of the house near the chimney. But they were only lightly covered with earth and were taken up and reburied in a trench. The two boys, who escaped and who, he thinks, belonged to the Hall

family, were able to identify the dead, and by their assistance the bodies were separated and those of each family buried together. Shortly afterwards the volunteers were discharged.

Mr. Benson has made the usual trips to Chicago. He hauled wheat and drove hogs there, and sold them for prices which would not now be considered worth the trouble of the journey. At Peoria, pork brought $1.25 to $1.50, provided the larger part of the pay was taken in goods. Vinton Carlock succeeded in getting $1.00 per hundred in cash.

Mr. Benson has had fourteen children, of whom eleven are living. They are:

William Benson, who lives east of Lexington.

Mrs. Elizabeth D. Knight, wife of Moses H. Knight, who lives in Cropsy township.

Mrs. Nancy Gilstrap, wife of Henry Gilstrap, lives in Cowlick, Kansas.

Cyrus H. Benson, lives in Lawndale township.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Chisholm, wife of Jesse Chisholm, lives about three and a-half miles east of her father's.

Jesse M. Benson, lives in Lawndale township.

Mrs. Susannah Arnold, wife of James C. Arnold, lives in Cropsy township.

James P. Benson, lives in Lawndale township.

Emily W., Edward C. and Horace M. Benson, live at the homestead in White Oak Grove.

Mr. Benson is about five feet and six inches in height, is squarely built and quite strong. His hair is perfectly white. He has a sanguine complexion and temperament, is a kind man and a gentleman of the strictest integrity. He has a cataract in his eye, which has been of great trouble to him and has nearly destroyed his sight. He has had several operations performed, and it is hoped that it will now improve and his sight be restored. He has a patient and hopeful disposition, and his affliction has not affected his kindness of manner.

William Thomas Taylor Benson.

William T. T. Benson was born October 12, 1811, in Gibson County, Indiana. At the age of nine years, he went with his father's family to what is now Logan County, Illinois. In the

spring of 1823, the Benson family settled on the farm now occupied by Andrew W. Scoggin and there remained about thirteen years, after which they came to White Oak Grove. Mr. Benson married at Blooming Grove, September 25, 1834, Nancy Hinshaw, a sister of George Hinshaw, jr. He built the first house on the prairie near White Oak Grove, about half a mile south of it. He sawed lumber wih a whip saw and it was the first, he thinks, that went into Bloomington. He helped to make the first brick that went into that town, in the brick yard of Peter Whipp, where George Hinshaw now lives. But as the clay proved to be poor, the yard was moved to the Big Branch. Mr. Benson sawed lumber for Colonel Gridley to build his storehouse, but it was burned in kiln drying. Mr. Benson put up various buildings as he acquired property, and the country became developed in wealth and prosperity, and at present he has a fine, large house, with good outbuildings. He has had some experience with fires on the prairie, but only once suffered from them serious damage. This was at Blooming Grove.

Mr. Benson has been very successful in life and acquired a fair competence. He raised an orphan boy whom he has treated as his own child in every respect, even in the division of his property. He gave to three of his children and to this boy, each ninety acres of land with stock and farming implements, on condition that they should each pay him three hundred dollars. He has acquired four hundred and thirty acres of land altogether.

Mr. Benson has had five children, of whom three are living. They are:

George Benson, lives at Champaign, in Champaign County, Illinois.

Mrs. Susannah Lollis, wife of Mitchell W. Lollis, lives in the edge of White Oak Grove.

Mrs. Melissa Hand Conger, wife of Robert Conger, lives in Lawndale township.

Mr. Benson is five and one-half feet high, is rather squarely built, has a good head with a good development of intellect. His hair is almost entirely white, and his whiskers are silver. He wears spectacles, is a very pleasant man, is strictly honest in his dealings and friendly in his manner. He lives in the edge

of White Oak Grove with the family of his daughter, Mrs. Susannah Lollis.

Elisha Dixon.

Elisha Dixon was born June 14, 1809, near Romney, Hampshire County, Virginia, not far from the battle-ground of Winchester, where General Shields whipped Stonewall Jackson. There are in that country many stone fences, and it was behind one of these that Jackson's army took refuge after its unsuccessful attack on that of Shields; but the army of Shields followed up its advantage, and the troops of Jackson were flanked and driven from behind the stone wall and completely routed. Elisha Dixon's father was John Dixon, and his mother's maiden name was Drusilla Harvey. His father was of English, Irish and Scotch stock, and his mother was of German descent. He was a relative of Jeremiah Dixon, who with Mason made the survey known as Mason and Dixon's line. John Dixon was a farmer and stock-raiser, was very honest and much respected. In 1815 the Dixon family came to Ohio, and settled on the Stillwater River in Harrison County, near the town of Freeport. Here they saw many of the privations of frontier life. They were obliged to go fifty miles distant to buy frost-bitten corn, for which they had the privilege of paying seventy-five cents per bushel. About one-fourth of all the corn raised in that section of country was eaten up by squirrels. The instruction given in the schools was little enough, and only extended to reading and writing. In 1828, Elisha Dixon came to Dry Grove, in that part of Tazewell County, Illinois, which now forms the county of McLean. Here he lived two years, with only one room to his little cabin. He visited Peoria, when it had only four houses. It had a store kept by a man named Bogardus, and very little else was to be seen. A part of the pickets were still standing around Fort Clark. Mackinaw-town was simply brush and woods; it had the name of a town, but the town was not there.

During the fall before the deep snow, Mr. Dixon's stacks were burned to the ground, and he was obliged to winter his stock on bran and boiled turnips. One of his pigs was caught under a drift of snow and lived six weeks without anything to eat. Mrs. Dixon also tells of a turkey that was under the snow during this winter and survived.

During the Black Hawk war, Mr. Dixon enlisted in Captain McClure's company, and was mustered into service at Pekin, in Tazewell County. They went on to Dixon's Ferry, and after the fight of Stillman's Run went upon the ground and buried the dead. On their return to Dixon's Ferry four companies under Colonel Johnson were sent to Ottawa for the defence of that place. Captain McClure's company was then sent up to Indian Creek to bury the three families that had been murdered by the Indians there. After the burial of the bodies, they went back to Ottawa, and shortly afterwards were honorably discharged and returned home.

After Mr. Dixon's return he went to farming on the place now owned by Charles Johnson, at White Oak Grove. He worked hard and succeeded in keeping the fire out of the grove, and now a fine growth of timber has come up, equal perhaps to any in McLean County.

Mr. Dixon has taken great interest in schools, has done everything to help them along. In 1845 he was elected school treasurer, and kept the office fourteen years. He used to draw money from John Price, who was school commissioner for the whole county. Mr. Dixon took the best of care of the school money, but it sometimes made him feel very uneasy, as two attemps were made to rob him. The care and anxiety after a while seemed to him greater than the honor, and he refused to hold the office longer.

In June, 1872, Mr. Dixon was summoned on the grand jury of the United States District Court at Springfield. There he had a varied experience. He came across men who could talk. He first came in contact with a spiritualist, who was quite handy with his tongue. Mr. Dixon does not usually allow any one to get the start of him in talk, and when the spiritualist claimed to have seen signs and wonders, and to have looked on the face of the Almighty, Mr. Dixon called the gentleman's attention to the fact, that when Moses went up the mountain and looked on the face of the Almighty, and returned to the children of Israel, his brother Aaron could not look on his face on account of its brightness; but the most careful scrutiny would fail to discover any such brilliancy on the face of the spiritualist, (except that peculiar brightness which comes from spirits of the "other kind.")

While the grand jurymen were at Springfield, they had only seven cases before them; but Mr. Dixon says they were receiving three dollars per day, and wished to prolong their sitting by continually adjourning, in order to continue drawing pay. Mr. Dixon was excused at his own request and came home.

Mr. Dixon married in December, 1828, Mary Brown, of Dry Grove, who came from Overton County, Tennessee. He raised a family of five children, but only two of these are living. They are:

William Dixon, who lives at Minier, in Tazewell County.

John F. Dixon teaches school in the neighborhood of Pontiac.

Elisha Dixon is six feet and two inches in height, is heavily built, has a large and well-shaped head, covered with hair thick and white, has a pleasant smile, is kind to every one, and takes pleasure in talking to whoever calls on him. He has done fairly in life, and is disposed to be generous. Mr. Dixon can talk when he gets himself started. He can embellish matters and make them shine by the power of his imagination. When people talk to him, he can see the sharp corners and the inconsistencies of their conversation, and woe to the incautious man who makes wild statements in his presence. He takes a great interest in the events of other days and the doings of the early settlers. In religion he wishes it clearly understood that he is a degree man, and that he thinks the planetary world is a type of the spiritual world. He thinks that men will be different in intellect in the world to come, and that no one will be kept back in order that another may catch up with him in intellectual or moral development.

Smith Denman.

Smith Denman was born September 6, 1799, in Essex County, New Jersey. His father was Mathias Denman, and his mother's name before marriage was Rhoda Elston. Mr. Denman is, as far as he knows, of English descent. In 1804 the Denman family moved to Washington County, Pennsylvania, where they remained two years, and then went to Licking County, Ohio. There they began farming. Smith Denman married, June 27, 1821, Elizabeth Dixon, and set up for himself in life by leasing land. By hard work he made money enough to come to Illinois, which

he did in September, 1829. He had a pleasant journey, and settled at White Oak Grove, McLean County, Illinois. He lived quite comfortably during the winter of the deep snow. He worked well and carefully, though he was not a large farmer.

Mr. Denman has had eleven children, of whom four are living. They are:

Jabez Harris Denman, who lives in Bolinger County, Missouri.

Mrs. Drusilla Buck, wife of Daniel W. Buck, lives in Palestine township, Woodford County, Illinois.

Smith Denman, jr., lives in Montgomery County, Illinois.

Mrs. Mary Benson lives in McLean County, about ten miles east of Lexington.

Mr. Denman is six feet in height, is slenderly built, is a pleasant, accommodating gentleman, and a straightforward, honest man.

Abraham W. Carlock.

Abraham W. Carlock was born April 7, 1800, in Hampshire County, West Virginia, near the west branch of the Potomac River. His paternal grandfather emigrated to this country from Germany, and settled in Virginia shortly before the outbreak of the Revolutionary war. During the war he was a soldier in the Continental army. Shortly after Abraham's birth his father moved to Overton County, Tennessee, about fifteen miles from Livingston, the county seat, on the Obey River. Here he began farming on a small scale, and hunting on a large scale. Young Abraham was then quite a rambler. His son, W. B. Carlock, says of him: "He busied himself in rambling over the mountains, hills and valleys, gathering chestnuts, chincapins, blackberries and whortleberries, and chasing squirrels and ground hogs (woodchucks)." If he did all of that in one day, it certainly must have kept him quite busy. But it seems that the big game was left for Abraham's father, for the same good authority says; "There were a great many bear in the country at that time, but that sort of game was left for the old gentleman to attend to, and it is safe to say that bear meat was no rarity in the old man's family." Abraham Carlock was a good, industrious boy, and did not neglect his "chores." He "tended" the

farm well, and raised corn, tobacco and sweet potatoes. He raised pork, too, for the Southern market, though his pigs had a bad habit of running wild and becoming, as his son says, "as wild as the wildest deer." At the age of twenty-four Abraham was married to Mary Goodpasture, and in his subsequent prosperity he might exclaim:

"She has my faithful shepherd been,
In pastures good hath led me."

In the spring of 1827 Abraham Carlock, with his wife and two children moved to Morgan County, Illinois. They walked nearly the whole distance. After remaining there three or four years he moved to Dry Grove, McLean County, and in 1836 he moved to White Oak Grove. At White Oak Grove his boys caught many prairie chickens close to his house, even within thirty yards of his door. Sometimes they would catch twenty or thirty in a trap. They were dried and hung on strings to be preserved. Shortly after the Black Hawk war he traveled over the northern part of the State, and especially over the Fox River country, to find land to purchase. While on his travels he met the old Indian chief, Shabbona, who lived on Fox River at the grove which bears his name. This chief had been a warm friend to the whites through good and evil report, and saved many lives during the Indian troubles in early days, by warning settlers of approaching danger.

In the fall of 1833 occurred the celebrated phenomena called the falling of the meteors. Mr. Carlock was at that time in the Fox River country, and the meteors fell at all points of the compass, and lit up the whole heavens. Of course this phenomena alarmed the superstitious, as such things always do, and many people thought the millenium was surely at hand.

In 1836 he sold his property at Dry Grove, and moved to White Oak Grove. His land at White Oak Grove lies partly in McLean and partly in Woodford County. His house stands about one hundred yards outside of the line of McLean County. Nevertheless he considers himself a McLean County man, as nearly all his interests are connected with it. Mr. Carlock and his careful wife have been blessed with twelve children. Ten of these grew to manhood and womanhood, and eight are now living.

Old Mr. Carlock will be seventy-five years of age on the seventh of April next. He is nearly six feet in height, has round shoulders, a fair complexion and a strong constitution. His hair is perfectly white. He is very active, full of life and humor, and does as much work as any hand on the farm. He is a great hunter, and has been known to kill three or four deer in a single day. He is now worth about one hundred thousand dollars, and has fairly earned it by patient toil and strict economy. He has about one thousand acres of choice land, finely improved and under good cultivation. The old gentleman is jovial, kind-hearted and hospitable by nature, and has a great many friends. In politics he is an uncompromising Democrat, one of the strictest kind. There is no milk and sugar about it; he takes his Democracy clear. He cast his first vote for Andrew Jackson, and his last for Horace Greeley, because Mr. Greeley was nominated at Baltimore. He is such a staunch, uncompromising Democrat that many people who are unacquainted with his name know him as the "Old Democrat," and his son says his paper would pass current if signed with that *soubriquet.*

In religion Mr. Carlock is a Universalist. His son says he has "read the scriptures *strenuously*," and believes in the salvation of all mankind. If a traveling minister of any denomination comes along, Mr. Carlock will entertain him most hospitably, but will probably make him sit up until two o'clock in the morning to discuss doctrinal points. He is full of eccentricities. In the presence of his children he pleads great poverty, in order to induce them to study economy. He was never known to make a visit, in the strict sense of the word. He is very much attached to his home, and never gets into debt, and it would be well if people generally had these eccentricities. He has never ridden in a railroad car, a steamboat or even an omnibus.

Mr. Carlock is one of the most hospitable of men, indeed this seems to be the case with nearly all of the early pioneers; his "latch-string is always out;" in his home there is good cheer, and in his welcome, good feeling.

Stephen Taylor.

Stephen Taylor was born in Washington County, Ohio, February 28, 1814. His father's name was Stephen Taylor, and his mother's, before marriage, was Lovisa Rathbone. His parents were Americans, as were their ancestors, so far as he knows. His father was born in New York, and his mother in Maine. Stephen Taylor, sr., enlisted during the war of 1812, at the last call for volunteers, and died at Detroit, Michigan, of sickness. There were four children in the Taylor family, and they had left to them four hundred dollars each. Their money was put into the hands of Squire John Brown, who put it into the hands of some one else, and it went the way of all money.

When Stephen Taylor was sixteen years of age, he started out in life for himself without asking leave of any one, as his mother had married a second time and was provided for. He went to Morgan County, on the Muskingum River, and began chopping wood for twenty cents per cord. It was there that he, with two others, cut and corded in one job thirty-three hundred cords of wood. For the last wood he cut, on the Muskingum River, he received sixteen and two-thirds cents per cord; but it was nearly all tree tops. He remained there for some time, and ran down about three times a year with salt to Cincinnati. He had only one accident, that he remembers particularly. He once had a boat containing salt staved in on some rocks. It was taken near shore immediately, but all except a few barrels of salt were spoiled. Stephen Taylor worked hard, and by his industry earned enough money to come to Illinois and enter eighty acres of land and buy ten acres of timber. In 1836, he came by steamboat to Pekin, and walked from there to Bloomington, then back to Madison, Indiana. On the Sangamon River, he stopped at a hotel, where he was obliged to sleep in a room with fourteen others, and one of them, unfortunately, had some gold taken from his person. All of the company were searched, but the missing gold was not found. Mr. Taylor wore, at the beginning of this journey on foot, a pair of calf boots, which, becoming alternately wet and dry, shrank and blistered his feet, and he was somtimes obliged to walk in his socks. At Danville, he bought a pair of shoes and cut up his boots, as they could not

be sold. At Perrysville, on the Wabash, he went to a saloon and called for a pint of whisky. The barkeeper asked for his bottle, as a pint of whisky was considered rather a "stiff" drink. But Mr. Taylor used the fluid in a proper way, and poured it into his shoes to cure his blistered feet. He went on to Crawfordsville, sometimes wading through water for long distances; but as the country was new, he could not stand upon trifles. At Madison, Indiana, he went on board of the General Pike, one of the fastest steamboats on the river. At Cincinnati, he ran out of funds, but found a friend, old Robert Fulton, who furnished the stamps required for his journey home.

Stephen Taylor married, March 8, 1837, Betsey Dearborn, and in the fall came to White Oak Grove, McLean County, Illinois. He started, October 16, and arrived November 3. He went first to Pekin by steamboat and there paid ten dollars to be transported to his new home. He bought a little split log cabin, about ten by twelve feet in size, with a puncheon floor, and in this he wintered. During that winter, he did some hard work. He made rails, stakes and ground chunks for a fence, and hauled them two miles. He cut out the framing for a building twenty feet by eighteen; he hauled the flooring, siding and sheeting from Bloomington, hewed the framing timber in the grove, and fenced twenty acres of land, that is, made three-quarters of a mile of fence. This is usually considered a great deal of work for one winter; but Mr. Taylor was a practised wood cutter and understood how to wield his tools to advantage.

In about the year 1839, the farmers all over the country became disgusted with the low prices which they were receiving for pork, and all put their hogs together and sent some of their number to take them to Chicago. Mr. Taylor had eleven hogs in the "bunch," and helped to drive them. On the journey, it snowed and thawed and froze and sleeted, so that the party, which had just passed Big Sulphur Springs, returned to that place. It was so slippery that some of the hogs were carried back to that place. Here they remained twenty-one days, and here, too, Isaac Funk was weatherbound with a lot of hogs. He tried to harrow the ice and make it rough for the pigs to walk, but the experiment was a failure, they slipped on the ice in spite of him. Then he tied the hind legs of some of the pigs together

to keep them from slipping, but all his experiments failed. The entire party stopped with a man named Fuller, and in order to pass away the time, held a lyceum and debated all the questions of the day. Mr. Fuller took part and, as he evidently thought a great deal of himself, Mr. Taylor and John Benson, jr., always decided in his favor, whenever they happened to be judges. The old fellow's vanity was so tickled that he always refused to debate, unless Taylor and Benson were to decide the question. The party was detained at the springs for twenty-one days, and bought all the corn they could find in the country to feed their swine. They went out hunting, and at one time found sixty-three deer in a drove. Mr. Taylor says, also, that it was a great place for bee trees, and that he saw from a single spot thirteen trees which had been cut down and the honey taken out.

After waiting twenty-one days at the springs, a thaw came and the pigs were enabled to travel. They were taken to Chicago and sold, and when the expenses were paid, the money was divided among those who had contributed to make up the lot. Mr. Taylor had eleven fine hogs, averaging in weight two hundred and twenty-five pounds each, and he received for them in all six dollars and fifteen cents, which is about twenty-five cents per hundred! The remainder received pay for their hogs in the same proportion.

The early settlers went often to Pekin, to do their trading and sell their pork. Mr. Taylor tells of an incident that happened while he was once on the road to Pekin with a drove of swine. He stopped at the house of a man named Prowty. The latter had a wife, who was indeed humorous to look upon. She had a long nose with a bunch on the end of it as large as a sweet potato, and her eyes might be mistaken for buckshot. She was addicted to alcoholic drinks, and while under the influence of a gentle stimulant her Yankee pride swelled in her bosom. Said she: "Do you know what Yankee means? Yankee means enterprise. Mr. Prowty and I are Yankees." Mr. Taylor was charged twenty-five cents for the privilege of sleeping on the puncheon floor, with nothing to eat. He wanted to buy the puncheon, to be used on some other occasion. Mr. Taylor took his hogs to Pekin, and sold them for little or nothing. Louis Stephens also took some there, and, when asked what he sold them for, replied: "Six bits a cord."

Mr. Taylor remembers a great many pleasant incidents of early days. He says that when he first came to the country, he saw Hon. John Moore, who was out electioneering. The latter asked for Taylor's vote; but when Taylor learned Moore's politics, and that he supported Mr. VanBuren, the vote asked for was refused. Seven years afterwards, when Taylor was hunting a stray horse, he met Moore. That gentleman recognized Taylor instantly, stopped him, called him into the house and treated him politely in every respect, and, speaking of the electioneering incidents, said: "You're the man that wouldn't vote for me." Mr. Taylor says that if he had known Moore at first as well as he did afterwards, he would have voted for him, regardless of party.

Mr. Taylor has done some hunting, but never had any very dangerous adventures. He once killed an enormous lynx, after shooting it four times; nothing was effectual except a shot through the head. Very many hunters have had contests with wounded deer, and Mr. Taylor once shot a deer which turned on him, with its hair all bristling up and pointing forward; but the animal was so badly wounded that it made very little of a fight. In 1851 Stephen Taylor killed thirty-one wild turkeys, some of which he shot while standing in his door. Mrs. Taylor also shot at wild turkeys, but never killed any.

Mr. Taylor tells a circumstance, showing the honest simplicity of John Magoun. In about the year 1835, while Mr. Taylor was riding on a steamboat from Cincinnati to Pittsburg, a man came on board, who was eloping with a young lady. For the purpose of amusement a mock court was organized to try the man. The witnesses were examined, and they gave contradictory testimony, as some of them thought the girl was running away with the man. But at last the man was convicted and sentenced to be hung, and his anxious lady set up a succession of shrieks. But the convicted man took the matter coolly, and was hung, the rope passing around the body. Stephen Taylor and Palmer Storey saw this performance. Thirty years afterwards, when they met in Bloomington, in company with John Magoun, Mr. Storey alluded to the hanging, but Taylor spoke in a mysterious way, and said they had better keep quiet about that. Then honest Magoun wished to know whether Taylor and Storey had really committed murder.

Mr. Taylor has had ten children, of whom seven are living. They are:

Otis L. Taylor was a soldier in the Thirty-third Illinois Volunteers. He was at Cache, Black River Bridge, Champion Hills, Vicksburg, Jackson, Spanish Fort, Fredericktown, Port Gibson and Fort Esperanza. He now lives in Hardin County, Iowa, near Steamboat Rock.

Mrs. Anna Leys, wife of John Leys, lives two miles and a half north of her father's, in Woodford County.

Zach W. Taylor is teaching school about three and a half miles from his father's, in Woodford County.

Mrs. Elsina Morgan, wife of Dr. Morgan, lives in Lawndale.

Laura L. Taylor, I. D. Taylor (a girl) and John Taylor live at home.

The eldest son, Isaac Taylor, is now dead. He was born January 27, 1839, and served in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers, and died September, 1863. His regiment was stationed at New Orleans; but as he became sick he was allowed a furlough, and on the way home died in a hospital at Memphis. His father went down to him and brought his body home and buried it at White Oak Grove.

Stephen Taylor is six feet and one and a half inches in height. He is slenderly built, has a sharp eye and a Roman nose. He loves humor, as the stories in this sketch indicate. He is a plucky man, and is not likely to be frightened by nonsense. He is perfectly straightford in all of his dealings, and wishes to meet all of his neighbors upon the level and part upon the square. He thinks he has the best of neighbors, and that no other place is so peculiarly blessed in this respect as White Oak Grove. He has been a justice of the peace, but has had little or nothing to do, as scarcely anybody there meddles with the law.

PERSONS HOLDING POSITIONS OF HONOR OR TRUST.

Thomas Pierce Rogers, M. D.

Dr. Thomas Pierce Rogers was born December 4, 1812, in Columbiana County, Ohio. His ancestors came from the north of Ireland. His grandfather, George Augustus Rogers, was born about the year 1735, in the north of Ireland, was educated at Oxford for the ministry, but after much thought he decided not to contend against sin in general, but to fight against the enemies of England in particular, and accepted a commission in the British army. He came to this country as a Colonel in the army under General Braddock, and was at the battle of Bloody Run, (or Braddock's defeat,) where the army was drawn into an ambuscade by the Indians, and the greater part of the soldiers were killed, General Braddock himself being mortally wounded. This was the battle in which Colonel George Washington first tried his mettle, and where he showed the skill and daring which were so conspicuous in his management of armies in later life. The career of Colonel Rogers was quite full of adventures. He was with General Wolfe when his army climbed the Heights of Abraham and stormed Quebec, and was in various fights and skirmishes of the French war. After peace was declared he returned to England, resigned his commission, and came to the United States in about the year 1774. His son, Alexander Rogers, the father of Dr. Rogers, whose sketch we are writing, was born in 1773, the year previous to the emigration of his father to America. The family first settled in Frederick County, Maryland, where it stayed until the year 1786, when it moved to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, on the extreme frontier. In order to reach their new home, they were obliged to travel across the Allegheny Mountains on pack horses. Such a journey would now be considered more picturesque than agreeable. There Mr. Alexander

Rogers married Catherine Wallahan, who was born in the town of Carlisle, Pa. Her parents came from the north of Ireland, and thus it is that Dr. Rogers has sprung from the genuine old North Irish stock. In the year 1798, his grandfather, his father, and all of their connection, moved on the extreme frontier, which was then the wilderness of Ohio, called the Northwestern Territory. There his father settled on a farm, where he remained thirty-six years, and raised a family of eleven children, eight sons and three daughters. All of these children, except four, are now living. The farm consisted of four hundred acres, and lay in a heavily timbered country. The four youngest of the children, including the subject of this sketch, chose the practice of medicine for their profession in life. Nothing of importance occurred during the childhood of Dr. Rogers worthy of being celebrated in poetry or song, except that when about four years old he fell from a split plank bridge into a creek. This was infant baptism. The doctor received such an education as could be obtained in a new country. He was obliged to go two or three miles to school, which was kept in a little round-log school-house during the winter. At the age of seventeen he went to a select school at New Lisbon, and finished his education at a Quaker institution at Salem. He then returned home where he worked one or two years, continuing his course of study. He chose the profession of medicine, and began his study in Tuscarora County, Ohio. He taught school winters and studied summers. He finished his course of study in Philadelphia, and returned to Tuscarora County, where he practiced medicine in company with Dr. Lewis. After practicing one year he earned enough to pay the expenses of his previous course of study, and to bring him West, and leave one hundred dollars in his pocket for working capital. In the spring of 1838, he started for Illinois on horseback, and came to Marshall County. He examined the country from La Salle to the Sangamon River, passing through Bloomington on his way south; the latter place contained about four hundred inhabitants, living principally south and west of the court-house. At that time he made the acquaintance of James Allin, General Gridley, Jesse W. Fell, Dr. Charles and Dr. Anderson. In the month of March he located at Decatur, Macon County. Dr. Rogers has a very large bump of what the phrenologists call locality. He likes

to look over the country and see what it amounts to and what it contains. He traveled over the greater part of Central Illinois, and made the acquaintance of the distinguished men who then were political lights in the State, such as Stephen A. Douglas, Abraham Lincoln, Judge Jesse B. Thomas, Judge Treat of the United States District Court for the southern district of Illinois, Edward Baker, afterwards Senator Baker, who, while Colonel of a regiment, was killed at Ball's Bluff during the early part of the rebellion, John J. Hardin, who fell at Buena Vista, Hon. David Campbell, Lyman Trumbull and Hon. John Moore, afterwards lieutenant governor of the State. The friendships he then formed were life long, and indeed these gentlemen were all men of warm feeling and ever ready to greet their friends.

Soon after coming to Decatur, Dr. Rogers formed a partnership with Dr. Thomas H. Reed, from Nashville, Tennessee, a very estimable gentleman, who is yet living. The practice of these young men became very lucrative indeed. Dr. Rogers soon made the acquaintance of many young men in Decatur, and among them was Richard J. Oglesby, a genial young man, with a manner as hearty and kind as at present. Dr. Rogers moved from Decatur to Washington, Tazewell County, and formed a copartnership with Dr. G. P. Wood. They never had any written agreement or special understanding for seven years. Dr. Wood was a Christian gentleman, and one of the purest men living. He had the confidence of the entire community and was a very successful practitioner. He died about one year since.

In June, 1840, Dr. Rogers married Harriet Wilcox, of North Bergen, Genesee County, New York. This lady had been principal of a seminary, and her graces of person were equal to her intellectual acquirements. Her death occurred four years after her marriage. One child, Harriet Julia, born of this happy marriage—died at the age of nine months. Dr. Rogers continued his practice with his usual success. In May, 1846, he made the acquaintance of the amiable and accomplished woman, who became his wife. She was Mrs. Minerva Burhance, a widow lady with one daughter. Her fine sense and cultivated mind have had much to do with Dr. Rogers' subsequent success.

In 1848, Dr. Rogers learned from Stephen A. Douglas, in Peoria, that the Illinois Central Railroad would surely be built,

and this decided him to move to Bloomington for a permanent location. As the building of the Illinois Central Railroad was a matter of national importance, and was the object of much scheming, a little bit of history may not be out of place in this connection. It was in 1848 that the conversation between Dr. Rogers and Senator Douglas occurred in the parlor of a hotel in Peoria. For twelve years various parties had been working to get a bill through congress donating lands to build the Illinois Central Railroad, but were unable to accomplish their purpose, as it was contended that the matter was one of only local importance. In the conversation alluded to, Judge Douglas spoke of this, and told his plan to effect his object. He said: "I am going to introduce a bill giving the alternate sections of land to the State of Illinois to build a railroad, and allowing the general government to charge $2.50 per acre for the remaining sections, instead of $1.25, and by this means it will not only lose no money, but, on account of the railroad, will sell its land faster and help to build up the State and develop its resources. I am going to make it a national question, and introduce an amendment extending the road from Cairo to Mobile; also an amendment extending it from opposite Cairo by Little Rock to Texas by way of the Red River Raft; also an amendment extending it from Galena to a point opposite Dubuque, Iowa, (Dunleith), a branch will also be proposed to Chicago and a branch to Mineral Point, Wisconsin. By so doing I secure the support of the senators from Kentucky, Henry Clay and Senator Underwood, the two senators, Bell and Jones, from Tennessee, Clay and Clements, of Alabama, the two senators, Soule and Slidell, from Louisiana, Senators Johnson and Sevier from Arkansas, and also the senators from Texas. By an appropriation to the Hannibal & St. Joe Railroad, I secure the support of senators Atkinson and Benton, of Missouri; by extending the road to a point opposite Dubuque, Iowa, I secure the friendship of senators Jones and Dodge of that State; by means of the branch to Mineral Point, Wisconsin, I secure the co-operation of the senators from that State; by an understanding that something shall be done for a road in Michigan, extending from Detroit up to the lumber regions, I obtain the support of senators Cass and Stewart from that State." Mr. Douglas was sure that his plan

would be successful. At that time he was serving his first term in the Senate, and Mr. Lincoln was serving his first term in the House of Representatives, and by their united exertions the bill was carried triumphantly through. The United States gave the required land to Illinois, and Illinois gave it to the Illinois Central Railroad, on condition that the latter should always pay into the State treasury seven per cent. of its gross earnings. Ground was first broke in 1852, and cars were running from LaSalle to Bloomington in 1853.

In Dr. Rogers' travels over the State he had found no land equal to McLean County, and had always wished to make it his home. He moved to Bloomington in March, 1849, and continued the practice of medicine up to 1867, when he retired from his profession, having been a successful practitioner for thirty years. He then engaged in agricultural pursuits. While in the practice of his profession, Dr. Rogers was three times chosen a delegate to National Medical Conventions, which were held at St. Louis, Philadelphia and San Francisco, and was in attendance at the two former. He was twice chosen a delegate to State Medical Conventions.

Dr. Rogers has been more or less connected with politics since coming to the West. While at Decatur he held the office of postmaster for two years, one year under Van Buren and one year under Harrison and Tyler. He resigned his office, partly because his medical duties gave him very little time to look after it, and partly because, being a Democrat, he did not wish to continue to hold office under a Whig administration. The situation was not very lucrative, and the business was done in the office of the circuit clerk. In 1848 the doctor was selected by his party friends at the convention at the village of Waynesville, to be their candidate for State Senator, and Edward O. Smith, of Macon County, was selected in the same village as his opponent. The district then embraced Tazewell, McLean, Logan, DeWitt and Macon Counties. The Whig majority for General Taylor was about eleven hundred, but the doctor was only beaten by one hundred and sixty-three votes. In 1862 he again received the nomination of his party for State Senator, the district embracing McLean, DeWitt, Macon, Piatt and Moultrie Counties. His opponent was the Hon. Isaac Funk. The majority for Mr. Lincoln in 1860 was

about seventeen hundred in this district, but the majority against Dr. Rogers was only two hundred and sixty. The doctor has been honored by his party by being made a member of every Democratic State Convention, except one, since 1844; he has been chairman of the Democratic Central Committee of McLean County for eighteen years out of twenty-four; was appointed a delegate from Illinois to the convention at Baltimore which nominated Franklin Pierce; he was an alternate delegate to the Charleston convention; he was a delegate to the Baltimore convention, when Douglas was nominated, saw the division in the party, saw Caleb Cushing leave the chair, saw Ben Butler secede from the convention with the Massachusetts delegation, and saw that break in the Democratic party, which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln, and precipitated the great rebellion. The seceders organized their convention in the city of Baltimore, and nominated Mr. Breckenridge. The doctor had free intercourse with the Southern delegates, and saw that a civil war was inevitable, unless a compromise was agreed upon. When the war came the doctor took strong ground for the Union, of course, and did much work in getting volunteers; and in the early days of the rebellion, when many were hesitating and doubting, he took the stump and advocated crushing the rebellion out by the power of arms. In 1864 the doctor was a delegate to the convention which nominated McClellan for president; he was on the committee of organization, and during the campaign took an active part in the canvass. This wound up his political career until the Liberal movement was inaugurated. Dr. Rogers then moved actively and efficiently in the matter, and by his influence preserved harmony and strength in the movement. So efficient was he, and so alive to the issues of the hour, that the Liberal party placed him in nomination as its candidate for the legislature under the minority representation system. He was elected a member of the lower house of the Assembly, and is at present serving in that capacity. He has been made a member of the committee on finance, the committee on education, and the committee on county and town organization, which shows the high regard in which he is held by the members of the house. He is recognized in the legislature as one of the most active and far-sighted of the members; in the heat of debate he never loses his self-command.

He understands parliamentary law and practice, and in the hurry of business his mind is ever clear. It is well known that in the hurry and confusion many members cannot keep track of what is going on, and sometimes become very much confused, and it thus becomes necessary to have some persons who shall be recognized as leaders, who are able to guide and direct the forces of the party efficiently. In this capacity Dr. Rogers does excellent service, and indeed his presence and influence have on many ocasions turned the tide of victory in favor of the Liberals in the Assembly.

Dr. Rogers is a man of commanding presence, and every line of his countenance, every motion, shows him to be a cultivated gentleman; his hair is whitened by many years of labor. In political matters he is certainly possessed of those qualities which bring success; he has great energy and resolution, and is a fine speaker. He possesses great tact and skill in the management of men, and has a happy faculty of uniting all forces effectively and carrying his point. He has many friends among all political parties, and it is to be hoped that he may live yet many years to enjoy their friendship and regard.

Judge Thomas F. Tipton.

Thomas F. Tipton was born August 29, 1833, in Franklin County, Ohio. His father's name was Hiram Tipton, and his mother was Deborah Ogden. Both of English descent. Hiram Tipton was a farmer. In 1844 the Tipton family moved to Money Creek township, McLean County, Illinois, and settled down near where Towanda now stands. Hiram Tipton died within a year after his arrival in Illinois, leaving three children, John Tipton, who is a farmer, living in Money Creek township; Jane, wife of William S. Tuttle, living in Saybrook, and Thomas F. Tipton, the subject of this sketch. At the age of sixteen, Thomas attended school at Lexington, taught at that time by Colonel Coler. The latter, who was a fine teacher, is the same gentleman who afterwards made a donation of five thousand dollars to the Wesleyan University, on condition that the chapel of that institution should be called "Amie," after his mother. After studying for a year at Lexington, Thomas F. Tipton commenced reading law in the mornings and evenings. At the age of eighteen he read

law for a short time in the office of a Mr. Keightley, at Knoxville, Illinois. Shortly after this he returned to Bloomington, where he was admitted to the bar.

On the 23rd of October, 1856, he married, in Bloomington, Miss Mary J. Strayer, daughter of Nicholas and Esther Strayer.

He commenced the practice of the law at Lexington, in the spring of 1854; in January of 1862, he moved to Bloomington; and in April, 1863, formed a law partnership with R. M. Benjamin, the present judge of the county court. This partnership lasted until 1870, when Mr. Tipton was elected judge of the McLean circuit court, to fill a vacancy caused by the election of Judge Scott to the supreme court. In June, 1873, Judge Tipton was re-elected judge of the McLean circuit court, for the full term of six years. Since his accession to the bench, even more than before that time, he has been a close student and a laborious worker. Having the administration of the most important judicial circuit in the State, he is called upon at every term of court to decide a numberless variety of intricate legal questions, requiring diligent study and accurate reasoning. He meets all such questions with a ripe mind, and a breadth of thought, that have made him the most prominent circuit judge in the State, and a man who is personally admired and beloved.

In personal appearance, Judge Tipton is five feet ten inches in height, strongly built, with broad shoulders, and weighs somewhat over two hundred pounds. He has light hair, fair complexion, and a face strongly indicative of intelligence, virtue and justice.

Amasa J. Merriman.

Amasa J. Merriman was born December 1, 1818, in Stanstead, Canada East, about seventy-five miles from Montreal. His ancestors were English. His father, Isaac H. Merriman, was a farmer. Amasa J. Merriman was one of a family of nine children, of whom six lived to be grown. He received his education at a common, subscription school, which he attended during the winter months until he was seventeen years of age.

Mr. Merriman taught school at the age of eighteen, and continued for two years, with a compensation of twelve dollars a month and board. He "boarded around," according to the cus-

tom in those days. During the summer months he worked on a farm. While he taught school he was also a clerk in a store before and after school hours, showing that he was an industrious young man. In 1839, when he was twenty years of age, he started for the West. From Chicago he went to Peoria by steamboat to St. Louis. At the latter place he heard of Bloomington, and on coming here, (in November, 1839,) found a place as clerk in the store of B. C. Haines. In 1842, Mr. Merriman bought out Owen Cheney, and commenced business on his own account. He continued until 1856, when he sold out to a man named Augustus. During that year Mr. Merriman was chosen county judge, and this office he still holds. He was chosen first to fill a vacancy by the resignation of B. H. Coffey. When the office became elective, he was elected first without opposition, and was afterwards elected four times by the Republican party. Shortly after Judge Merriman was appointed to office, the question came up as to the location of the Normal school, which the State proposed to build. It was to be located where the greatest inducements were held out. Mr. Jesse W. Fell was anxious to have it located in or near Bloomington, and worked for this object unceasingly. The county judges or commissioners then did all the business of the county, and had the authority now possessed by the board of supervisors. They appropriated seventy thousand dollars to be raised from the proceeds of the sale of the swamp lands, as an inducement to locate the Normal here. In addition to this, many private contributions were made, and the effort to obtain the institution was successful. Since the year 1857, Judge Merriman has been special commissioner for the sale of swamp lands. During his term of office, he paid $70,000 to the Normal school, and $53,000 to the school fund for the different townships.

On the first of November, 1842, Judge Merriman married Miss Clara C. I. Bullock, in Stanstead, Canada East. He has had a family of four children, of whom two are living.

Judge Reuben M. Benjamin.

Judge R. M. Benjamin was born June 29th, 1833, at Chatham Centre, in the County of Columbia, and State of New York. His father and maternal grandfather were both of English descent,

but his maternal grandmother was of Welch descent. His grandfather, Ebenezer Benjamin, was a Captain in the Revolutionary war, and removed from Norwich, Connecticut, to the town of Chatham, New York, where he died December 22, 1789, aged 55 years. His father, Darius Benjamin, was a private in the war of 1812, and died at Chatham Centre, New York, April 24, 1850, aged 69 years. His maternal grandfather, Timothy Rogers, was born at Middletown, Connecticut, and moved in early life to the town of Chatham, New York, where he died June 24th, 1850, aged 84 years. His mother, Martha Benjamin, is living at Benjaminville, in this county, and is in her 80th year.

The subject of this sketch, Judge R. M. Benjamin, was brought up on a farm, attending the district school in the winter time, until he was about fourteen years of age. He was prepared for college at Kinderhook Academy, New York, and was graduated at Amherst College, Massachusetts, in 1853. For the ensuing year he was principal of Hopkins Academy, Hadley, Mass. He next attended the lectures of Parker, Parsons and Washburn, at the Law Institution in Harvard University, two terms, and then in 1855–6, was tutor in Amherst College.

Judge Benjamin came to Bloomington in the spring of 1856, was admitted to the practice of the law upon the examination and certificate of Abraham Lincoln, on September 5, 1856. He was married at Chatham Village, New York, September 15, 1856, to Miss Laura E. Woodin, the daughter of David G. Woodin, who for many years was county superintendent of schools of Columbia County, New York.

In the fall of 1856, he entered into partnership with Messrs. Gridley and Wickizer, and remained with them until the former retired from the practice of the law, and the latter entered the army. In the spring of 1863, he formed a partnership with Thomas F. Tipton, now circuit judge. In January, 1867, Captain J. H. Rowell became a member of their firm, and remained such until he was elected State's Attorney in 1868. In May, 1869, Hon. Lawrence Weldon became a member of the firm, and since the election of Mr. Tipton to the office of circuit judge, in 1870, the firm has consisted of Messrs. Weldon & Benjamin. In November, 1869, Mr. Benjamin was elected a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of this State, and was appointed a member

of the Committee on Bill of Rights, Municipal Corporations, State Institutions and Public Buildings, Accounts and Expenditures, and Schedule. He took an active part in the preparation and discussion of some of the most important articles of the Constitution of 1870. Referring to his speech on the Railroad article, Mr. Ross, the member from Fulton County, remarked: "I cheerfully subscribe to the views of the gentleman from McLean. I think the Convention and the people of the State owe him a debt of gratitude. It has the true ring of the doctrine that should be inculcated by all our statesmen." And Mr. Bromwell, the member from Coles County, remarked: "I agree with the gentleman from Fulton that the community at large owe the gentleman from McLean thanks for the masterly manner in which he has demonstrated the right and the power of the people, inhering in, ever living, and ever present, to command in the name of and for the people, the creatures which they have put on foot, the corporations which they have organized, in respect to the terms upon which they shall enjoy those invaluable franchises which they are lawfully permitted to enjoy."—Debates of Constitutional Convention, vol. 2, p. 1643.

Judge Benjamin was one of the counsel for the people in the celebrated Chicago & Alton Railroad case, involving the question as to the right of railroad corporations to charge more for a less than a greater distance, and since then he has been employed as special counsel for the Railroad and Warehouse Commission. In November, 1873, he was elected without opposition to the office of County Judge of McLean County, which shows the great popularity among the people and the great confidence the people of McLean County have in him. He ranks among the first lawyers of the State. His term of office is for the period of four years from the first of December last.

In his personal appearance, Judge Benjamin bears the impress of the student. His demeanor, countenance, language and pose, are those of a delver into the mines of knowledge that are accumulated in libraries and law offices. Of medium stature and light build; with hair, eyes and complexion, darker than those of a blonde, yet lighter than those of the swarthy Southern type; his presence is one that indicates a man accustomed to coolly and carefully consider all the bearings of a case, and from an

impartial standpoint to decide it fairly on its merits, regardless of its pecuniary results on contending claimants. During his brief career as judge of the County Court, he has won the admiration of the bar and the people, by reason of the rapidity and accuracy with which he dispatches business. The recent important increase in the jurisdiction of the County Court, has more than quadrupled its work, but it is a satisfaction to the people that they have an able jurist at the head of that tribunal—one who is thoroughly competent to administer its affairs with honor to himself and to the county.

General John McNulta.

The following sketch of General John McNulta is taken from the Bloomington *Pantagraph*, of May 31, 1872:

"General John McNulta was born in November, 1837, in New York city. His father was of Irish birth, and was of that extraction known as Scotch-Irish. His mother was of French descent. He resided in New York and the immediate vicinity until about the year 1850. At that time, having an inclination for travel, although quite young, under the patronage of relatives, he visited the Southern States and the West India Islands, and made one voyage to England. In 1853 he came to Attica, Indiana, and, placing himself under the care of General George F. Dick, (now of this city) he learned the trade of cigar maker. In May, 1859, he located in Bloomington, and commenced the same business, under the firm of Dick & Co. Having an inclination for the law, he was permitted to use the library of the late General W. W. Orme, and devoted his time in the intervals of business to reading law. This continued until April, 1861. At this time he enlisted in the army, and was made captain, May 3, 1861, of company A. of the First Illinois Cavalry, or the first company of the first regiment of cavalry from the State of Illinois. This regiment was assigned for duty in Missouri, where, after a succession of fights and skirmishes, they participated in the memorable nine days battle at Lexington, in September, 1861, which terminated in the surrender of the Union forces to General Price. He, with the other troops of the command, were paroled and returned home. He was exchanged in November for Captain J. Thomas Whitfield, a confederate officer, who was one of our

prisoners. Captain McNulta then reorganized his company and was assigned for duty in Southwestern Missouri. But as the regiment had so many of its members captured, it was mustered out of service July 17, 1862. Captain McNulta was tendered, by Governor Yates, a commission as lieutenant colonel, of what afterwards became the 91st Illinois Infantry. This he declined. About the same time President Lincoln issued authority to him to raise a regiment of cavalry. Just prior to the receipt of this authority he had, however. enlisted as a private in Company D, 94th Illinois Infantry, and was mustered into service. He was soon elected lieutenant colonel, and on the promotion of Colonel Orme, McNulta was commissioned as colonel of the 94th, and much of the time during the remainder of the war he was in command of the Second Brigade, Second Division, Thirteenth Army Corps. On the 9th of April, 1865, he was commissioned brevet brigadier general 'for gallant and meritorious services in the field.' He returned home August 9th, 1865, was soon after admitted to the bar and commenced the practice of law.

"In 1868 he received the Republican nomination for the State Senate, and was elected by a majority of about 2,700. He represented the district with marked ability for four years.

"In 1870 he was a candidate in the triangular contest for Congress in the Republican convention, which resulted in the nomination of Colonel Merriam."

In 1872 he was successful in receiving the unanimous nomination for Congress at the hands of the Republicans of the new Thirteenth District, and was triumphantly elected.

General McNulta is of medium stature, is well formed, has broad shoulders, has great courage and resolution, is very quick-sighted, understands human nature, and sees a person's thoughts instantly. He is very polite to all, and particularly agreeable to ladies. He is exceedingly humorous, and it appears perfectly natural for him to interest people by his manner and conversation. He has many friends, and himself has warm attachments.

Hon. John L. Routt.

John L. Routt was born April 25, 1827, in Eddyville, the county seat of Lyon County, Kentucky. While he was an infant, his father, who was a farmer, died, leaving Mrs. Routt with

four children, in rather straightened circumstances. Mrs. Routt moved to Trigg County, Kentucky, where she lived a widow until 1834, when she was again married. In 1840 John Routt was apprenticed to his cousin, Samuel B. Haggard, of Bloomington, Illinois, to learn the carpenter's trade. The lad applied himself industriously to his trade for two years and a half. But at this time Mr. Haggard wished to become a farmer, and young Routt was left free to work on his own account. He was very successful, and soon received the highest wages paid, which were seventy-five cents per day, and board himself. He worked for Mr. O. Covel in building a mill, for carding and cloth dressing. The latter became interested in the lad and induced him to learn the carding and cloth-dressing business. Mr. Covel's establishment consisted of a grist mill, a saw mill and complete cloth dressing machinery. At the end of one year Routt could, in the absence of the proprietors, take charge of the establishment in all its details. The mill was in a great measure the center of local, political and social interest, and young Routt soon became familiar with the ways of the world. But he soon saw the necessity of an education. He went to school during three months in the year, and in addition to this employed all his leisure time in study. At the age of nineteen he married Hester A. Woodson, one of the noblest and gentlest of women, who died two years since. The stock of worldly goods belonging to these juvenile "old folks" consisted of twenty dollars in money and a few clothes suited to their station. They married because they thought themselves suited to each other, an old fashioned reason somewhat fallen into disuse. Mr. Covel's mill was destroyed by fire, and Routt returned to his trade as carpenter and machine worker. In 1854 he was elected alderman of Bloomington. About this time he borrowed twenty-five dollars from his friend, Lyman Ferre, and purchased a quarter of a block of ground and built on it a small house. He tried the life of a farmer for a short time, but returned to his trade. He took a lively interest in politics, was originally a Whig, but upon a rearrangement of parties in 1856, became a Republican, and has remained so ever since.

In 1856 Mr. Routt had accumulated a little money, and in common with many others began to speculate in Western lands.

In 1856 and '57 the great financial crash came. But a more serious disaster resulted to Mr. Routt. He had purchased land on the bank of the Missouri River, but the shifting current changed its course and all of Mr. Routt's domain became the bed of the river, and his rich soil was washed away to be added to the accretions at the mouth of the Mississippi.

In 1858, when township organization was effected in McLean County, Mr. Routt was elected collector, and as the office was entirely new, the work required much skill. He was re-elected without opposition. In 1860, Mr. Routt thought of being a candidate for sheriff, and while he was hesitating, it came to his knowledge, that one of his opponents had said: "It would be folly for little Routt to run," and he immediately determined to make the canvass. He was materially assisted by William McCullough, who was candidate for circuit clerk. The convention met, and while it was in session, Judge Davis, then circuit judge, and now associate justice of the United States supreme court, said to Routt in his peculiar way: "Look here, John, McCullough tells me that you are going to get this nomination. How is it, John? You are going to get it, ain't you? Of course you are going to get it; McCullough says so and that is enough." Mr. Routt was nominated on the second ballot and elected.

In 1862, when the second call for volunteers was made, John Routt decided to go to the war. He assisted in recruiting and organizing the Ninety-fourth Illinois, and was chosen captain by acclamation. Judge Davis presided at the organization of the company in the old Phoenix Hall, and it was made the color company of the Ninety-fourth. Captain Routt left the sheriff's office in charge of a deputy, and went to the war. In the fall of 1862, the regiment made the most wonderful march on record, from Wilson's Creek battle-ground to the battle-ground of Prairie Grove, a distance of one hundred and twenty miles, in a little more than three days. There the army of General Herron, to which the regiment belonged, fought the battle of Prairie Grove, one of the sharpest contests of the war. After this, Captain Routt and many others were sent home to recruit soldiers for the regiments. In the spring of 1863, he went back to the army. In the meantime, Colonel W. W. Orme had been made a brigadier general for his services at the battle of Praire Grove, and the

army went into camp at Lake Spring. Here Captain Routt was detailed to act as quartermaster, and held the position until after the capitulation of Vicksburg. After this he was commissioned as quartermaster, and served as chief quartermaster in the army of the Rio Grande, commanded by General Herron. After the disastrous Red River expedition of General Banks, Colonel Routt was assigned as post quartermaster at Baton Rouge, and continued in this position until he left the army in 1865. On arriving home he was made treasurer of McLean County, and immediately began the payment of the county bonds and interest as they became due, and in a short time they rose to par in the market and remained so. At the expiration of two years he was nominated by a decided majority and re-elected.

At the commencement of President Grant's administration, General Giles A. Smith, of Bloomington, was appointed second assistant postmaster general, and Colonel Routt was selected as chief clerk of this bureau, but did not accept the position until his term of office as treasurer had expired. He filled the place with credit until he was appointed U. S. Marshal for the southern district of Illinois. The duties of the office during that year were especially difficult as the census was then taken. This work was one of great difficulty, and required the best judgment; but his returns were accurately and speedily made out, and he received a well merited compliment from the Commissioner of the census. In the fall of 1871, General Giles A. Smith was obliged to resign his position on account of failing health, and Postmaster General Cresswell immediately selected Colonel Routt as Smith's successor. Col. Routt resigned his office as marshal, and entered upon the duties of his office as second assistant postmaster general, October 17, 1871. To his office belongs the charge of all the mails throughout the country, and he has performed his duties with marked ability. He comes in immediate contact with all the great corporations, and in dealing with them he is firm and decided. When the railroads threatened to throw off the mails, if the former did not receive increased compensation, Col. Routt was determined that the postffice department should not be intimidated by these giant monopolies.

Col. John L. Routt tells the following anecdote of our citizen, John E. McClun. He says that he recently met a Col. McCleave

in his office in Washington City, who, as soon as he learned that Col. Routt was from Bloomington, Illinois, enquired after his former schoolmate, John E. McClun, saying that they had been boys together, and without any further ado related to him the following anecdote. He said: "Young John was often sent to Winchester market by his energetic and excellent mother, with the products of her dairy, garden and poultry-yard, and he opened out his butter, eggs, chickens, etc., generally with fine success, and became very expert in selling. One day, however, the young marketer was at his wit's end, for among other articles in his stock was a pair of dressed geese, which remained on his hand long after everything else was disposed of. At length, when he almost despaired of getting rid of this remnant of his cargo—for the geese were evidently old and tough—an old lady offered him a certain price for one of them; but John, after making her a polite bow, and thanking her for the offer, assured her that he was opposed upon principle to selling one without the other, for, said he, with seeming earnestness: 'My dear madam, these poor old geese have been united together in life in the most amicable relationship for twenty years, and it would be sad to part them now.' This shrewd statement—which linked a financial effect with a humanitarian thought—had the desired result on the old lady, for she at once bought both geese; but how much boiling and roasting she afterwards bestowed upon the venerable pair, John never learned."

Col. Routt, after having related this incident to me, added, in a humorous way: "As Judge McClun for many years sold goods in Bloomington, in early times, I have no doubt many old settlers here could be found to testify that he was as successful in many instances in disposing of ancient articles of merchandize in McLean County, as he was in the sale of the tough old geese at Winchester."

In personal appearance Col. Routt is slightly below the medium height, stoutly built, has a large, well-shaped head with prominent forehead, black hair, dark hazel eyes, and strongly marked features. He is courteous and affable, though firm and decided, and has a pleasing address, which wins him friends wherever he goes. His political common sense enables him to grasp a subject and comprehend it at once in all its bearings, and

his decisions always promptly made, are, nevertheless, more than usually safe and correct. He reads human nature with remarkable accuracy, and seldom has occasion to revise his first estimates of character. He is ever ready to lend a helping hand to the worthy and deserving, but has a thorough contempt for all pretenders and shams, whether the shams be men or measures. There is not in Illinois, perhaps, among our active politicians, a more outspoken man or sincere friend, than John L. Routt.

Col. J. L. Routt married, May 21, 1874, Miss Lila Pickerell, of Decatur, Illinois.

Henry Honscheidt.

Henry Honscheidt was born in Cologne, on the Rhine, in Germany, and there received his early education. When he was nineteen years of age he emigrated to America, having been drawn here by the attraction of a new country and a free and generous government, and the opportunity of growing up with a new community. He was then a cabinet maker by trade. In the fall of 1854 he landed at New York city, and there worked at his trade for three years. In 1857 he started for Indiana, because of the great financial crisis of that year. He came to Bloomington in May, 1861, and in August of the following year he enlisted to fight in the service of his adopted country. He served in the Ninety-fourth Illinois Volunteers, entering the service as a private, and being mustered out as a first lieutenant and was afterwards breveted a captain. He was at the battle of Prairie Grove, at the siege of Vicksburg, at the capture of Brownsville, Texas, and at the siege of Fort Morgan and Spanish Fort. He served under General McNulta, and at the close of the war was discharged with his regiment, after which he worked for a while at his trade. In the fall of 1868 he was appointed assistant assessor of internal revenue. He was elected sheriff of McLean County November 5, 1872, by the Republican party, and has filled his position most acceptably. On the 5th of April, 1874, Colonel E. R. Roe, United States Marshal for the Southern District of Illinois, appointed Captain Honscheidt deputy marshal, which position he also fills with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of those with whom he has business relations.

Captain Honscheidt is a man of good muscular development, and is heavily built. Added to this is a certain genial and winning good humor, that is a part of his nature, making him personally popular with everybody who meets him. He has brought to the office of sheriff such efficiency and industry, that the interests of the county have been admirably cared for during his management of this important trust. While he has the tenderest feelings for the land of his birth, he has shown his love for the country of his adoption by fighting for three years in her service.

John Hull.

The author is under obligations for many of his statistics relating to the schools to Mr. John Hull, the present superintendent of schools in McLean County, and a personal sketch of the suberintendent may be desired by those interested in the schools.

John Hull was born February 6, 1839, in Marion County, Illinois. His father, Mr. Samuel Hull, was a native of Kentucky, but has been a citizen of Illinois for more than fifty years. Mr. John Hull is a graduate of the Normal School. He seems to have faith in the sufficiency of the public schools, as he has attended no other. He carefully educated himself for a teacher and caught the spirit of the profession.

He entered the Normal school in 1857, and graduated from it with the first class, in 1860. He was principal of the school of Salem for the year 1860–61; teacher of mathematics in the Illinois Normal University, 1861–62; and principal of the High School in Bloomington, 1862–64. The following year was occupied among the schools of this and adjoining States. During the greater part of the time from 1865 until 1869 he has been a member of the Board of Education, of Bloomington, and of the committee of school examiners for the city schools.

In 1869 Mr. Hull was elected Superintendent of Schools of McLean County; indeed it seems that his entire attention has been directed to the interests of education. In 1862 he was married to Mary Frances Washburn, the daughter of A. C. Washburn, Esq., an old school teacher, and it is expected that his two promising children will, in the course of time, follow in

the footsteps of their father and become school teachers too!

Mr. Hull found the schools of McLean County in pretty good condition, and he has worked faithfully not only to keep them up to their old standard, but improve them; and has succeeded in arousing among the teachers a feeling of enthusiasm for the profession in which they are engaged. This leads to thorough preparation and fitness for their work.

Mr. Hull is an active young man, with the greater part of his life before him, and it is to be hoped that he will continue to devote himself as heretofore to the cause of education. His labors seem to be appreciated by his fellow-teachers. At the County Teachers' Institute, in 1873, the members took occasion to present him with a fine cane, upon which was the inscription "John Hull, by Institute, August 8, 1873." The State Teachers' Association honored him with the chairmanship of its executive committee in 1872, and with the presidency in 1873.

APPENDIX.

J. CAMPBELL, D. D. S.,

208 N. CENTRE ST., WEST OF SQUARE,

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

DR. CAMPBELL has had great experience in dentistry and is thoroughly educated for the profession. His workmanship is of the best, and his skill has already gained for him great notoriety.

His instruments are of the best kind and he is always on the alert to obtain the latest improvements.

Dr. Campbell makes the treating and filling of decaying teeth a specialty, and practices the profession in all its branches. His work stands the test of time perfectly, and we judge this to be the cause of the great business activity at the Doctor's office.

To those who are troubled with their teeth, we conscienscously recommend the office of Dr. Campbell, No. 208 Centre St., West of the Square, as the place of their immediate relief.

A. B. GILLETT. M. F. CASE.

GILLETT & CASE,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY AND SILVERWARE,

Next Door South of Post Office, No. 219 Main St.

The firm of GILLETT & CASE commenced business in Bloomington in the winter of 1857–58. Mr. A. B. Gillett had previously to this time been engaged for about eight years in Warren, Ohio, in the retail trade. And in the winter of 1857–58 he was attracted by the situation of our "Evergreen City," and especially by its enterprising people, and commenced business here with Mr. E. B. Steere, under the style of Gillett & Steere. In 1869 Mr. M. F. Case purchased the interest of Mr. Steere, and the firm was changed to Gillett & Case. The wholesale business was added in 1872. By strict attention to business and straightforwardness in all their dealings, the firm has gained an enviable reputation, and is looked upon as No. 1 throughout Illinois. At their storeroom may be seen the finest display of diamonds, gold and silver watches, gold chains, bracelets, silver table sets and silver ware of every description; also heavy plated goods and every other article belonging to a first-class jewelry store. They also keep a good assortment of clocks and watch material for the wholesale trade. They have traveling salesmen for this branch of their trade, who call on customers far and wide in the interests of the house. Messrs. Gillett & Case are both practical business men of long experience, and employ Mr. Platt for repairing and engraving, who is considered to be the first mechanic in that line in the country. Mr. A. Froehlich, their German salesman, has been with them some time. The prices of Gillett & Case are uniform, and they offer goods at such low prices that we strongly advise every purchaser to call at their establishment, No. 219 Main Street, next door south of the Post Office, Bloomington, Ill.

HAYES & EVANS.

The firm of HAYES & EVANS, contractors and builders, is widely known. Their establishment is situated on Centre Street, third block north of the Court House, Bloomington, Illinois.

The firm has gained an enviable reputation. Good work, straightforwardness in all transactions, and the fulfillment of any work contracted for, has been its motto; and when such principles are the guide to business, success is sure to follow.

The firm commenced the business of contracting and building in the spring of 1856 with a united capital of about $500. The first contract they undertook was the building of what was known as the Landon House, which, with the exception of the residence of Jesse W. Fell, Esq.,) was the first dwelling house of any considerable worth erected within the limits of Normal. In the same year, Hayes & Evans built Major's College, and the second Presbyterian Church; the latter building was finished in the early part of 1857. In 1857, as is well known, a financial panic broke out, but Hayes & Evans prospered in business in '57 and '58, for all that. In the spring of 1859 Mr. S. S. Parke entered the firm as partner, and a new planing mill (a frame building) was put up on the site of the present mill, and a general planing-mill business, and the manufacture of doors, sash and blinds, was added to the former business of contracting and building.

In 1859 the firm had the contract for building the fine residence of General Gridley, which is an ornament to the city of Bloomington; and also a number of other contracts for stores and residences.

In April, 1860, the planing-mill was destroyed by fire, after having been occupied one week less than a year, and by this fire were swept away, in a few minutes, all the earnings accumulated by four years of previous hard work, including a large amount of costly work prepared during the winter for buildings under contract. Notwithstanding all these discouragements and misfortunes, the firm soon commenced building their present planing-mill, a larger and much better structure of brick, and had it all completed and in running order before the summer was over. Since then, the business of this establishment has prospered and increased gradually and steadily until it has become the leading firm of Bloomington in this branch of industry.

In 1865 Mr. Parke sold out his interest to the original firm of Hayes & Evans, and the business has been conducted by these gentlemen from that time till now.

In 1866 a general assortment of building lumber was added to the business for the purpose of supplying all those who might feel inclined to give their patronage in that department. A survey of the stock will convince any one at once what the firm has done in this respect. Every foot of lumber is of the best quality, and well seasoned.

Besides the residences heretofore mentioned, Hayes and Evans have been the contractors for a large number of the finest dwellings in Bloomington and in the neighboring towns, including many public buildings. We will refer only to the residences of Messrs Chas. W. Holder, J V. Milner, Dr. T. P. Rogers, Dwight Harwood, R. E. Williams and Mrs. Julia Allen. Of business houses, we may mention Royce's Block, Schroder's Opera House, four out of the five stores in Minerva Block, and a host of others, too numerous to be particularly mentioned. Of public buildings they have erected two of the school buildings of Bloomington, also a very fine school building in Atlanta, Logan County, and one in Delavan, Tazewell County, a fine court house for Warren County, Indiana, and the Wesleyan University, which is an ornament to the city of Bloomington. They have contracted for the new Catholic Church, Gothic in architecture.

It will be seen that these gentlemen have enjoyed in the highest degree the confidence and good will of the public, and still continue so to do.

INSURANCE—LIFE AND FIRE

AFTER many years of experience people now see clearly the importance of insuring their property. A leading newspaper while commenting on the business of insurance says: "Insurance distributes over the multitude a loss that would crush the individual. Many who read these lines will be able to recall the time when men argued that if it was a profitable business for companies, it might be the same for individuals, forgetting that the companies' risks are widely scattered, that the average could be predicted with tolerable certainty, and that the individual had no means of calculating chances, while his loss would in all probability prove his utter ruin." Persons engaged in the business of insurance calculate the losses by fire with the greatest accuracy and govern their rates for premiums accordingly. An active competition keeps the premiums as low as *safety allows.*

GREAT CARE

should be taken never to take a policy from a company which insures *too* cheaply, for exceeding low rates indicate either, that a first-class swindle is intended or that the company taking such policies is not doing business on a safe basis.

J. A. GUERNSEY & Co., Insurance and Loan Agents, represent reliable and well established companies, and the rates of insurance are as low as they can be placed on a sound basis They represent

THE NORTHWESTERN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY OF MILWAUKEE. The cash assets of this company are fifteen million dollars, and its responsibility and standing are unquestioned. Every father of a family, every man who cares for the welfare of his wife and children should be insured. Every young man who wishes to make a profitable investment of his earnings and who wishes to look out for the future, should be insured. The man who is in moderate circumstances should be insured, and the man of wealth should be insured, for he cannot know how soon the wheel of fortune may turn and leave him penniless.

J. A. GUERNSEY & Co. represent the LYCOMING FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF MUNCY, PA., whose cash assets are six millions. The LYCOMING has been in existence for thirty-four years and has always been noted for its prompt and honorable settlement of losses. Just after the Chicago fire the Pittsburg *Real Estate Register* said:

"Although the Eastern States contain splendid examples of strong companies, yet in the whole country a prouder and more consummate strength was never shown in a national financial strain than Pennsylvania gave in the golden soundness of that company, the LYCOMING of Muncy."

J. A. GUERNSEY & Co. represent the FARMERS' FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF YORK, PA. Its cash assets are $900,000. It was organized twenty-one years ago and by the most careful and safe management it has obtained its present standing. While many others have gone down and sunk beneath financial disaster it has stood firm and strong.

J. A. GUERNSEY & Co. are agents for the LANCASTER FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF LANCASTER, PA. This company was organized thirty-six years ago. Its age and prosperity tell the story of its careful management and perfect soundness. Its cash assets are $350,000.

J. A. GUERNSEY & Co. represent the PENN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA, a strong company, having capital and assets amounting to over $450,000.

J. A. GUERNSEY & Co. represent the PEOPLE'S FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, and the PLANTERS' FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY, OF MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE, the leading companies in the Mississippi Valley. These are all reliable companies. Persons dealing with us may be sure of honorable treatment.

J. A. GUERNSEY & Co.,

No. 18, P. O. Building, Bloomington, Ill.

C

J. A GUERNSEY. CHAS. HENNECKE.

J. A. GUERNSEY & CO.,

GENERAL

Life and Fire Insurance, and Loan Agts.

Money to loan in sums of $2000 and upwards at 10 per cent. interest on common Bonds and Mortgages.

REPRESENT

The Northwestern Mutual Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee, Cash Assets, $15,000,000,00.

The largest life company west of the seaboard cities. Seventh in financial standing on the continent.

ESTABLISHED 1840.

LYCOMING FIRE INS. CO.,

MUNC Y, PA.

Capital and assets, Jan, 1st, '74...	$3,770.154.54
Surplus	5,365,011.54
Liabilities, including reinsurance at 50 per cent	405,143.00
Losses paid up to Jan. 1st, '74....	5,022,143.38

ESTABLISHED 1853.

FARMERS' FIRE INS. CO.,

YORK, PA.

Capital and assets, Jan. 1st, '74...	$831,394.91
Surplus	675,939.91
Liabilities, including reinsurance at 50 per cent	155,455.00
Losses paid up to Jan. 1st, '74....	980,289.95

ESTABLISHED 1872.

PENN FIRE INS. COMP'Y,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Capital and assets, Jan. 1st, '74..	$413,298.97
Surplus	226,153.97
Liabilities, including reinsurance at 50 per cent	187,145.00
Income during the year	373,933.00
Expenditures during the year..	268,265.00

ESTABLISHED 1838.

LANCASTER FIRE INS. CO.

LANCASTER, PA.

Capital and assets, Jan. 1st, '74...	$337,197.94
Surplus	232,905,26
Liabilities, including reinsurance at 50 per cent	104,292.68
Income during the year	199,654.00
Expenditures during the year..	145,447.00

ESTABLISHED 1867.

PEOPLE'S FIRE INS. CO.,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Capital and assets, Jan. 1st, '74...	$408,760.43
Surplus	362,495.71
Liabilities, including reinsurance at 50 per cent	46,264.72
Income during the year	122,318.40
Expenditures during the year..	67,444.00

ESTABLISHED 1869.

PLANTERS' FIRE INS. CO.,

MEMPHIS, TENN.

Capital and assets, Jan. 1st, '74...	$307,250.28
Surplus	227,209.83
Liabilities, including reinsurance at 50 per cent	79,940.45
Income during the year	212,297.00
Expenditures during the year..	133,726.62

CAPITAL REPRESENTED,

$23,078,057.07.

Insurance placed at reasonable rates and losses paid promptly.

Facilities for placing Large Lines at Short Notice.

C

THE HALDEMAN MARBLE WORKS,

S. W. COR. MAIN AND OLIVE STS.

Bloomington, - - Illinois.

This old and reliable house was established in Bloomington, Illinois, by the Haldeman Bros. in the spring of 1851, in a little one-story frame building on the southwest corner of the Court House Square, but was removed in '52 to northeast corner of Front and East Streets, and in '53 to 223 E. Front St., but owing to the steady increase of business were soon outgrown and another removal became necessary, and it was decided to purchase the old Catholic Church and grounds on the southwest corner of Main and Olive Streets, to which the works were removed in June, 1873, after having been fitted up in fine style with office, two mantle rooms, monumental rooms, cutting and polishing rooms, together with a large show yard, completing one of the finest and most extensive factories in the Northwest.

The work from this establishment is unsurpassed in elegance and beauty of design, symmetry of proportion, and excellence of finish.

The McLean County Soldiers' Monument, the finest county monument in the Union, is from these works, together with many of the finest in the Bloomington Cemetery, among which might be mentioned those of Col. Gridley, Judge J. E. McClun and Messrs. Dance, Townsend, McLean, Lowry, Smith, and Miss Jennie Rice and many others.

Many fine monuments from this house and to the beauty of the Catholic Cemetery near Bloomington, perhaps the one foremost in beauty of finish and design, is erected to the Lady Superior, M. Regina Farrell. At Funk's Grove stand two massive monuments, one to the memory of the late Isaac Funk and wife, the other to Robert Stubblefield. At Delavan stands a fine soldiers' monument; at Eureka, one at the grave of Caleb Davidson; in Leroy, one erected by Bonnett Bros.; in the Catholic Cemetery one to John Toohey, and one to J. W. Hayes, in the Bloomington Cemetery. In fact, fine monuments and gravestones from these works beautify nearly every cemetery and graveyard in Central Illinois.

In the celebrated Scotch granite an extensive business is done, importing direct from the factories in Scotland, having facilities unsurpassed. A fine monument of the red Scotch granite from this house stands in the Bloomington Cemetery to the memory of Mrs. M. Travis. Also, one in Hudson to Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Lewis, deceased. And in White Oak Grove one to the daughters of Mr. M. E. Denmann.

In marble mantles these works are justly celebrated, having furnished some of the finest residences in Bloomington, among which are those of Col. Routt, Mr. Dodson, M. Swann, R. Krum and others.

From the above sketch it will be seen that no further commendation is necessary.

GERHARD FREESE, 116 N. Centre Street, two Doors South of the People's Bank,

SADDLE & HARNESS STORE, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

The house of G. Freese, harness and saddle store, has never undergone any change. Mr. Freese came to America in the year 1850, having previously finished his apprenticeship as harness maker, in Oldenburg, Germany. In 1853 he established himself in business in Bloomington. The first shop he occupied was at the corner where the People's Bank now stands. In 1870 the People's Bank Block was erected, and Mr. Freese secured one of the lots of that block, on which he built his store in symmetry with the edifice called the People's Bank. Mr. Freese, like most men twenty years ago, commenced his business on a small scale, and to what degree he has worked up his trade every citizen of Bloomington and every farmer in McLean County know. It is not necessary to count up the many good qualities which Mr. Freese possesses, as they have been the means of his success. Strict integrity, straightforwardness, and the supply of a No. 1 article, have gained the confidence of his numerous customers. Mr. Freese has turned out on an average two hundred and fifty spans of harness per annum. He has constantly on hand the greatest variety of harness, saddles, bridles, collars, whips, &c., and does all kinds of repairing neatly and with dispatch.

UNION FOUNDRY & MACHINE SHOPS.

This establishment is owned by N. Diedrich and Henry M. Koon, who transact business under the name of N. Diedrich & Co. Their works are situated on the line of the I., B. & W. Railroad, at Nos. 407 and 409 South Centre Street, Bloomington, Ill.

Messrs. Diedrich & Koon are both practical moulders. The firm is provided with patterns of beautiful designs in house, fence and bridge castings, and are prepared to do all work in their line in as good style and finish, and at as low prices as any foundry in the West. They are also manufacturing steam engines and every description of machinery. All kinds of repairing are also done with dispatch. The best material, and the most thorough workmen are employed in the different departments of the business.

In 1869 they commenced business at their present site, and they have since furnished the iron work for the greater number of new stores, dwelling houses and public buildings erected in Bloomington and neighboring counties. In 1871 they prepared by sub-contract under E. Gehlman, the iron work of the State University at Champaign; the iron work of the store occupied by Harms & Wagenfuehr, at the Western Depot; the front of the store occupied by Mr. Melluish, watchmaker, on east side of the Square, North Main Street; the hardware store occupied by G. H. Read & Brother, 205 N. Main Street; the store belonging to John Magoun, occupied by J. H. Merrick, N. Main St.; and the iron work of the Wesleyan University under contract of Hayes & Evans. Also, during the same year, the bank building and two stores at Chenoa; and, besides, three stores, under contract of Fisk & Fox. In 1871 they furnished all the iron material for all the stores erected by Dr Crothers of Delavan. In 1872 they furnished the iron material for three new stores in Urbana; for a new bank and block at El Paso, under direct contract from Shure, Tompkins & Co.; for the iron work of a new hotel in Clinton, Ill., belonging to Magill & Co.; for the McClun block (seven stores) on Main St., Bloomington; for two stores on Madison Street, (Ives' Block) under contract of Hayes & Evans; for the National Bank in Clinton, Ill.; for the store in Davis Block belonging to Mrs. Allin, (occupied by Haggard & Hewett,) under contract of Hayes & Evans. In 1873 they furnished the iron work for four stores belonging to Swann & Smith, on North Main St., under direct contract; for one store engaged as a billiard hall, (by John Toohey up to the time of his death) belonging to M. X. Chuse, on N. Main St.; for two stores in Atlanta, belonging to B. F. Gardener; and for a store belonging to Mayers & Son, on South Main Street.

Henry M. Koon became a member of the firm in 1873, when A. B. Ives retired. He is an important acquisition, in consequence of his well-earned reputation. Mr. Koon has made during the last six years all the car-wheels for the Chicago & Alton Railway Company.

F

W. B. HENDRYX,

Justice of the Peace, Coroner of McLean County, Notary Public

AND GENERAL COLLECTING AGENT,

Office in Court House Basement, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

We direct the attention of our readers to the above card. Squire Hendryx, by his worth and reliability, has secured many friends. He is liberal in his opinions, and the decisions he has given in the most intricate cases brought before him, have given generally, great satisfaction. Squire Hendryx is in every respect worthy of commendation. He served three years and a half as a soldier during our late war—was deputy sheriff for five years, during the last year of which he also officiated as justice of the peace. Squire Herr, on his retirement as justice of the peace, placed all the unfinished business in his care, a true token of the confidence and trust which this old veteran has in him. ☞Collections of all kinds solicited.

Squire Hendryx's grandfather, John Hendryx, was the first settler in McLean Co.
Squire Hendrix war immer ein Freund der Deutschen.

LOUIS FLINSPACH,

WAGON & CARRIAGE MAKER,

COR. OAK AND MARKET STREETS,

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

MR. FLINSPACH is exceedingly careful in the selection of material for his carriages and wagons. His lumber is kept for several years before use, in order that it may be thoroughly seasoned. He is exceedingly reasonable in his prices and the quality of his work is unequalled. His carriages and wagons have obtained a great reputation and are widely known for their good construction and perfect finish. He commenced business in 1860 and has continued with increasing success until the present time

FUNERAL OUTFITS.

FLINSPACH & DENEEN are also prepared to furnish Metallic, Mahogany, Rosewood and Gloss White Caskets, and Coffins of every style and price. Their New Hearse, which is equal, if not superior, to any in the city, will be furnished on application, at the most reasonable rates.

Warerooms: Corner of Oak and Market Streets, opposite the old Gas Works, Bloomington, Illinois.

J. L. KECKLEY,

DEALER IN HORSES

Also Proprietor of the

LIVERY, SALE AND FEED STABLE,

Vale's Old Stand, Front Street,

BLOOMINGTON, : ILLINOIS.

The best turnouts and buggies in the city. This commodious stable, which will accommodate one hundred head of horses, has, since Mr. Keckley has become the proprietor, undergone an entire renovation, and has become the great trading center of horses for McLean and neighboring counties.

The trading in horses is carried on under the style of Light & Keckley. They buy horses of any weight from one thousand pounds and upwards. Their shipments to Eastern markets amount to about one thousand horses per annum, or a carload weekly. Those having horses to sell will here find purchasers at fair prices. Terms always cash. Mr. Keckley will also pay the highest market prices for oats, corn, hay (timothy and prairie,) and straw; and farmers will find his stable the best place to feed horses in the city. Mr. J. O. Gurley, the noted Boston horse dealer, has made this stable his business place, where farmers can find him.

STROPE'S PALACE OF MUSIC.

PIANOS ORGANS

The largest and best assortment of Pianos and Organs in Central Illinois, and at prices as low as can be offered.

Pianos and Organs sold on monthly instalments until paid for. Old Pianos and organs taken in exchange.

All kinds of repairs made promptly and at a moderate rate.

The best tuners are kept constantly on hand, and they call at any time in the city or country.

Every instrument is guaranteed.

Mr. Strope is the sole agent for the HALLET, DAVIS & Co. PIANOS. These are the best Pianos now in use and have won the admiration of the leading masters of music. The following are extracts selected from a large number of letters from German masters whose names are IMMORTAL and whose professional opinions stand for the HIGHEST MODERN AUTHORITY in music:

"It is the most admirable instrument ever made."
FRANZ LISZT, First of living pianists.

"I pronounce the instrument the best and richest in sound I have ever heard."
PROF. F. R. RICHTER,
Composer and Teacher Leipzig Conservatory.

"The best pianos I ever saw in my life. They far excel all other manufactures."
H. SARO, Royal Prussian Musical Director.

"They perfectly satisfy every demand made regarding touch, delicacy of expression and power of tone."
FRANZ BENDEL, Pupil of Liszt.

In addition to these explicit and concise testimonials by foreign masters, which would seem to place the HALLET & DAVIS PIANO above all question of precedence and superiority, similar professional endorsements of its general superiority are given in the written opinions of the leading pianists and organists of the United States, including the names of a thousand teachers and professors of music in our leading acadamies and seminaries.

These Pianos, both Grand and Square, can be seen in Bloomington in large numbers, with a variety of other manufactures, at the Piano and Organ Warerooms of Strope's Palace of Music.

Mr. Strope is agent for the

SMITH AMERICAN ORGAN CO.

150 First Premiums

HAVE BEEN AWARDED FOR BEST ORGANS.

60,000 ORGANS

Have been Made and are now in Use.

Illustrated Priced Catalogue sent free upon application.

Palace of Music, Davis Block, Main Street, BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

MEAT MARKET.

COR. LEE AND MARKET STS.

JACOB STOUTZ

Came to Bloomington in the spring of 1854. During the first four years he was in the employ of the old pioneer, A. Washburn. In 1858 however he set up for himself at the above mentioned place, where by steady industry, fair and upright dealing he has succeeded in building up a large business second to none in the city.

His shop is well known throughout the country and city, as he keeps only the choicest articles in his line. Farmers and dealers here find a ready market for stock, at fair prices.

W. A. GERKEN,

Manufacturer of and Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

CRACKERS, BREAD,

AND ALL KINDS OF CAKE,

118 EAST FRONT ST., BLOOMINGTON, ILL.

MR. GERKEN'S Cracker Factory was established in 1870 and he has brought to perfection the manufacturing of crackers. He makes crackers of all kinds, and is ready to supply them by the wholesale and retail. All retail dealers in groceries in the country will find it to their advantage to trade with him. He has had about twenty years of experience in making crackers. All of his crackers and cakes are guaranteed and all orders are punctually attended to. No. 118 E. Front Street, Bloomington, Illinois.

JACOB SCHLEGEL & BRO.,

HARNESS & SADDLE STORE,

103 N. Main Street, opposite Gridley's Bank.

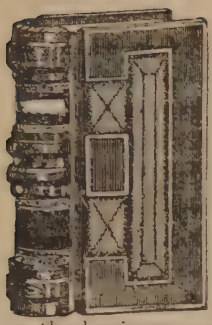
The Brothers SCHLEGEL, although not long established in the city of Bloomington, have already gained an enviable reputation in their line of business. This they fully deserve, because they are honest and straightforward in all their dealings with their customers, use the very best material and sell at prices which defy competition. Their motto is: "Small Profits and Quick Sales."

They have constantly on hand the greatest variety of

Saddles, Harnesses, Bridles, Collars,

TRUNKS, TRAVELING BAGS, WHIPS, &C.

All kinds of repairing done at the shortest notice neatly and promptly. Do not forget the place! No. 103 North Main Street, opposite Gridley's Bank, Bloomington, Illinois.



Bloomington Bindery and Blank Book Manufactory.

AMOS KEMP, Proprietor,

216 N. Centre St., West of Square, BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS,

The Bloomington Book Bindery was started in Jan., 1854, by Hance & Taylor. In December, 1857, these gentlemen sold out to R. O. Warinner, who transferred the business in April, 1858, to W. E. Foote, of the Bloomington *Pantagraph*. In January, 1860, Mr. Foote sold out to A. J. Merriman, who, on the same day, transferred the business to Amos Kemp, the present proprietor, who had come to Bloomington in 1855, to work for Hance & Taylor. Mr. Kemp has carried on the business ever since, increasing it until it is now one the best binderies in the West. Mr. Kemp commenced business under difficulties, having only a small capital at his command, but he gradually gained the good will and confidence of the public, as gentlemanly conduct, honesty, straightforwardness in all his transactions and good work were, and are still, the rules and motto of his life. His establishment is furnished with all the machinery of modern invention In manufacturing blank books for our banks and mercantile houses, the business enjoys an enviable reputation. A specimen of the book-binding of Mr. Kemp is this work, "The Good Old Times in McLean County." Any job entrusted to this establishment will be executed with neatness and dispatch. Mr. Kemp stands high in the esteem of the citizens of Bloomington, and his word is reliable. His prices are uniform and as low as any of his competitors in the State. Patronize him!

MARBLE WORKS.

J. K. MOORE & CO, Marble, Stone and Granite Workers, importers of Scotch Granite, and dealers in American Granite. All things fashioned from these materials, such as mantels, grates, cabinet work, gravestones and monuments. The firm of J. K. Moore & Co. was established in 1859 under the name of Moore Brothers. Since the year 1860 their place of business has been at No. 215, and now, 311 W. Washington Street, second block west from the Court House. The business of this firm had a small beginning, as has been the case with many of the most successful firms; but by fine workmanship and fair dealing it has obtained its present enviable reputation. This firm did the stone work for the Wesleyan University in 1869 and '70; the Livingston Block, south of the Public Square; Phoenix Bank and Block; the stone work for McClun Block, on Main Street, and as sub-contractors for Hayes & Evans, they furnished the stone for the new court house at Williamsport, Indiana. J. K. Moore & Co. have the contract for building the new Methodist Church in Bloomington, with the exception of the brick work. This firm has made many monuments and has shown in this line the finest taste and the most skillful workmanship. They built the Dietrich monument; also, the monument of John Geltmacher, George Bohrer. the late William Hanna, Dr. Noble, John Greenman, Dr. Martin, Alfred Bozarth, at Brown's Grove.

The mantels made by this firm are seen in some of the finest residences in Bloomington, viz: those of Dwight and Daniel Harwood, William Flagg, Hon. W. C. Watkins, Judge McClun, James Hayes of the firm of Hayes & Evans; and many others. They also made a granite monument for Oliver Ellsworth; one for Darwin Haines, and a fine family monument for Hon. John L. Routt.

All persons dealing with them may be assured of the most honorable treatment and the most skillful workmanship. 311 West Washington Street, second block west from the Court House.

J

EAGLE MACHINE WORKS.

R. LOUDON, Proprietor.

NOS. 610 AND 612 NORTH MAIN STREET,

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

MR. LOUDON has over twenty years' experience as a practical engineer and mechanist. In 1864 he came to Bloomington, and took charge, as foreman, of the machinery department of the Chicago & Alton Railroad shops, which position he relinquished for the superintendency of the Bloomington Foundry, of which J. Ollis is proprietor. Whilst here, there were built under his supervision among other work the following: The engine in the Hudson Mills; the engine in the North coal shaft; and the engine in the woolen mill of Jacob Mayer, lately destroyed by fire; the engine in connection with Ellsworth Station, belonging to A. B. Ives. In 1870 he commenced business for himself at the above mentioned stand, where he has machinery and facilities for doing all kinds of machine work. He employs a number of experienced workmen, and he is prepared at all times to undertake any kind of work.

In 1870, immediately after he commenced business, he fitted up the iron work at the coal shaft in Minonk, Woodford County. In 1871 he had the contract for the fire-proof addition, and all the iron work of the Pontiac Court House; also that of the Wesleyan University, under contract of Hayes & Evans, In 1872 he built all the machinery in the Bloomington Shoe Factory; also the iron work in connection with the elevator of E. H. Rood, at the I., B. & W. Depot, Bloomington; and also the sheet-iron and wrought-iron work in the roundhouse of the L., B. & M. R. R., in Bloomington; the iron work in connection with the elevator at Arrowsmith Station, belonging to A. B. Ives. In 1873 he had a large contract for furnishing iron work for the Illinois Soldiers' Orphans' Home, at Normal; the iron work in the oil mill of Waddle & Moore, opposite the L., B. & M. Depot; the sheet-iron work of the Clinton Bank, at Clinton, De Witt County; additional iron work at Schroder's Opera House; work for the building occupied by Norris & Howard, in Minerva Block; and for the store-house occupied by Maxwell, Batchelder & Co., on the west side of the Square; also, for the Catholic Church, as far as it has been built, under the contract of Hayes & Evans. In 1874 he put up a veranda at the new residence of Mrs. Allin Withers of Bloomington.

At the request of many friends he has been induced to start, in connection with his machine shop, the business of Plumbing and Steam Fitting, and is prepared to put water into private residsnces and attend to all job work and repairing. Will have on hand and make to order, Copper and Zinc Baths, Cast Iron Sinks, Wash Bowls, Copper Boilers, Water Closets, Lead Pipe, Iron Pipe, House Pumps—Force and Lift, Sheet Lead, and everything pertaining to Plumbing and Steam Fitting.

All work warranted and all orders by mail promptly attended to.

He also owns the right for the County, for Van Tassell's Patent Piston Packing. He keeps Babbitt metal, and iron fencing of every description; and does sheet-iron of all kinds.

The various contracts which Mr. Loudon has executed have invariably given satisfaction, and as he guarantees all work to be first-class, and at the very lowest prices, we commend his establishment to the public for their patronage.

K

The Buckeye Grocery

508 N. Main St.,

J. M. LONG, PROPRIETOR.

MR. M. J. LONG is one of those young men who combines with excellent business qualifications, principles which must lead to success. Although he has not been established as long as many other firms of this kind, still his store has become already the stopping place of the farming community. By keeping only the best goods in his line of business, and by dealing honorably with every customer, he has secured the patronage of a large number of customers. If a good cup of tea is wanted and light biscuits, Mr. Long is the man who can accommodate, as he makes Teas a specialty. If ladies desire Long's "Favorite Baking Powder," Mr. Long is at hand to supply. If it is wished to replenish the supply of Family Groceries, Mr. Long will sell the best article at a small margin of profit. The ladies of the city will also find in his store choice No. 1 Country Butter.

Farmers' produce bought at all times at the highest market value. Goods delivered to all parts of the city. Give him a call!

NOT TO BE OVERLOOKED.

The American Submerged Pump, made upon honor and sold upon its merits. It has been tested for ten years in wells from 10 to 160 feet deep. It never freezes; has *no* leather valves or packing—all metal—works easier and will last longer than any other pump. The smallest size will throw a stream 60 to 75 feet from the end of fifty feet of hose, and it is valuable in case of fire or for watering gardens, &c. In proportion to its capacity or durability, it surpasses all others in economy by at least *one-half*. Each pump is guaranteed to do all that is claimed for it. Call and examine this valuable pump before purchasing elsewhere, or address,

A. A. RUNDLE & BRO.,

318 NORTH CENTRE STREET,

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

T. P. POWERS,

PROPRIETOR OF

City Livery, Sale & Feed Stable,

ON EAST, NEAR NORTH STREET, ONE BLOCK
SOUTH OF NOVELTY MILLS,

BLOOMIMGTON, - - - ILLINOIS.

First-class turnouts and buggies. This fine brick stable, which will accommodate forty head of horses, was rebuilt by Dr. Stevenson and Mr. Fisher, in 1871, after it had been destroyed by fire. In August last Mr. Powers bought the interests of these gentlemen and leased the premises. The stable could not have found a better successor. Mr. Powers is well known to the public and, therefore, no further commendation is needed. For evening parties, weddings, picnics, festivals, balls, and entertainments of all kinds we recommend Mr. Powers' conveyances.

Mr. Powers will pay the highest market prices for hay and straw, corn and oats.

Farmers will find this stable a convenient place to feed their horses, when in the city.

L

C. E. DALTON,

DEALER IN

ENGLISH,

French and German Fancy Goods,

TOYS,

Children's Carriages and Rocking Horses, Etc.

Traveling Baskets a Specialty.

216 Centre St., Bloomington, Ill.

LEMONADE.

ICE CREAM.

Go to R. FELL'S

RESTAURANT

For a Good Square Meal.

Also, Oysters in every style. Remember the place, 405 N. Main, Bloomington, Ill.

OTTO KADGIHN & SON,

(Successors to R. P. Smith & Son.)

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Boots & Shoes,

118 Centre St., Next to People's Bank,

BLOOMINGTON, : ILLINOIS.

Established, January, 1854.

Louis Matern,

Manufacturer of Superior

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.

Manufactory and Repository:

Nos. 306 and 308 West Front St.

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

M

W. D. HUNTER. W. H. WRIGHT.

HUNTER & WRIGHT,

WINES, LIQUORS

AND CIGARS,

116 Corner of Front and Center Streets,

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

CHAS. H. GMEHLIN,

Gun Manufacturer and Dealer in All Kinds of

FIRE ARMS, AMMUNITION,

And Sporting Apparatus.

Stencil Cutting, Locksmithing, Key and Baggage Checks made to order. Stencil Paste and Brushes always on hand.

309 W. Washington St.,

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS.

P. S. Mr. Gmehlin, having purchased a new lathe and steam engine, he is prepared to do all kinds of machine work with dispatch.

Woolen Goods.

W. & C. D. PERRY,

Dealers in

WOOL, HIDES AND PELTS,

Also, Woolen Goods, Flannels, Jeans, Blankets, Yarns, Cassimeres, Tweeds, &c. Their Goods are of fine quality and satisfaction is given to all customers. Their place of business is

207 S. Centre Street, Bloomington, Ill.

BLACKSMITHING AND JOBBING.

JOHN G. MILLER,

the well known blacksmith is to be found on the

Corner of Market and Main Streets, Near the Novelty Mills,

where he has been located during the last seven years. His work is done with the greatest care, and satisfaction is guaranteed.

THE LEADER.

The success of the LEADER newspaper is almost unparalelled in the history of western journalism. From the publication of its first number it has been awarded a place in the front rank of newspapers, and has gradually worked its way more and more into the confidence of the people until it has become a LEADER in fact as well as in name. The daily is a lively, newsy sheet, with a large city and country circulation, and the weekly is the largest paper printed in the West, brim full of interesting reading—a paper for all.

The LEADER was established in 1868 by J. S. Scibird and Orin Waters; afterwards it passed into the hands of the "Leader Company," of which Mr. Scibird was Secretary, Mr. Waters, Manager and Treasurer, and Mr. C. P. Merriman, editor. A few months ago Mr. Waters bought out the entire business and became publisher and proprietor. Mr. Merriman retired from the chair editorial, May 9th, 1874.

Under the present proprietorship of Mr. Waters, we find Mr. Charles P. Hunter occupying his old position as cashier and book-keeper; Mr. J. W. Nichols is editor, and Mr. M. F. Leland controls the local columns.

In the printing rooms the author of this work has found that in Mr. Henry Sturges, manager of the book and job department, the firm has gained a valuable acquisition. Mr. Sturges is a gentleman by education and in manners, and is extensively known as a man of ability and taste in job work, to say nothing of his business qualifications, which are of the highest order, and he is ably assisted by a corps of first-class book and job printers.

Mr. Waters is a public spirited man, and his paper is always ready to help along matters of public interest. He carries this spirit into his business to the extent of buying new material required for any work, thus enabling him to turn out anything in the line of printing, from a small card to the largest volume.

The 'Old Settlers of McLean County" have all passed through the hands of the LEADER printers, and received their *impressions* from the LEADER presses, and we suggest that if any there are who do not patronize the LEADER office, they should do so from this time henceforth.

Taking the establishment as a whole and in its various departments, the public will find a genial lot of gentlemen, with whom it is a pleasure to transact business.

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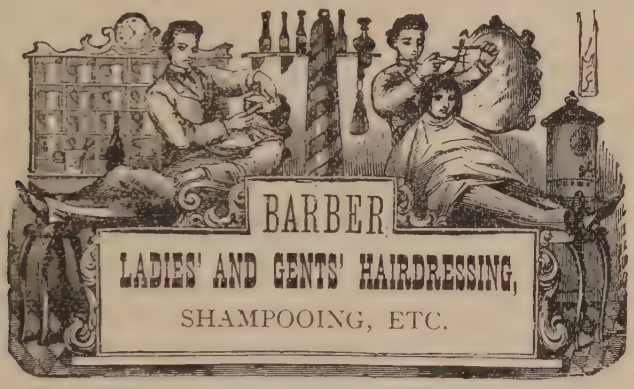

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